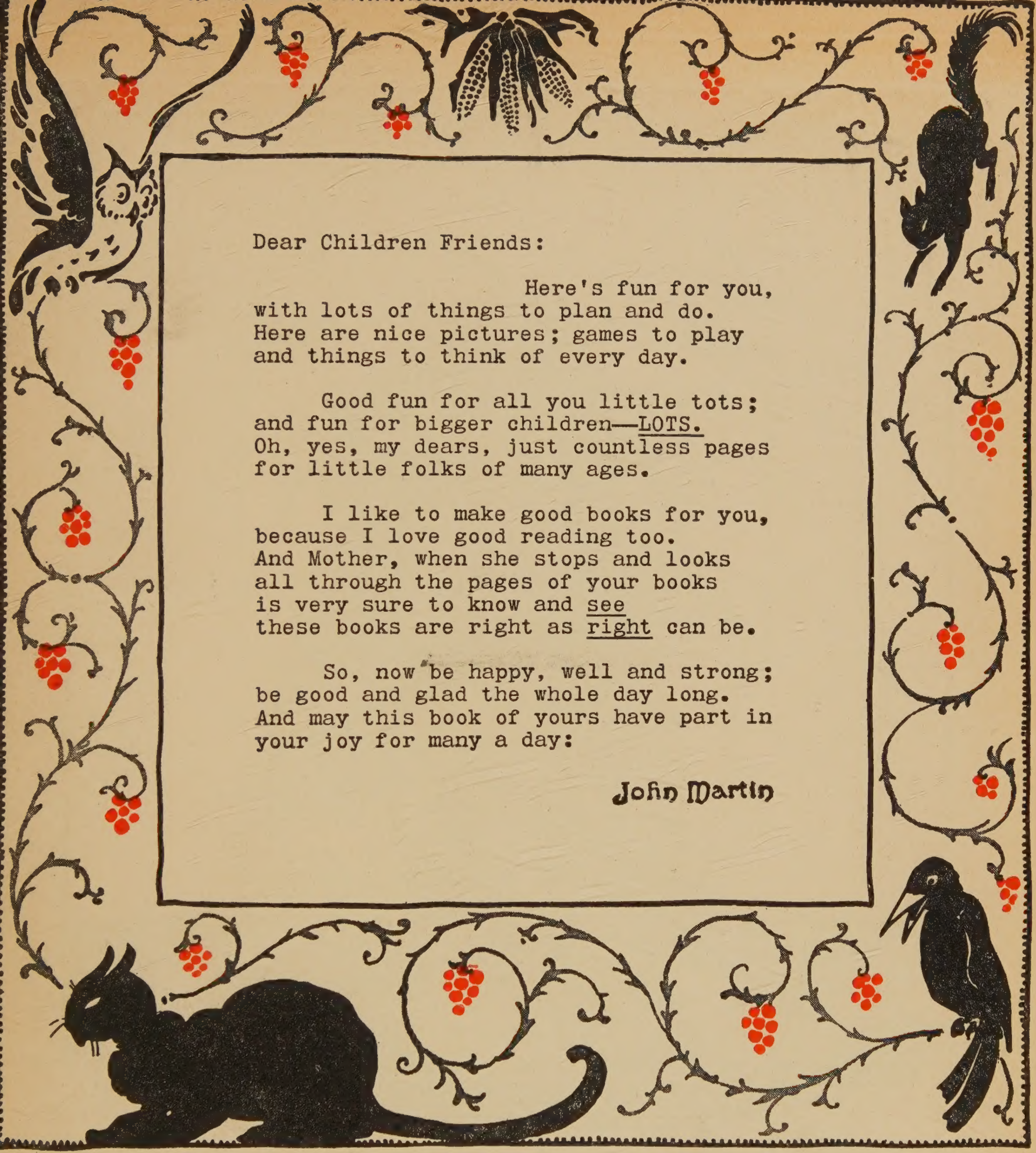
JOHN MARTIN'S
BIG BOOK



Dear Children Friends:

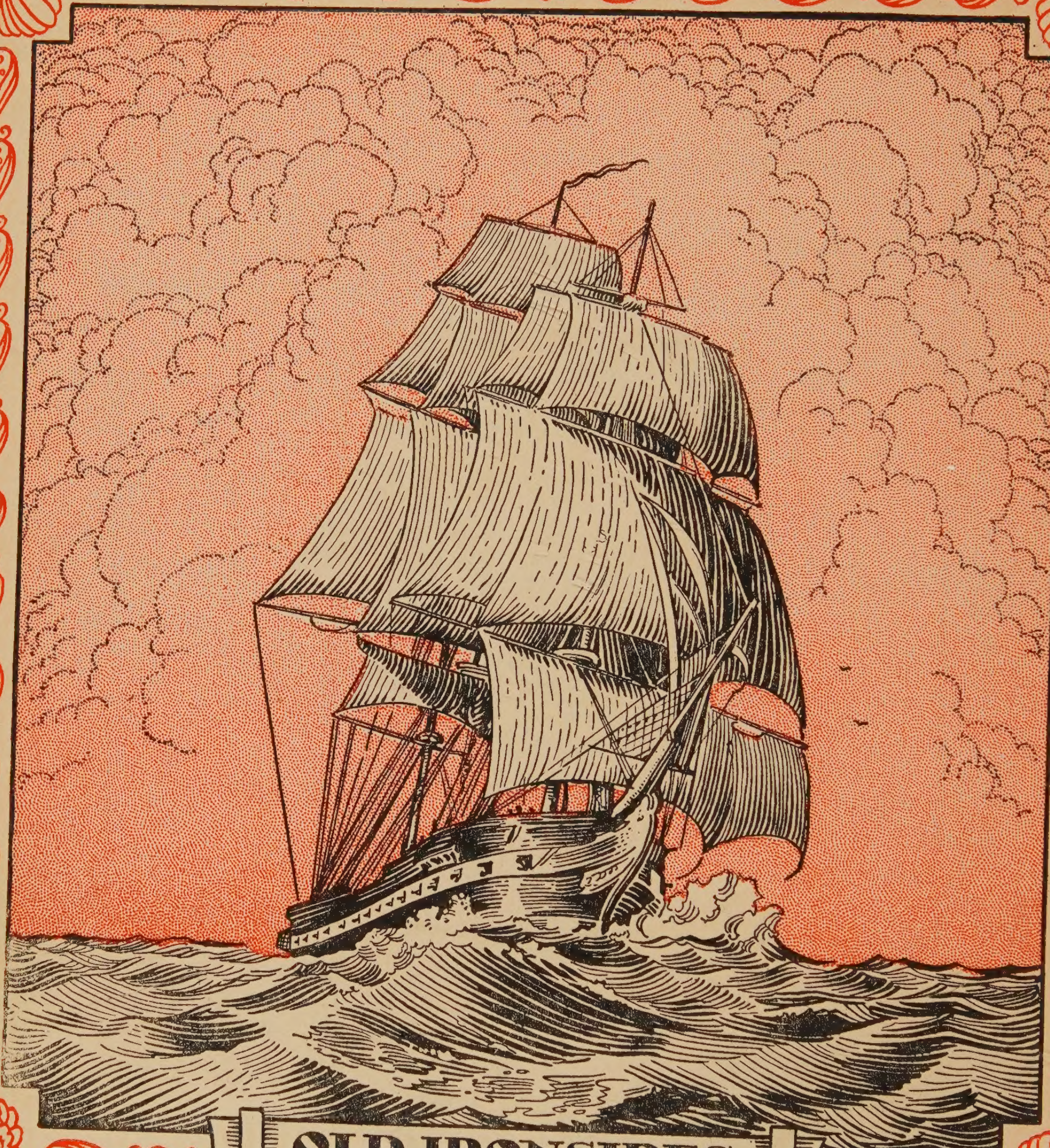
Here's fun for you,
with lots of things to plan and do.
Here are nice pictures; games to play
and things to think of every day.

Good fun for all you little tots;
and fun for bigger children—*LOTS.*
Oh, yes, my dears, just countless pages
for little folks of many ages.

I like to make good books for you,
because I love good reading too.
And Mother, when she stops and looks
all through the pages of your books
is very sure to know and *see*
these books are right as *right* can be.

So, now be happy, well and strong;
be good and glad the whole day long.
And may this book of yours have part in
your joy for many a day:

John Martin



OLD IRONSIDES

OUT of the reverence of our hearts,
From undimmed memories,
Ere long she'll bear her Country's flag
Across the Seven Seas.
Staunch is she now in freedom's name;
Time's unrelenting span
Dims not her banner heralding
The rights and joy of man.

JOHN MARTIN'S

BIG BOOK

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

№1

P. F. COLLIER & SON
CORPORATION
New York

~ SAIL ON! ~

THOUGH storms may toss and buffet her,
Though burdens may increase,
Her meaning to the world shall be
The surety of peace.
Sail forth, *Old Ironsides,* sail on!
Ten million children pray
That God shall keep you safe from wrong
And guide your forward way.

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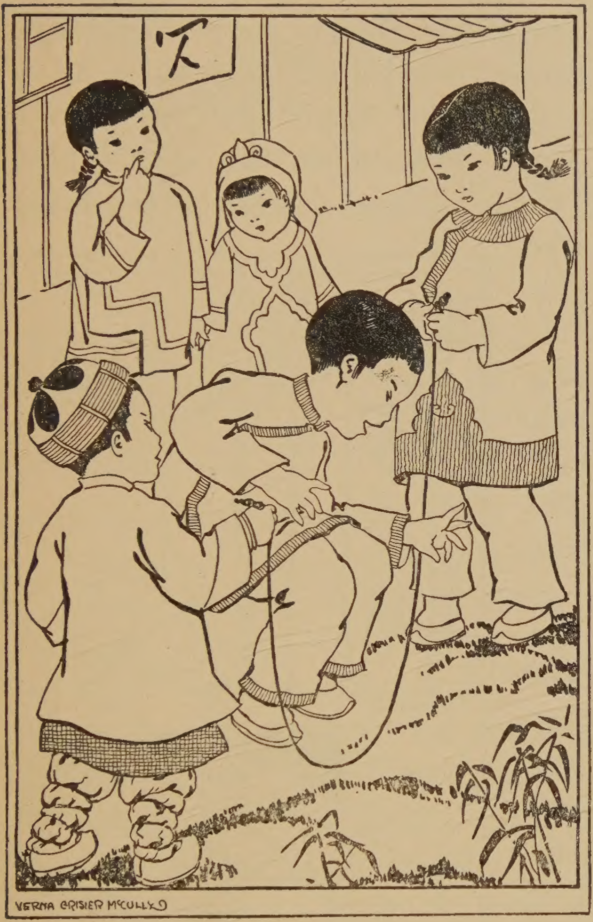
THE CANDY MAN



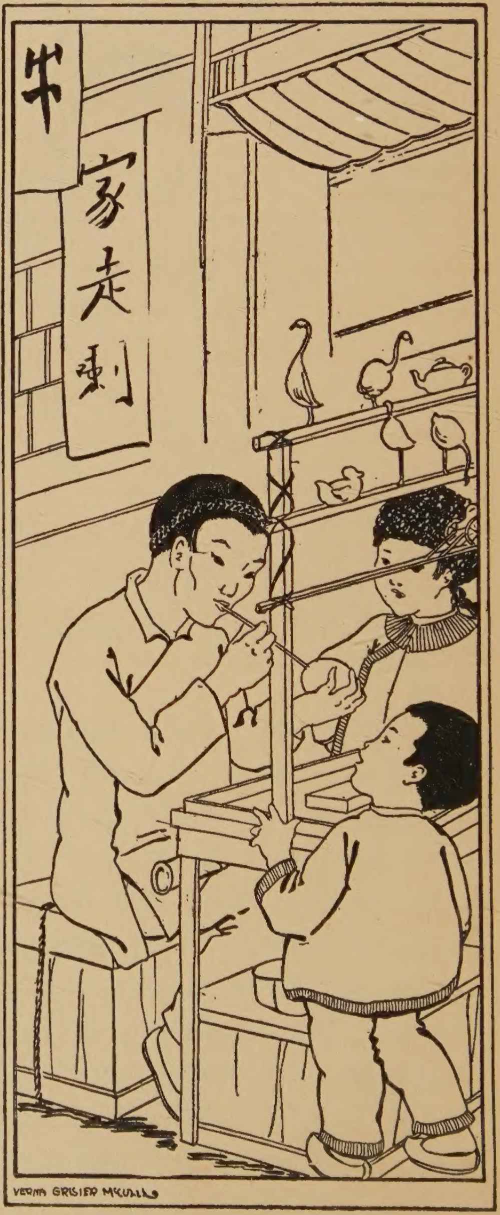
IT WAS very cold that winter day in China. But the sunshine was warm in the street, and little boys and girls played there to keep warm. They ran as fast as they could in their heavy, padded cotton clothes. They jumped rope and laughed out loud when they had jumped as many as ten times without missing.

Suddenly, from around the corner of Big Horse Street, came a sound that made all the children stop their play.

"Toodle doo, teedle dee, doo dee," came the music of a flute someone was blowing. All the children ran to meet him, for he was a Candy Man who walks about the streets. Though he was not very clean and not pretty at all, the children loved him very much. He blew on his bamboo flute until many children heard and came to see him. Then he stopped on the side of the road. He put down the two boxes that he had been carrying on either end of a bamboo pole over his shoulder. He stood the pole up against the side of the house, opened the big box and sat on the little box for a stool.

"Ai yah," he said, "it's a very cold day. But this is a good sunny place. Ai yah, this *is* a nice street."

You would never guess what the Candy Man had on the top of his box! Swords made of red candy, tops that would really spin made of green candy, candy apples, a candy teapot, and a ricksha,—a Chinese cart made of candy, too. How excited the children were! They pushed up close to the box and begged the Candy Man to make other things. Such a kind Candy Man. He reached into his box, took out a bit of warm taffy, pulled it and molded it with his fingers, and blew it until it looked like a baby balloon. Then a quick touch here, a little push there, and it was a red bird all puffed up ready to sing. When it was made, he fastened it to a little stick and put it up for all the children to see.

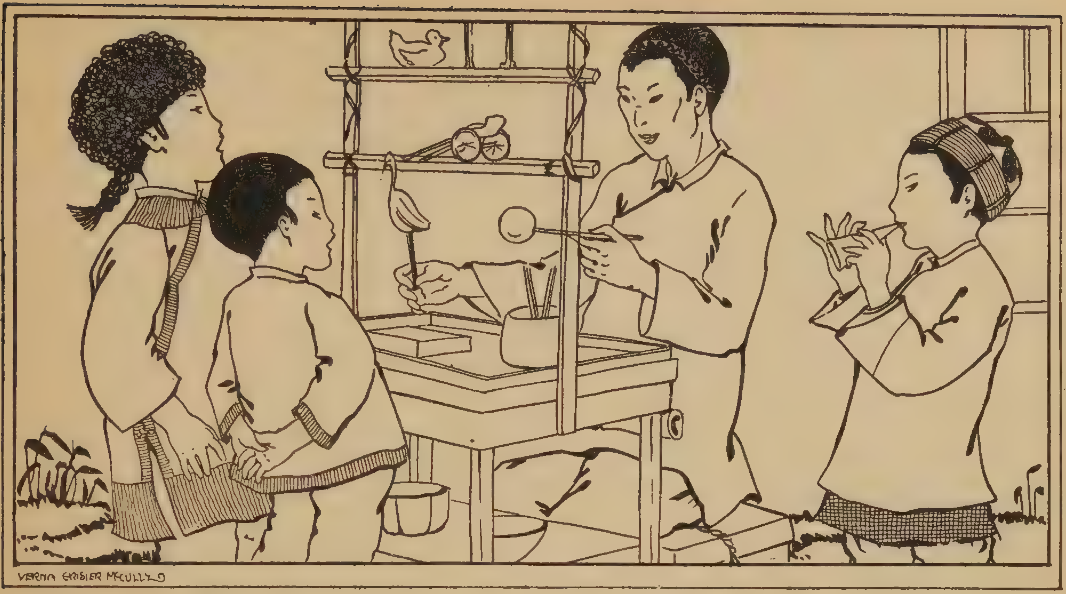


The Candy Man is never cross to the children. When they snatch at the pretty candy, he does not scold them, because he loves little children. His eyes are kind, and he smiles a great deal.

One baby called Fat Little One peeked over the edge of the box and said, "Make more. Make a yellow rat."

The Candy Man saw the penny in Fat Little One's hand, and so he made a fierce yellow rat out of candy. The fierce yellow rat sat on the edge of a red candy bowl and pretended to steal honey from it. Fat Little One squealed with joy and gave the Candy Man his penny. He held the rat carefully in his little hand and looked at it for a long time. Suddenly, pop went the rat right into his mouth. O, such a good candy rat, such a sweet candy bowl! Fat Little One ate it quite all up.

Then he came back again to



watch the Candy Man and listen to him talk. The Candy Man was very friendly. His voice was warm, and none of the little children were afraid of him. Little Six asked him for a horn.

"You, a horn? If I make a good horn of candy, will you blow very hard? Toot, toot, toot?"

"O, yes, Candy Man, and make my horn of yellow like gold. See, I have a new penny for you," said Little Six.

Isn't Little Six a funny name? His mother had six little boys and she called each of them a number. When Little Six grows up he will have a new name, a grown-up name, but while he is little, his mother calls him Little Six.

A girl-child with a wooly knitted cap talked to the Candy Man and he said, "You want a candy tea-pot? I shall make it, and the lid will be of silver."

So he patted and pulled and blew the red candy. When he was not looking, Fat Little One reached his hand up to take the big knife on the box. Such a big knife. But the Candy Man saw him and said:

"No, no, no, no, don't touch the knife. It has sharp tempers, and is sometimes unkind to little boys. That knife might get angry and cut little children."

"All right, Candy Man," said Fat Little One, "but tell me why there is no candy boy to pull this candy cart."

"I can tell you, Wee One. It is night-time in candy land, and the little boy has gone home to bed. He left the cart on my table and he said, 'Take care of my cart. Don't break it, and don't let any one have it except the little fat boy who lives on Big Horse Street.' So I told him I would be very careful of it and bring it here. I wonder where that fat little boy lives. Do you know, Little Six?"

The Fat Little One was so afraid Little Six would get the cart that he jumped up and down and cried:

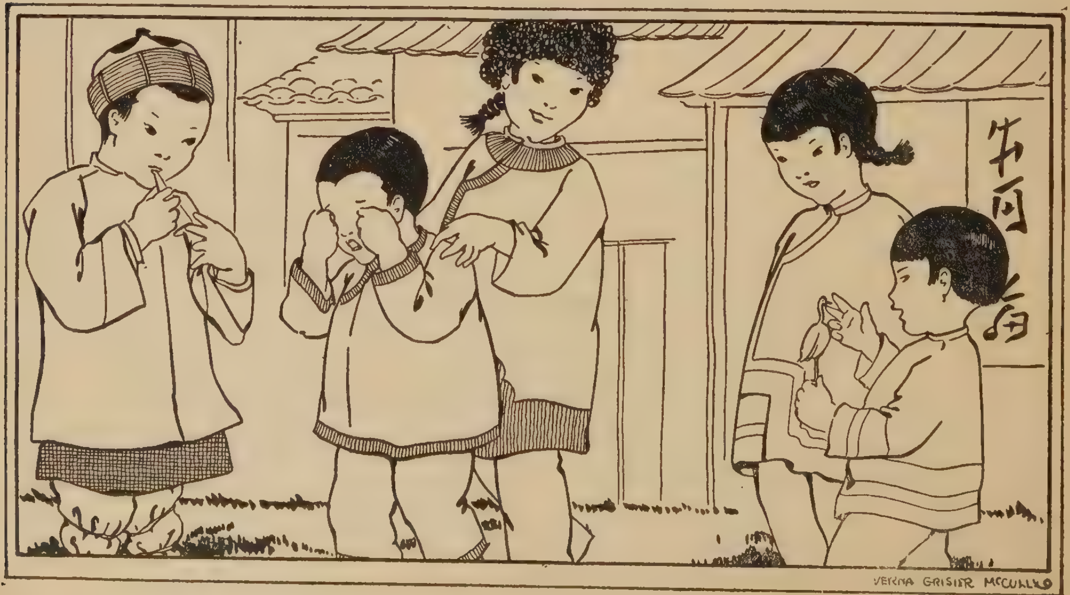
"I'm Fat Little One, I'm Fat Little One. Oh, give me that cart, I say, give me that cart!"

The little girl with the woolly cap laughed. Her name was Beautiful Moon, and she said, "You're a funny little boy. You ate your rat and bowl, and you have no money. You have to have a penny before the Candy Man can give you the cart!"

Fat Little One began to cry. The Candy Man patted his fat cheek and said, "Cry not, cry not, Little Precious. Go home and ask the mother for another penny. Then I'll give the cart to you. See? Run now, run, run."

"But my Mother is at the big, white hospital. She is very sick, and she can't come home before to-morrow."

"Where is this hospital?" the Candy Man asked. "Why does your mother go there?"



"Oh, it's a lovely place. There are kind, white doctors and a big yard full of pretty flowers. My mother sat in a chair in the garden one day and watched the butterflies go up and down among the flowers. It is not far away. Just over there, down the street several steps of way. Candy Man, could you come with me to the gate? Maybe my mother would see you and give you the penny."

The Candy Man smiled and nodded his head. "Right, right; I'm going down the street, so I will go with you to the gate."

At the gate of the big hospital Fat Little One and the Candy Man stopped. The gate was shut. They could only peep through the iron bars, and they could not see the mother at all.

"Don't cry," said the Candy Man, "I'll pipe in my flute and make music. Perhaps some one will hear us and open the gate." So he blew, "Toodle doo, toodle dee, doo, dee." No one came at all, so again he blew and he blew. Then a strange, white lady in a white dress and a little white hat on her yellow hair came to the gate.

In words they could not understand she called, "Whatever is that music? Who is piping such sweet music?"

The Candy Man and Fat Little One looked at her through the bars. They understood only Chinese talk, and this funny American sounded to them like "angry crows in a tree."

"Come on, Candy Man," said Fat Little One, "it's such a nice place, and if I find my mother, she will give you one penny surely, maybe two," for the gatekeeper had opened the gate and told them to come in.

So, still blowing his flute and carrying his boxes on the pole, Candy Man and the little boy went into the hospital garden. The white lady went before them. She was a nurse in the hospital. She had come from America to China to help the Chinese people who were sick to get well. But she had never seen a Candy Man, and she could not understand Fat Little One when he asked for his mother.

On into the garden they went. All around were high buildings, with many windows. Suddenly three heads peeped out from one of the windows, and three little voices called, "We hear the Candy Man. Oh, Candy Man, Candy Man, we want some toys."

The white lady was much surprised, for of course she could not understand at all. So the Candy Man showed her the cart and then a penny.

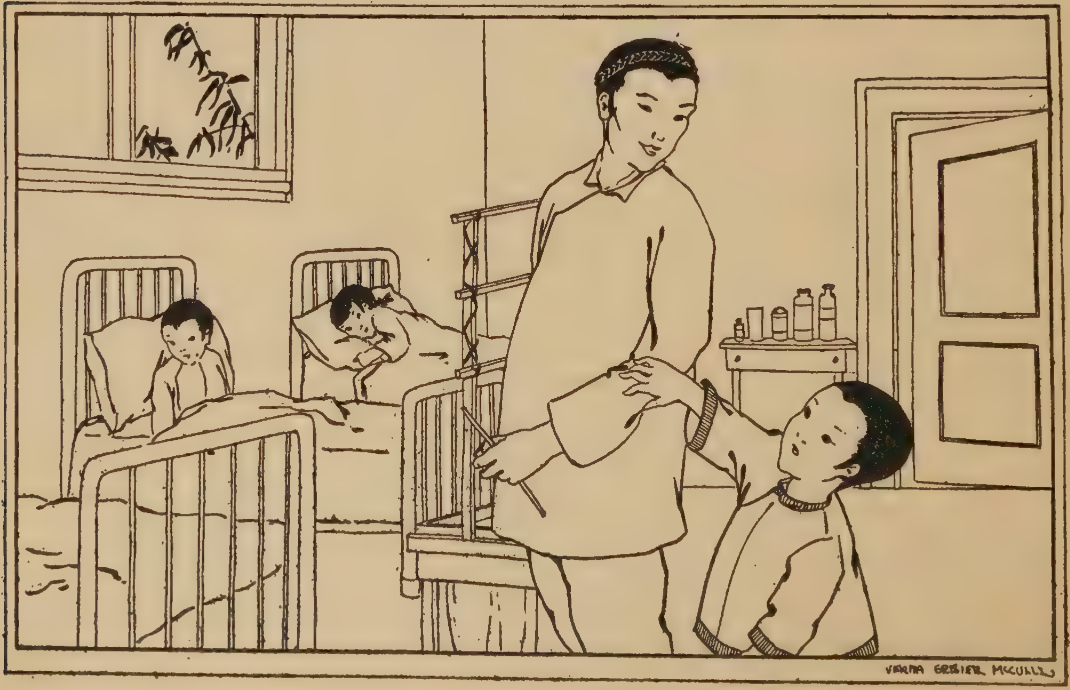
"Oh," she cried, "if I give you a penny, you will give me the candy cart?" And she pointed from the cart to herself.

"No, no," cried Fat Little One, and he pointed from the cart to his fat little self. "Mine, mine but——" he stretched out fat, empty hands, "but I have no penny."

The white lady laughed. She threw back her head and laughed. Her hair was like gold in the sunlight, and her laugh was like sweet music.

"You want the cart," she said, "and you little sick boys in the window want candy toys, too. You shall have them. Come, come, Candy Man. Come, little boy," and she motioned with her white hand. Fat Little One and Candy Man were a little afraid, but the white lady looked kind, and she wanted to have them come with her.

So in through the big door they followed. Down a clean, quiet hall, up a white stair-way and into a big roomful of beds. Sick little children were there. Some of them had hurts that made them stay in bed all day. Some had sore eyes, some had sick heads wrapt round and round with white cloth. But all of them were being made well, and all of them were clean and happy. Sunshine came into the big room and shone on the jolly Candy Man and the frightened Fat Little One.



The sick children were so surprised that they all called at once, "O, yao tan, O yao tan," which means, "I want candy, I want candy."

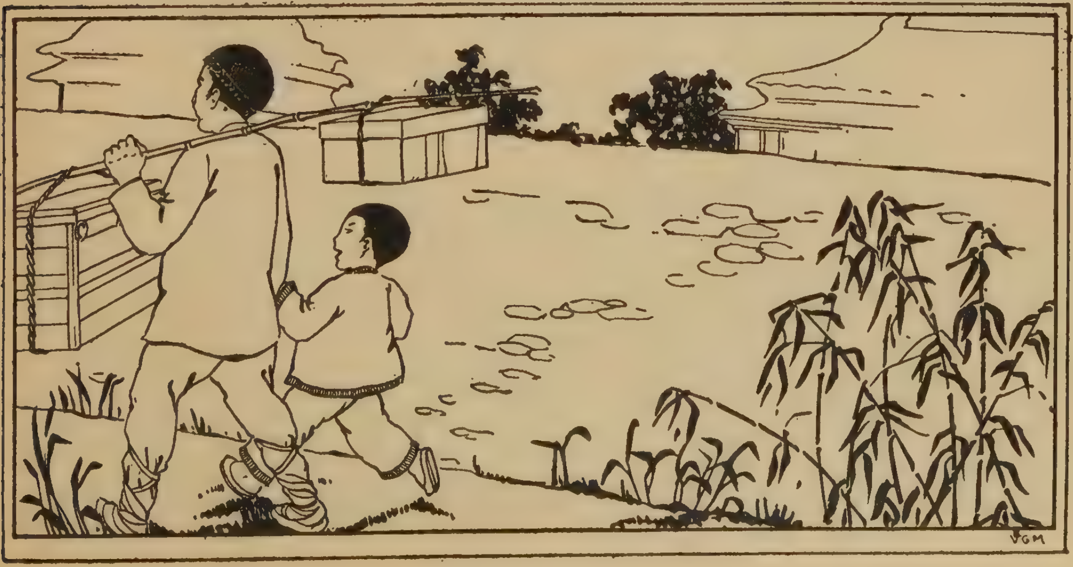
The white lady did not understand the words, but she understood the little hands stretched out to the Candy Man. She turned to him and said, "A toy for each child. See? One for him, one for him, one for her," and she pointed with her finger to each bed, "and here is a whole pocket full of pennies."

"Ai yah," said the Candy Man. "Ai yah, so many toys to make, so many pennies." He put down his box and began at once. Each sick child called out what he wanted. A candy bird, an apple all red and yellow, a frog green as grass, a red flower; oh, many, many kinds. And the Candy Man made them all. Each child had the one he wanted, and Fat Little One had his cart. He was so happy he quite forgot that his mother was sick. The white lady smiled until there were tears in her eyes for all the little children cried, "Thank you, thank you!" And the Candy Man said, "Thank you, thank you," and Fat Little One said, "Thank you," too. Every one was happy then, and Candy Man and Fat Little One went home.

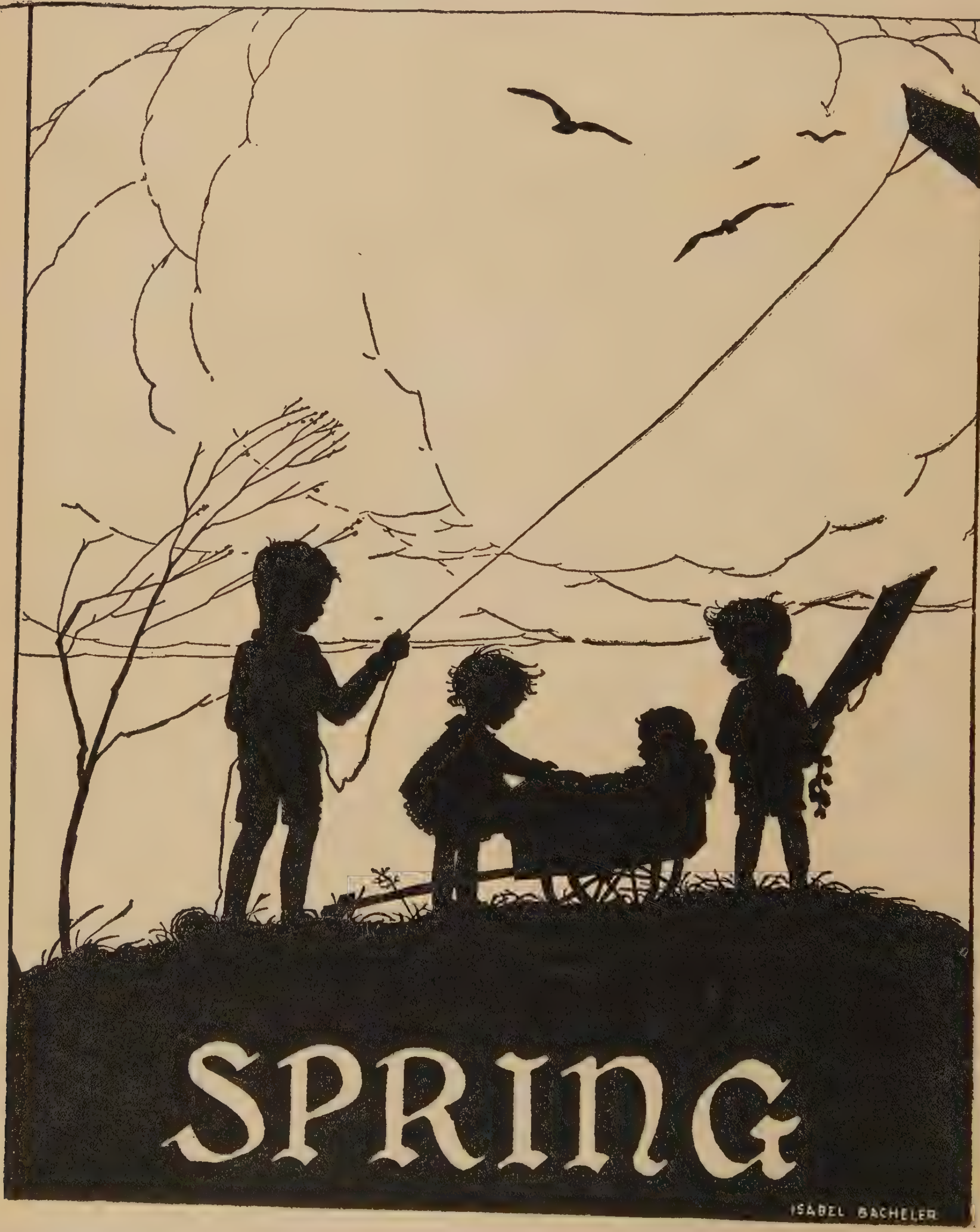
"What a kind, white lady," said Candy Man as they walked down the street.

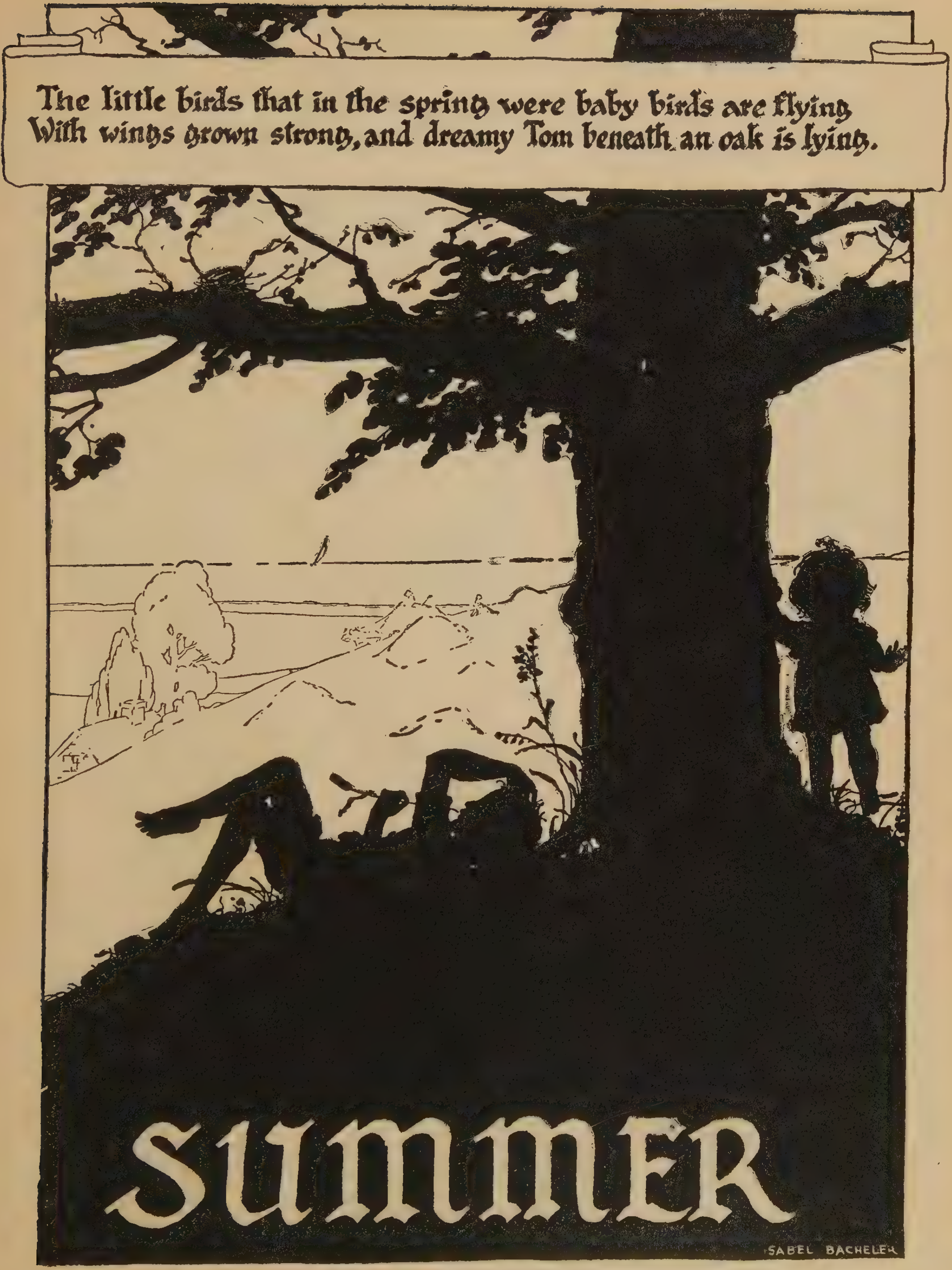
"What a good candy cart," said Fat Little One, and he licked one red wheel to see if it tasted sweet.

Ruth Rowe



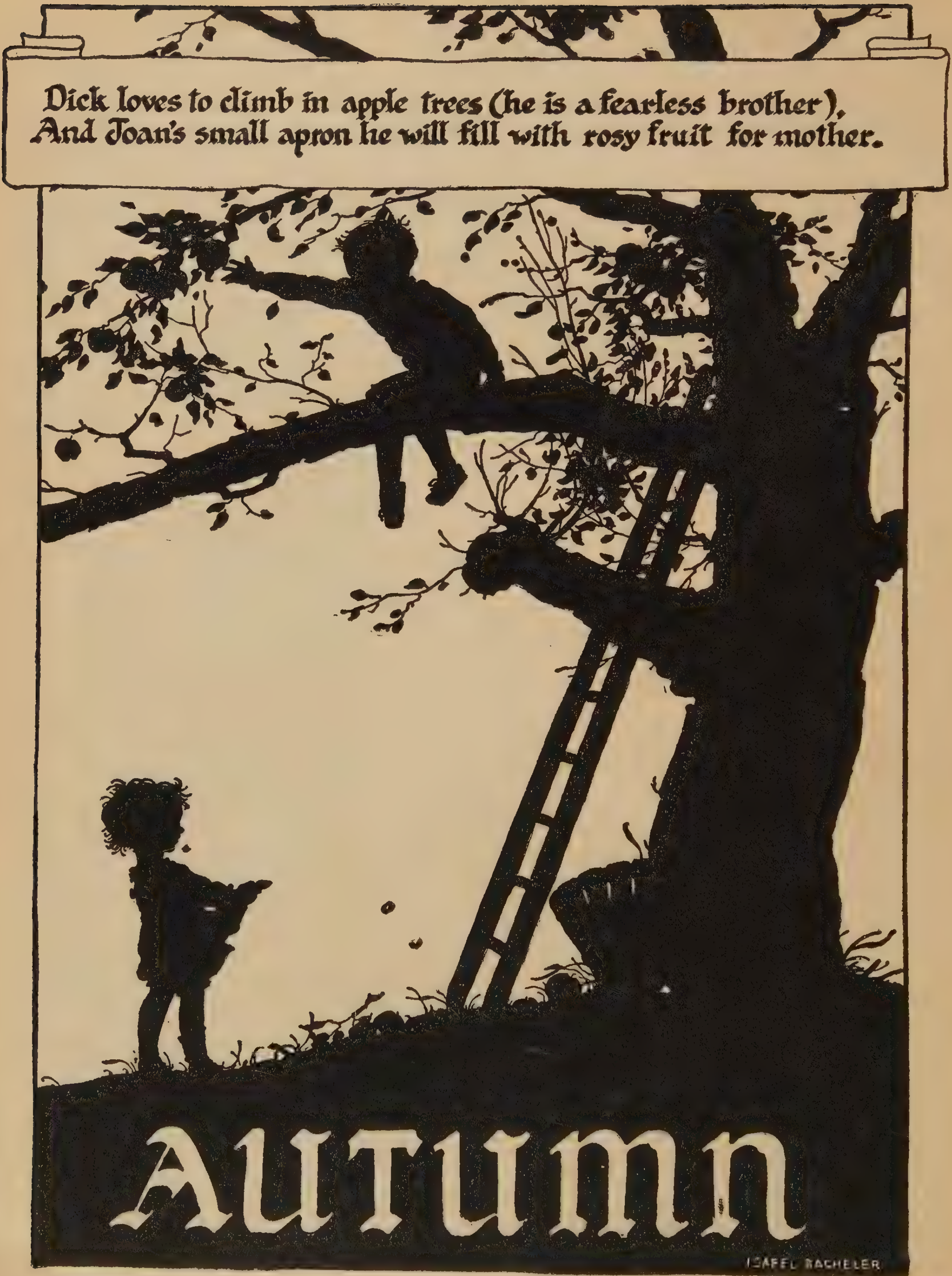
To fly kites is the finest fun, but when the wind blows chill
The baby's nose gets cold and red as tho' 'twere winter still.


SPRING
ISABEL BACHELER



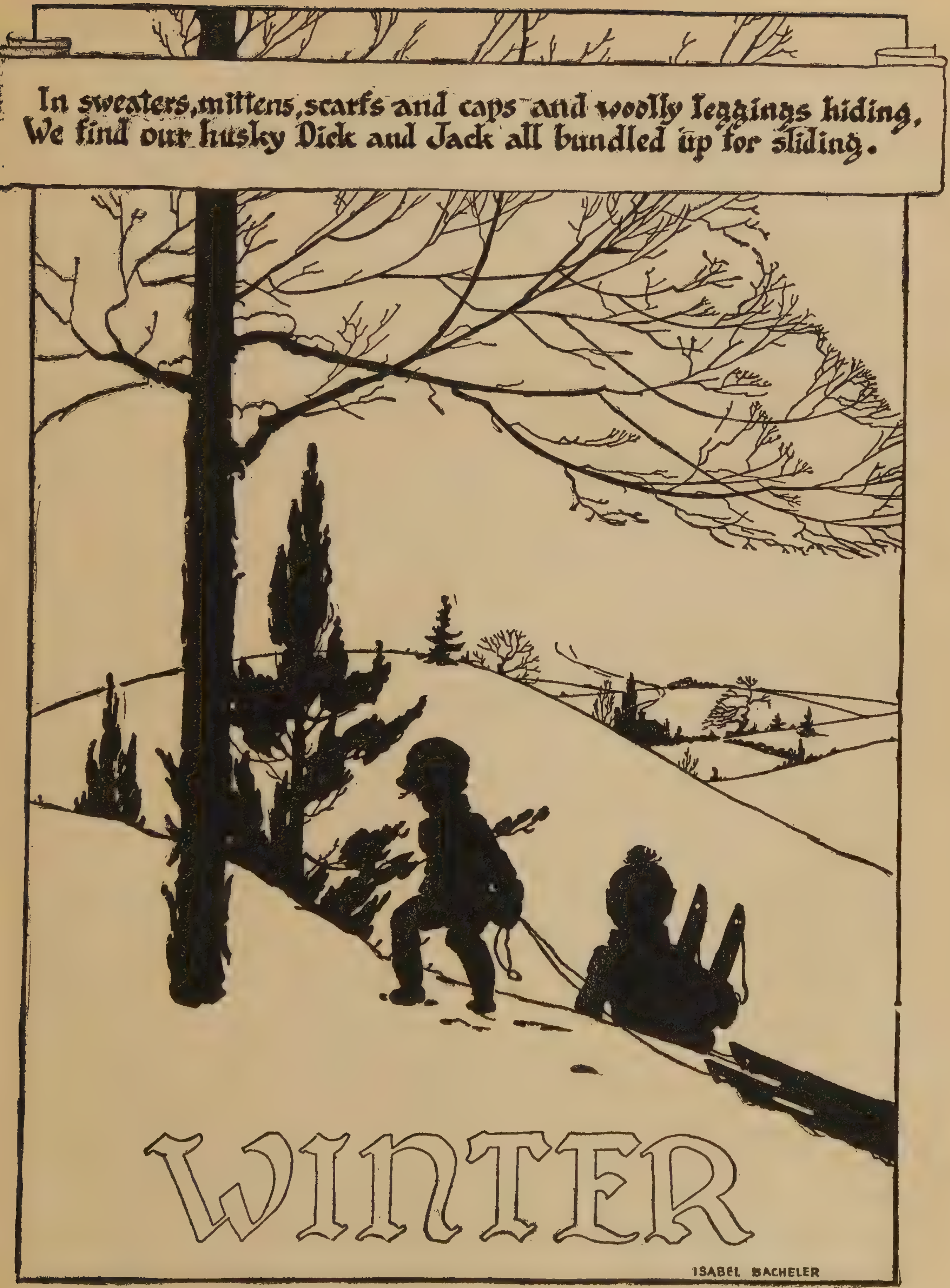
The little birds that in the spring were baby birds are flying
With wings grown strong, and dreamy Tom beneath an oak is lying.

SUMMER
ISABEL BACHELER



Dick loves to climb in apple trees (he is a fearless brother),
And Joan's small apron he will fill with rosy fruit for mother.

AUTUMN
ISABEL BACHELER

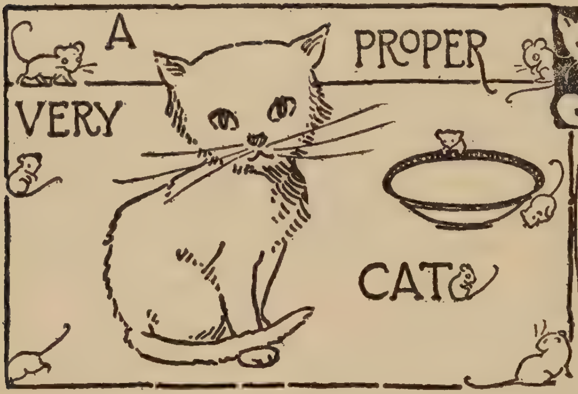


In sweaters, mittens, scarfs and caps and woolly leggings hiding,
We find our husky Dick and Jack all bundled up for sliding.

WINTER

ISABEL BACHELER

CLUMSY The Story of a Kitten



JOZEPHA'S Daddy was a very rich man, so you will not be surprised to hear that his little girl had almost all the toys and pets she wanted.

Most of all her playthings, she prized a tiny white kitten that had strolled into the garden one summer day while little Jo was running after a big butterfly. It was a thin, dirty kitten then, and Jozepha's mother did not want to have it in the house, but the little girl cried and cried until Mother consented. Nurse washed the poor little waif and, after her fur coat was dry, she was a very proper cat.

Jozepha named her *Clumsy.*

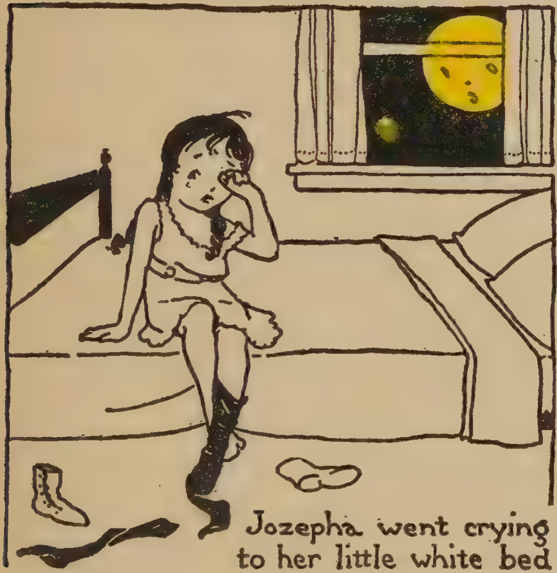
From the very first day, Clumsy made herself perfectly at home. There was much fun for Jozepha to see the kitten romp about, and run after a ball of paper, and stand up on her hind legs, and try to reach the ends of the curtains. She wandered through all the rooms, over the soft carpets and slippery floors, slept on the nice big dining-room chairs, climbed up to the top of mantelpieces, and even dared to make herself comfortable on Mother's elegant lace bedcover.

Now Jozepha's Daddy did not like the kitten. She was always in his way, climbing up into his lap when he tried to read the papers and scratching at his shoe-laces when he sat at table.

One evening Jozepha's Daddy came home from the office with a bundle of valuable papers. He unlocked the little green safe that stood in the corner of the reading-room. After he had pulled back the heavy door, he started to cross the room for the papers which he had left on the table. There was Clumsy right in the way and, of course, he tripped over the poor kitten. This made Daddy angry. He said that the useless cat was always in the way, and he wouldn't have her about. So he scolded and scolded and told Jozepha's Mother that she must turn Clumsy out of the house the first thing in the morning.

While the papers were being sorted, the door bell rang. Some one had come to see Jozepha's Daddy. He quickly pushed the valuable papers into the safe and closed the iron door.

Jozepha felt very sad when she heard that Clumsy must be put out and she began to look for her so they might have one last play together.


Jozepha went crying to her little white bed

"Clumsy, Clumsy . . . come kitty, come kitty, kitty, kitty," she called, again and again, but no Clumsy came to answer to her name.

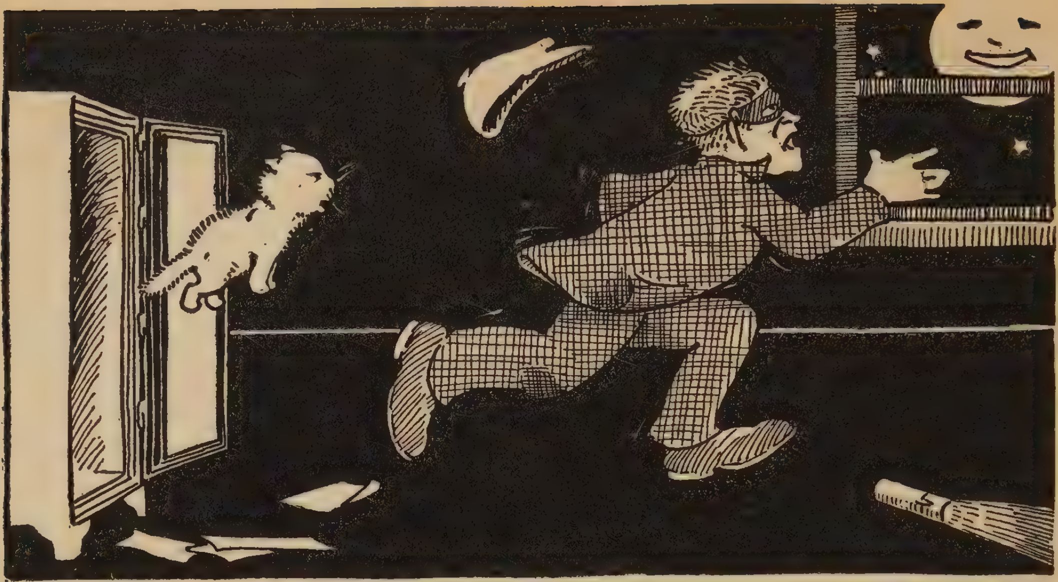
Where was Clumsy? No one could find her. Jozepha went crying to her little white bed, and the family went to sleep.

After everything was quite still, what do you think happened? Very late in the night some one pushed open a window in the reading-room and crawled in. It was a bad man who knew that there were important papers in the little green safe.

Softly he tip-toed to the iron safe and bent over it. There was no noise at all, only the *click, click* of the lock in the safe as the burglar tried to open it. He tried and tried, and at last it opened.

He had hardly pulled back the heavy door when something white moved in the safe; then he felt a deep scratch on his wrist; there was a soft purring noise, and a white lump sprang out of the safe.

How that man did run! He dropped his little electric light and jumped out of the window, without waiting to close it after him, he was in such a hurry.



Clumsy stretched herself; she didn't like being locked up in a safe where she could hardly breathe. She purred and purred. That was her way of laughing at the man who was running away.

"My," she said to herself, "what a funny man! Only bad men run like that through open windows; and he forgot to take his lantern, too. Oh, well, I think I'll take a little nap until Jozepha calls for me." She curled herself on the warm carpet and soon fell asleep.

The next morning Jozepha's Daddy was surprised to find the safe wide open though not a single thing was missing. He found the burglar's lantern; he saw the open window; then he saw Clumsy yawning at him. The kitten stepped up to him and pressed against his legs, purring all the time as if she wanted to tell what had happened. Daddy knew the story without being told. In his haste to see the visitor, he had locked Clumsy in the safe.

Now, Clumsy is a heroine. She saved some very valuable papers, and the family treat her like a little princess. She even goes motor riding. Clumsy is a very happy kitten.

PRIVATE MICHAEL V. SIMKO.

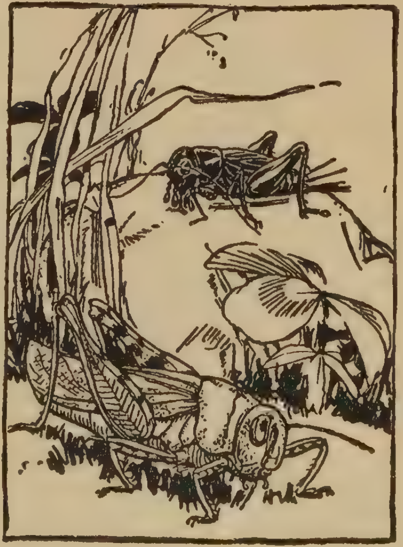
INSECT MUSICIANS

DURING the hot months of summer a wonderful orchestra performs in our fields and woodlands. All the members are insects with marvelous instruments of their own. Do you know any of these famous musicians? They make an interesting study. Perhaps father or mother, or some of the grown-up members of your family will help you find them, that you may learn more about them.

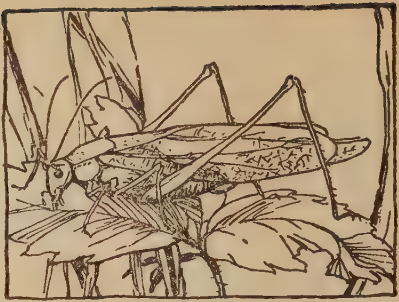
Quite the most important members of this orchestra are the fiddlers. These tiny insects produce their music with instruments somewhat like the fiddle and bow that we ourselves have learned to make and use. There are three large families that play in this manner—the crickets, the grasshoppers and the katydids. Each one has a slightly different instrument of which I shall tell you.

The cheery music of the cricket is known and loved the world over. It is produced by the wings of the insect scraping together. To those who have studied it carefully, it seems very much like the action of the fiddle. On the under side of each wing is a sort of file with sharp teeth. When this is rubbed against the smooth edge of the other wing it produces the shrill noise of the cricket's song. Repeated at regular intervals, this becomes a kind of music. When you consider the size of the musician it seems very wonderful, indeed.

As the grasshopper cannot rub his wings together, he scrapes his hind legs against the outer edges of them. Thus he really has two fiddles. He plays first upon one and then upon the other. To make his music loud and strong, there is a little drum-shaped organ in his body near the creases in which his hind legs rest. Some grasshoppers are more noted



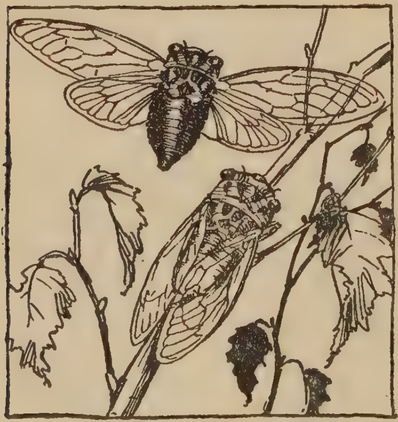
fiddlers than are those of our own country. Each family seems to have its own particular song, and plays no other.



Surely you must have seen the most musical of all the fiddlers, the katydid, in his pretty suit of green. Though he is well hidden from sight among the foliage of the trees where he spends the most of his time, he is more easily seen when once he leaves his home. His call of *Katy-did-she-did* is quite different from the other music of the orchestra, too. He makes this music by opening his wings with a sudden jerk, and allowing them to close slowly. He is one member of the orchestra who plays all night long.

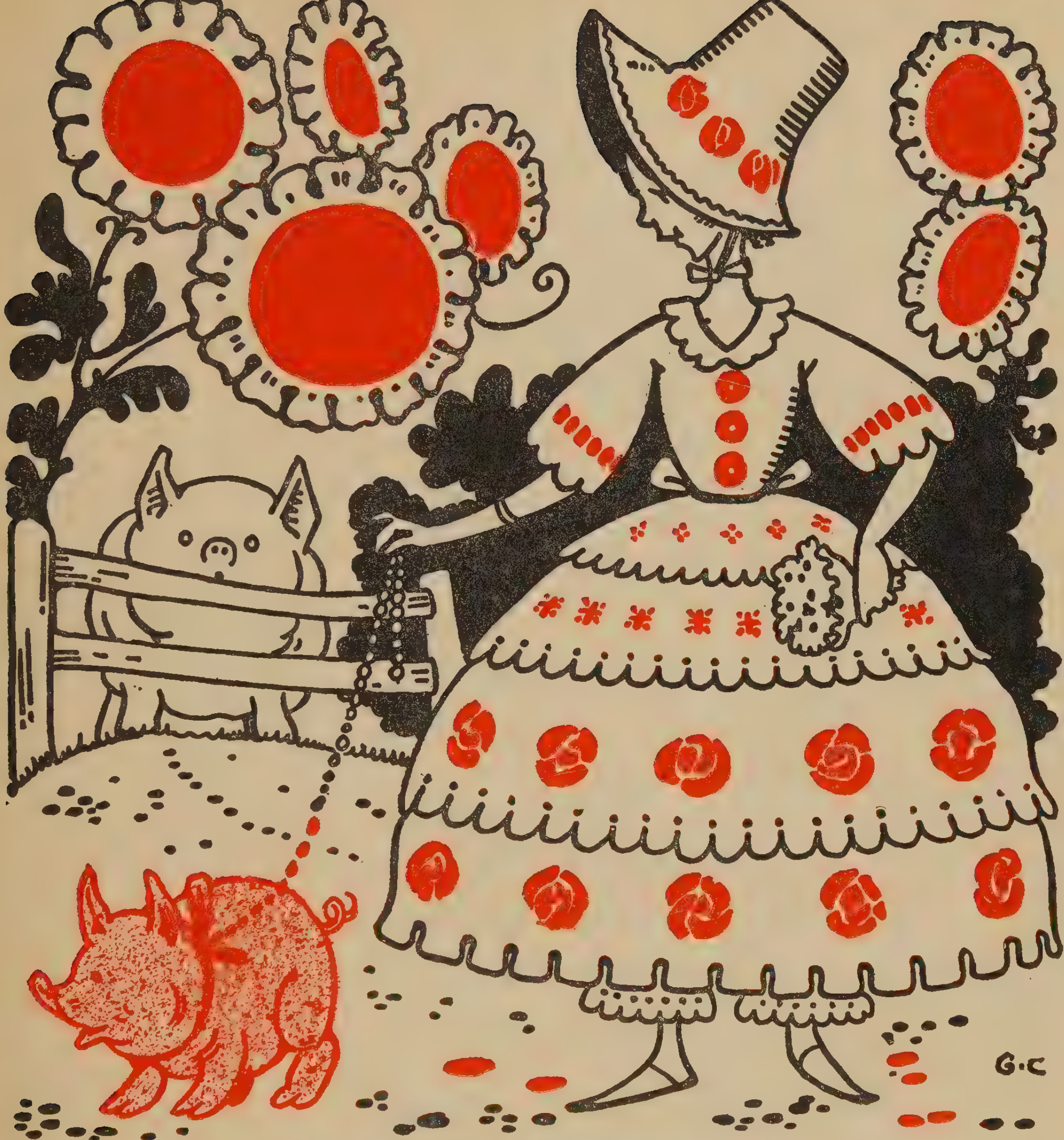
Besides the fiddlers with their shrill music, there are some pipers among the insect musicians. These are the bees and flies, whose music is somewhat like the droning of the bagpipe. Chief among them is the black and gold bumblebee, who works among the meadow flowers. His song is produced by means of airpipes opening into a large cavity in his body. His wings help to fan the air into these pipes. It took much hard study to learn the secret of this musician. Do you like his sleepy tunes?

The drummer of the summer orchestra is a very noisy fellow. He is the cicada, or locust, whose shrill music is heard at midday in the hottest part of the year. Unless you are accustomed to it, this noise is most disturbing. It is produced by a drum-like organ in the body of the insect just behind its last pair of legs. A vibration of the drumhead causes the sound. All cicadas are not so noisy as ours. The people of ancient Greece kept members of this family in cages for the sake of their beautiful song. We should hardly be tempted to do the same with this musician of ours. However, it is remarkable that so small a creature can produce so great a noise.



Have you heard any of these curious players as you passed through the fields or meadows? By studying and watching you may learn even more about all these insect musicians.

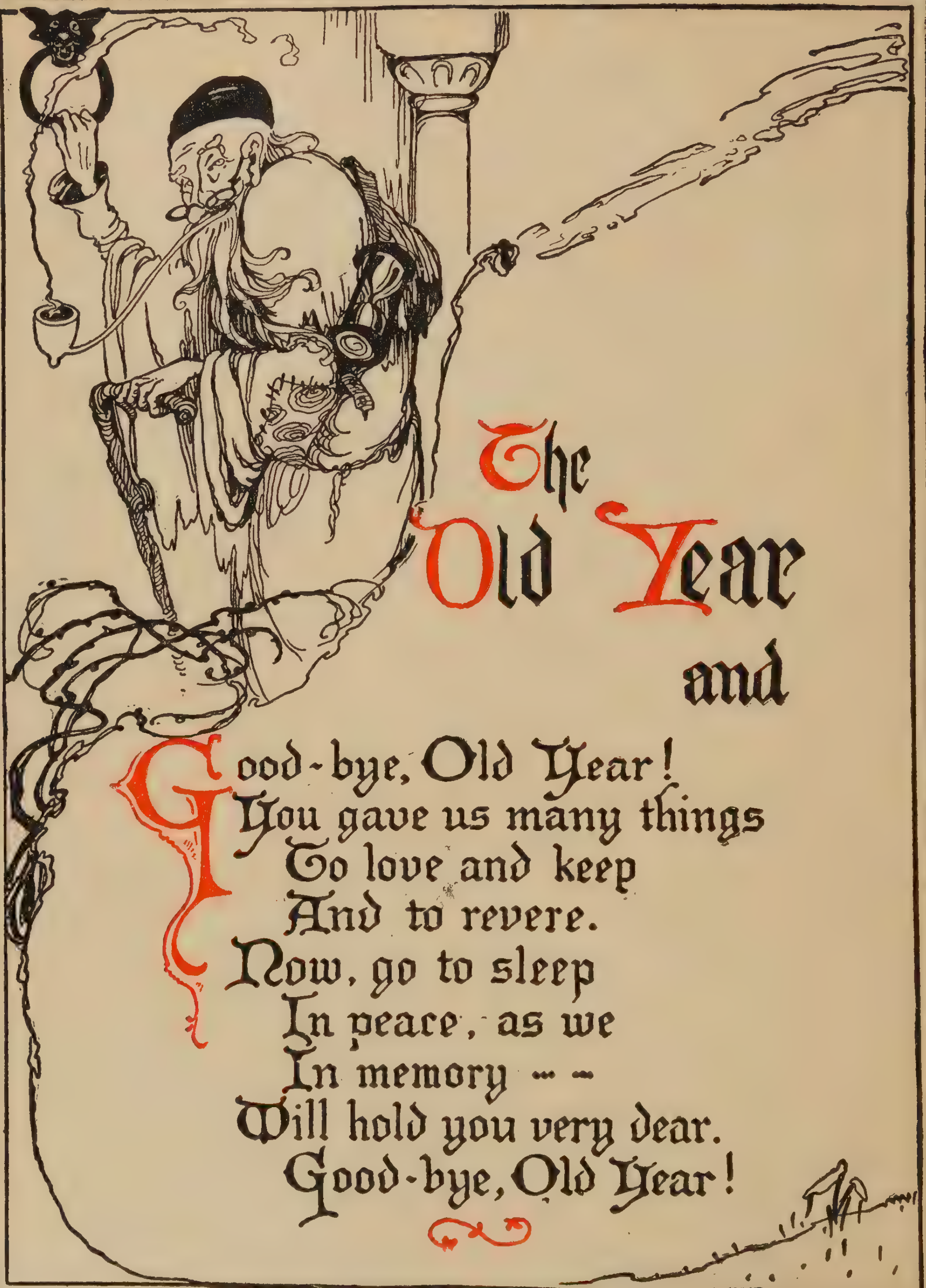
Frances Higgins



PINK PIGGIE

LITTLE pig with the curly tail
Soft as satin, pinky pale,
Is a very different thing by far
From hunks of iniquity big pigs are.

C.G.A.



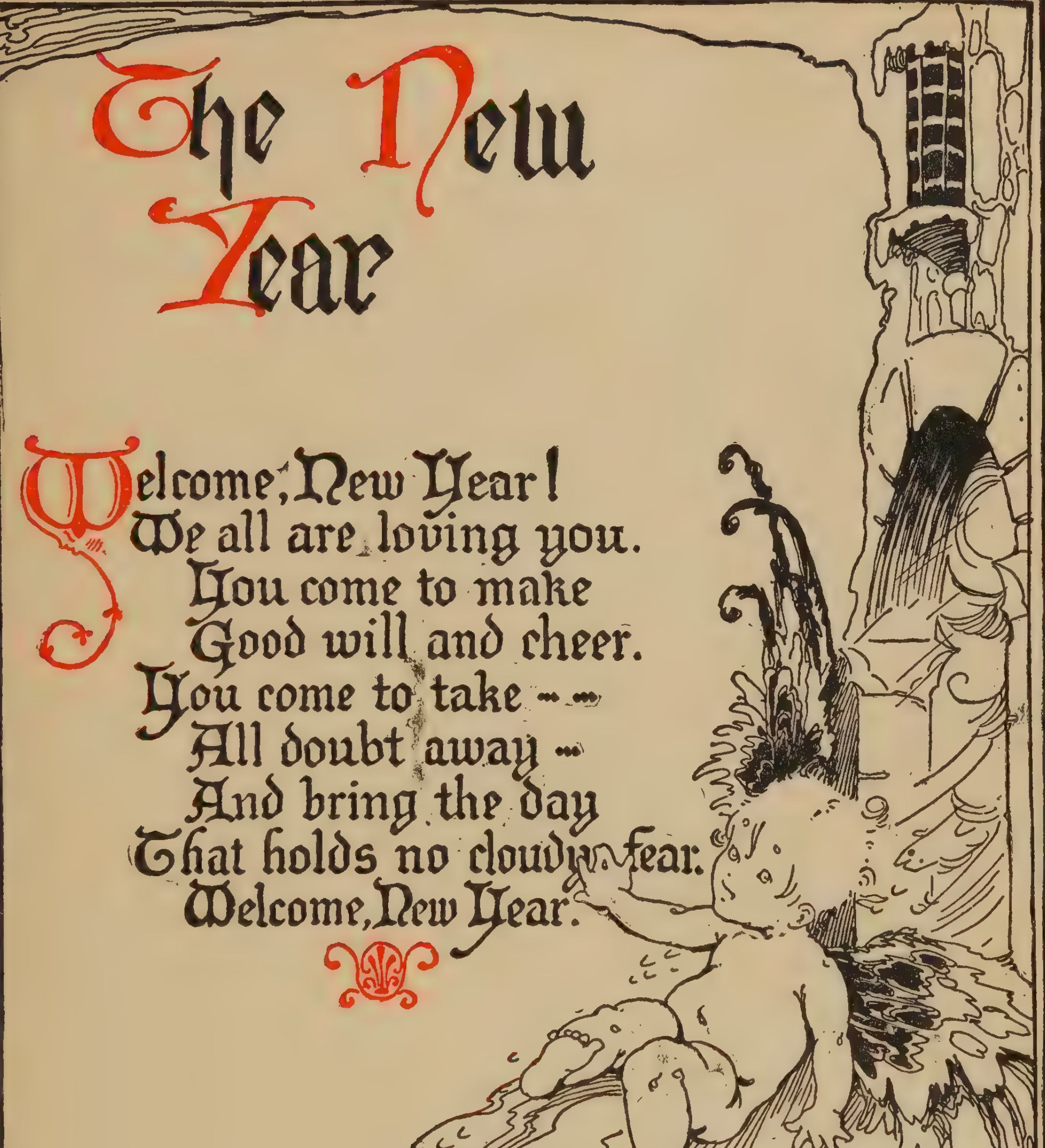
The Old Year and

Good-bye, Old Year!
You gave us many things
To love and keep
And to revere.
Now, go to sleep
In peace, as we
In memory — —
Will hold you very dear.
Good-bye, Old Year!

" God's in His heaven "

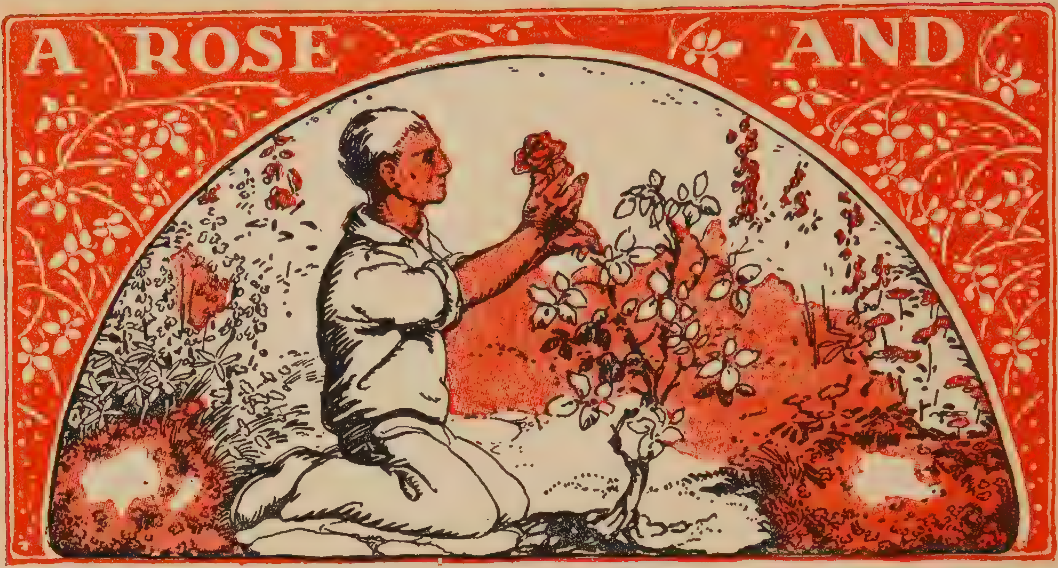
The New Year

Welcome, New Year!
We all are loving you.
You come to make
Good will and cheer.
You come to take —
All doubt away —
And bring the day
That holds no cloudy fear.
Welcome, New Year.


Winifred. M. Ackroyd.

All's well with the world

A ROSE AND



IN a sunny country garden grew a Rose, budding and beautiful to look upon.

But she was vain and discontented.

"I waste my beauty in this lonely place with none but a clodpate gardener to see."

God said to the Rose, "In all the earth there is no garden too far away for love and service."

The Rose replied, "My sisters here may love and serve and wither out their lives. I would I might go to the city; there's a carnival to-night."

God whispered to the gardener, and the gardener obeyed. Sadly he took the Rose into a city street. "And you were to have crowned my summer's work," he sighed as he left her.

Amid the merrymaking, Fame came to the Rose and placed her high in the crown of the carnival's Queen.

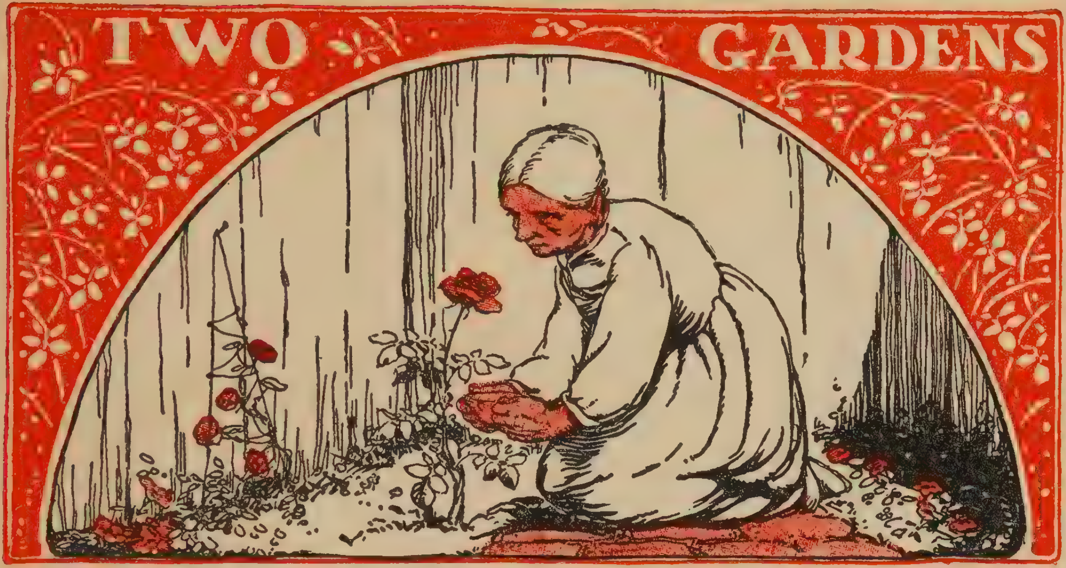
"And do I not now serve?" asked the Rose.

God did not answer.

Night passed. Weariness crept in where loveliness had been. The Rose fell to the pavement's edge. Humbled and broken, she breathed a fragrant prayer for usefulness.

A woman, little and old, saw the Rose. With careful hands she took her; and with a longing that was prayer, she laid her in a walled-in garden, dark and tight. The sun came for an hour at noon.

TWO GARDENS



After many days, love reached out and took root in the mothering earth. Then a tiny shoot, that was *hope,* stretched upward toward the sun. A little leaf opened, which was *faith.*

Each day came the sun and the little old woman—the sun with life and warmth, the woman with a cup of water.

The Rose grew in love, hope, and faith—which were root, stalk and leaf.

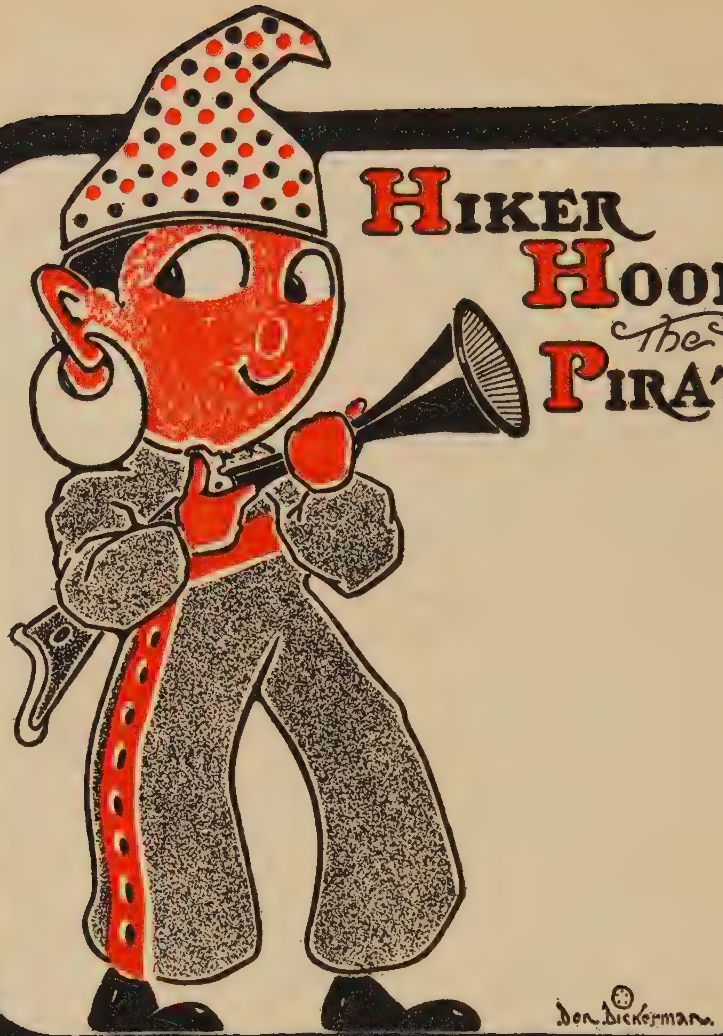
At length came forth a small, green promise of a heart that grew till it became a perfect rose. The woman saw it, and hope increased to faith.

Another noon the sun looked down into a pot of gold, which was the Rose. She opened her heart to the world. A woman knelt. And God blessed the tight little, walled-in garden.

Children, as your hearts see, this little story is a pretty parable of love growing into *hope and faith* which finally bring all blessings into the garden of life.

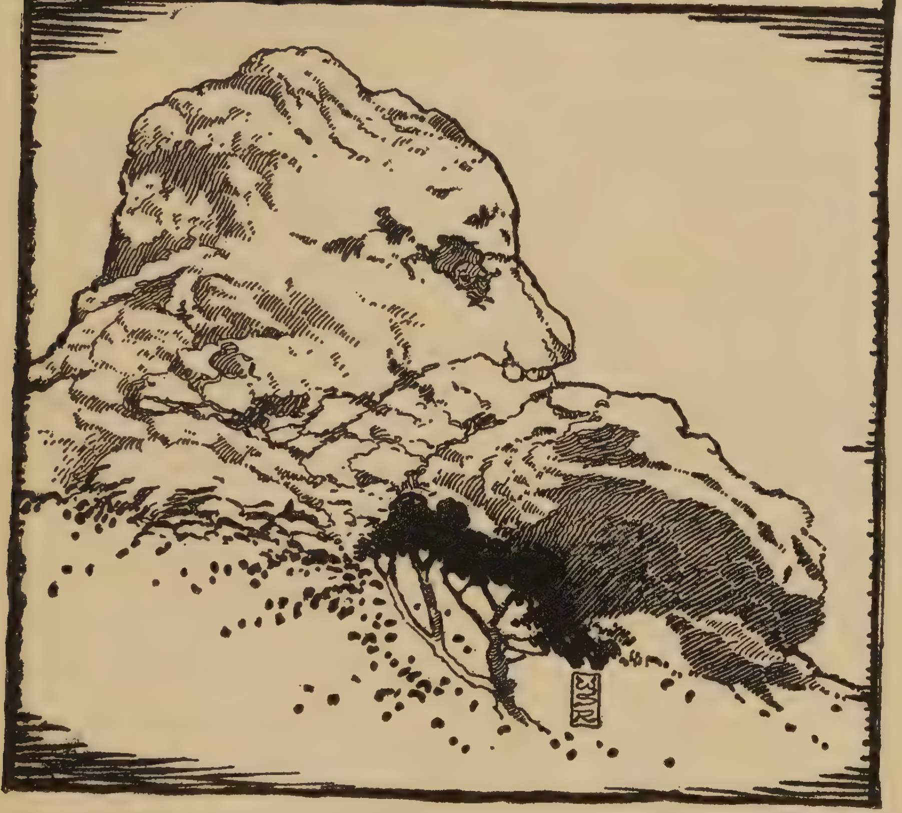
ANNE CLEELAND

HIKER HOOK the PIRATE

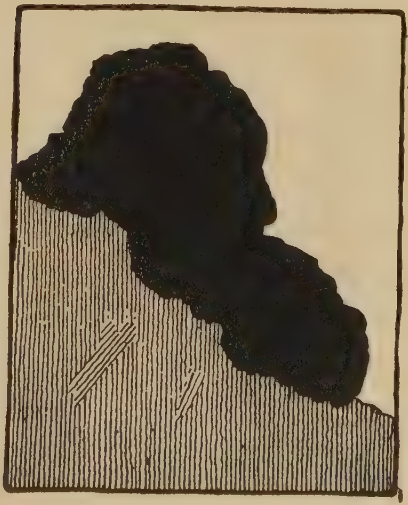


THIS is Hiker Hook, the pirate,
Very persevering, he,
But he isn't ever stubborn,
Asking questions needlessly.
Oh, no, Hike dislikes us when we
Want our way or make a fuss.
If we do not get it,—then he
Shoots his noisy blunderbuss.

OLD MAN OF MT. DIABLO

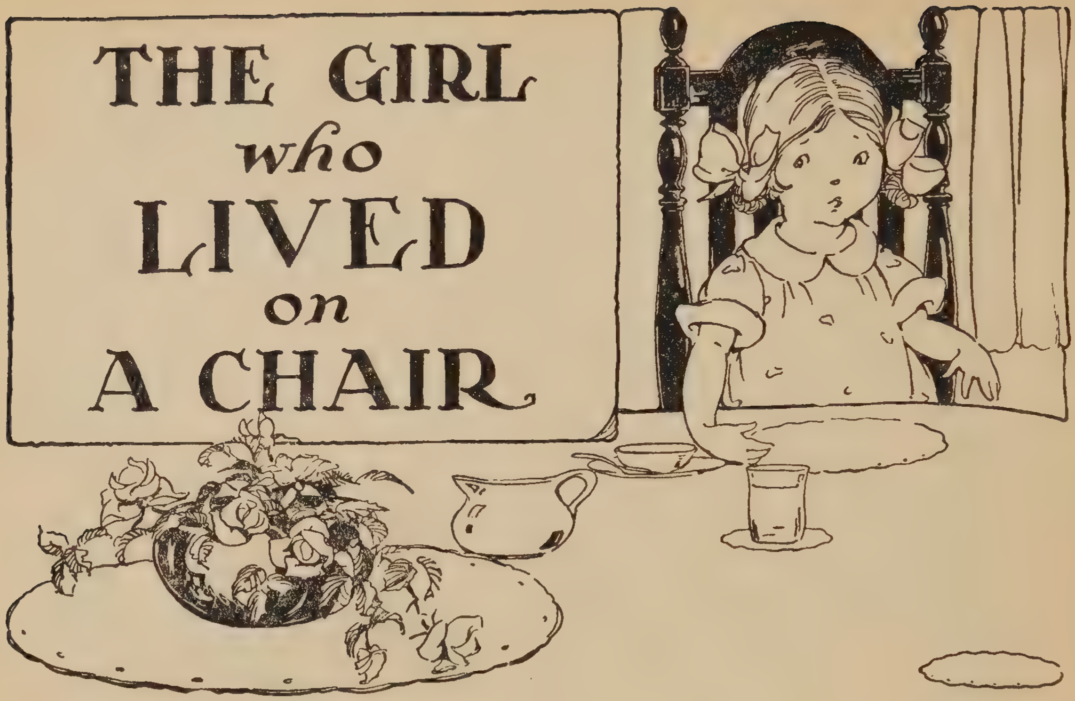


NEAR the top of a prominent mountain peak not far from Oakland, California, boys and girls who enjoy looking for faces in rocks may see this "Old Man of Mt. Diablo." He bears an odd resemblance to Joaquin Miller, "Poet of the Sierras." The best view of the profile may be had in the early afternoon.



William S. Rice

THE GIRL who LIVED on A CHAIR



BUT I don't want my rice pudding," said Patty. "I don't like it."

"How do you know?" her mother smiled. "You have never tasted it."

"But I know I don't," insisted Patty, and scowled at the teaspoonful which lay in the centre of the saucer her mother placed in front of her.

"It is always well to try a little of whatever is placed before you, little girl, and in time you will learn to like it."

Patty pouted and pushed the rice about with her spoon, finally scooping up one small grain of it and inserting it in her mouth. Her face gradually screwed itself into a knot, while she mumbled resentfully, "I don't like it."

When her mother insisted that she eat all of her tiny helping, Patty's mouth opened for the gigantic wail which was sure to follow. But it never came. Father laughed, then Mary laughed, then Mother and Aunt Jessie joined in, and then—Patty laughed.

She didn't mean to. She didn't want to—it just came. It always did, when other people laughed; for Patty was so fairly choked with sunshine and laughter that anything would make it tumble out, even if it had to hurry over a little waterfall of tears.

The next five minutes were spent in alternately trying to howl and being plunged into an attack of giggles. Whenever her mouth got into a be-U-ti-ful shape to make the sound, Father would say, "There! She'll make it this time. One—two—three—," or Aunt Jessie would fan her with a napkin, or Mary would start those giggly giggles of hers, or Mother would say persuasively, "Make it a big one, this time, honey," with that dancing look in her eyes, and then Patty would just *have* to laugh.

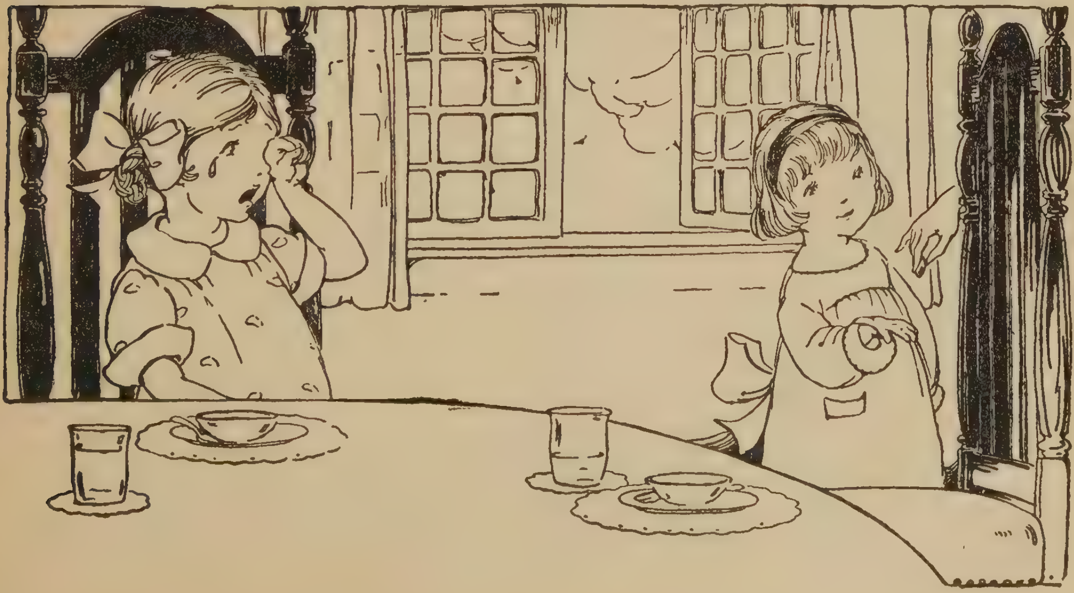
But finally the others left the table, Mother saying, "You may leave, dear, when you've eaten your pudding."

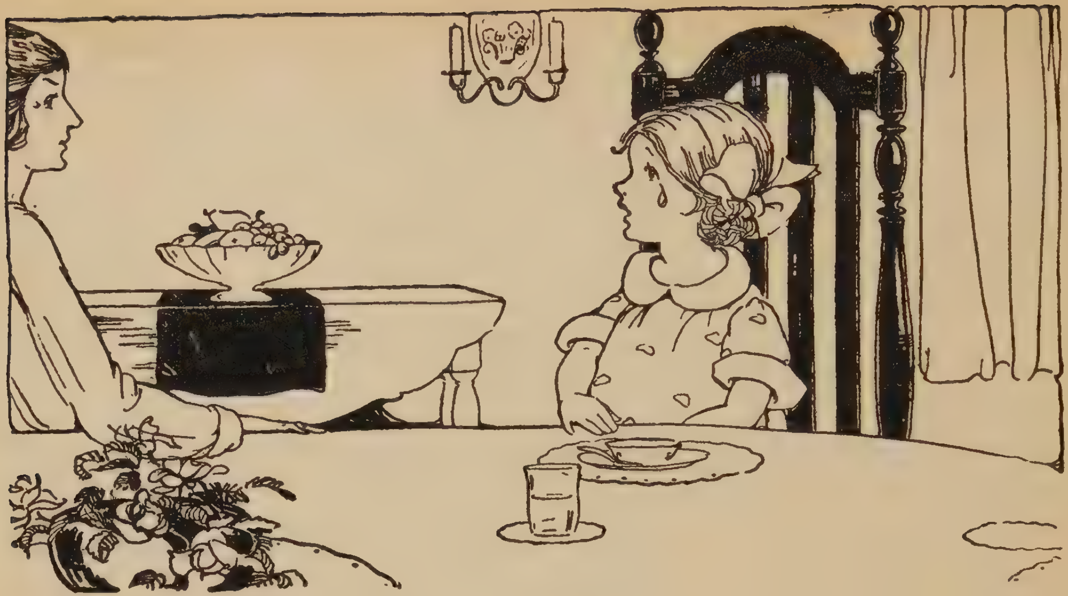
Then the tears came in earnest. Then the wonderful sound roared out of the pink cavern. Everybody hastened to other rooms where the noise would not reach their ears.

But all the sound in Patty was used up very quickly. She always started extremely well, but it didn't last long. That smiling feeling always got in the way.

Fifteen minutes later, Patty had pushed the rice about the saucer some more, had squirmed her rompers shiny and had asked a dozen "why's" —but that was all that she had accomplished.

The next fifteen minutes were spent in singing, punctuated with a howl when Mary was given her little piece of candy, and pranced off for her nap; and another when Aunt Jessie, washing dishes, refused to accept her saucer, with only three more rice kernels gone.





At the end of that time, Patty inquired of her mother who came into the room, "Will I have to stay here all the afternoon?"

"That depends upon you, my dear," replied Mother.

"But if I don't eat the rice will I have to stay here all—the—time?" wailed Patty.

"All the time, I suppose," sighed her mother. "Do you remember what I told you about St. Simeon Stylites, who lived on top of a tall pillar and never came down? Perhaps all the little boys and girls will come from everywhere around to see the child who lives on a chair. How interested they will be."

Patty knew that her mother was joking, and turned away to hide a smile; but presently the awful conviction that she *must* eat that pudding hurled her into tears again.

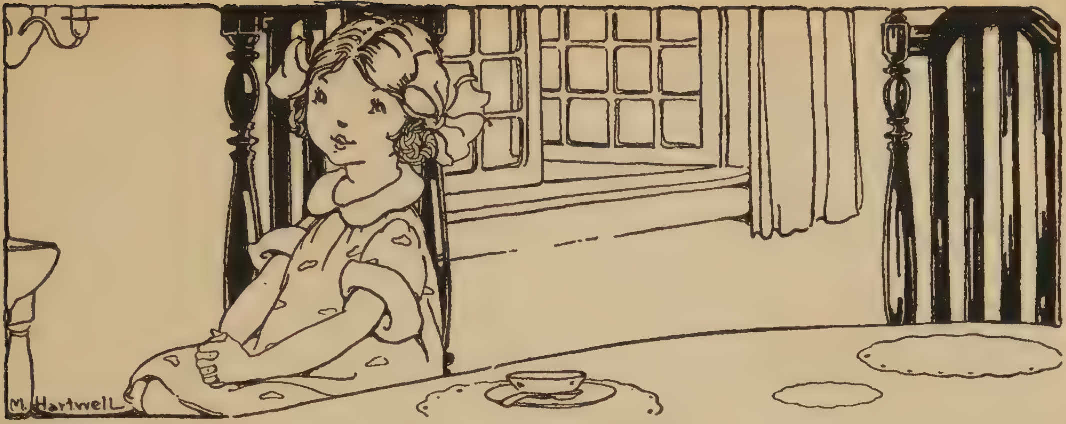
"Will I have to stay here *all—night?"* she moaned.

"I suppose so," her mother sighed again, "if you don't eat the pudding."

"Oh ——*! All — night.* Would it be that I'd have to stay here *always?"*

"Always," sighed her mother, "if you don't eat the pudding."

"Oh —— always! But I would get ve——ry hun——gry." Again a long wail filled the room.



Mother waited until it died down, then she echoed, "Yes—very hungry. Hungry enough, perhaps, to eat rice pudding."

The wail ended in a sound not unlike a laugh. Patty was not without a sense of humor.

"Patty, dear," coaxed her mother, "the best thing to do is to put it all on the spoon at once—see, it fills it only half full—then pop it into your mouth and chew fast, all the time thinking of the piece of candy which goes with your nap. Then we'll not have a St. Simeon Stylites in the family."

"I'd like to be a St. Simeon Stylites," smiled perverse Patty.

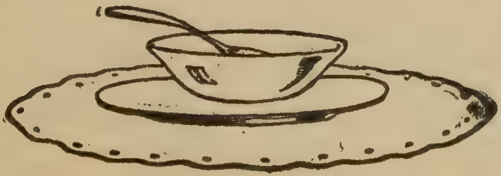
Nevertheless when her mother peeped into the dining-room a few moments later, Patty was turned sideways facing the door, her heels planted firmly on the rounds of the chair and her hands clasped hard in her lap. Her eyes were opening and shutting very fast, while her jaws moved rapidly. When she saw her mother, she smiled a triumphant smile as she swallowed the last morsel.

"It's all gone," she chirped and ran to her mother's outstretched arms.

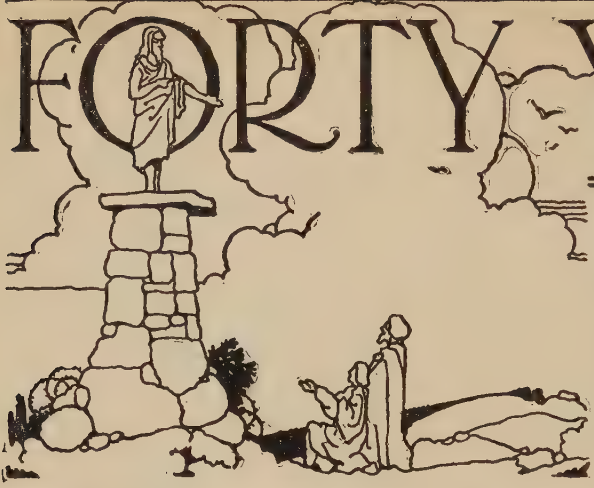
After hurrying to tell Father and Aunt Jessie, she appeared upon the porch, where Mary was now giving a tea-party to her dolls.

"Mary," her mother heard her say demurely, "I liked it." She chuckled. "It was sweet."

Frances R. C. Long



FORTY YEARS

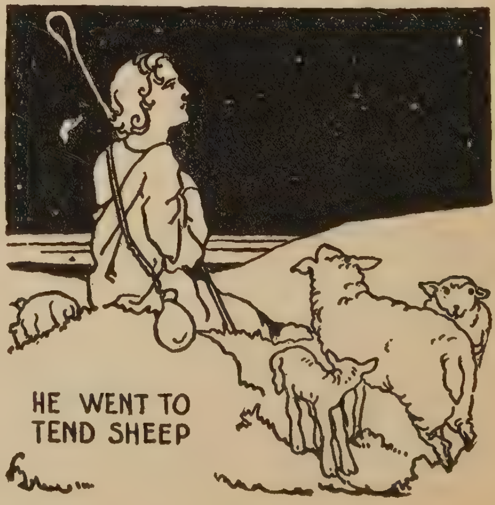


FORTY years of living in the open on a pillar! How absurd that sounds! But it is a true tale, for that is the way Saint Simeon Stylites spent more than half of his life. After him other hermits did likewise, but Simeon was the first and most famous.

Simeon was a Syrian boy born about four hundred years after Christ. His family was very poor. While quite young, he went to the hills to tend sheep. Like most boys his head was full of dreams and, in imagination, the fields were covered with glittering soldiers or with the rich trappings of merchantmen whom he had seen on their way to Persia or India.

But the long quiet nights under the stars must have made him old beyond his years. One day in the village church he heard the priest say, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." This set him to thinking hard. How could he be pure in heart and some day see God? Young as he was, we find him entering a monastery. There he stayed for two years, all the time seeking to become "pure in heart."

But there were many temptations there, and he longed to abase himself still further. On a lonely mountain was a rough monastery, hardly more than a shelter, which was his next abiding place. Here he sought the most lowly position and the most menial work. But he fasted so long and scourged himself so severely that the Abbot was afraid he would die. When



HE WENT TO TEND SHEEP

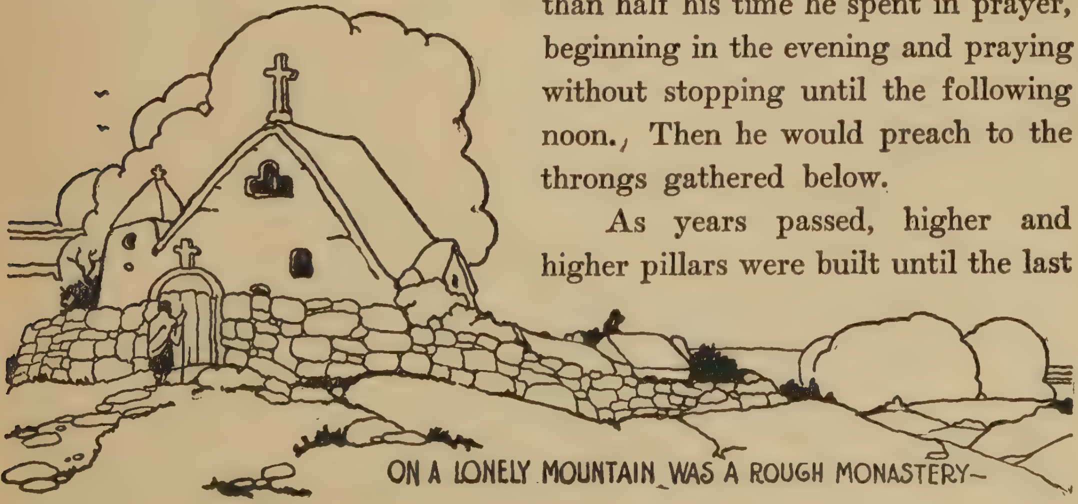
ON A PILLAR

he would not stop his self persecutions, he was sent away, for the Abbot was not willing to be responsible for his life.

Now Simeon climbed to the barren mountain top where he could do as he chose. In a stone hut built by himself, he fasted more than he ate and stood praying all night without sleep. After three years, even this was not hard enough. Finding a little plateau on the mountain, he gathered stones and built a rough wall enclosing an open green space in which he lived.

Before long the fame of this strange holy man spread over the land. Pilgrims to Jerusalem stopped to receive his blessing. The sick were brought to him to heal, and his counsel and advice were sought by the multitude. Surely this was not the solitude needful for a holy man, and he bethought him of some way of escape. It was then that his first pillar was built. It was nine feet high with a platform on top three feet across. Of course that was too small for him to lie down upon even if he had wished. It was said that he even slept standing. More than half his time he spent in prayer, beginning in the evening and praying without stopping until the following noon. Then he would preach to the throngs gathered below.

As years passed, higher and higher pillars were built until the last

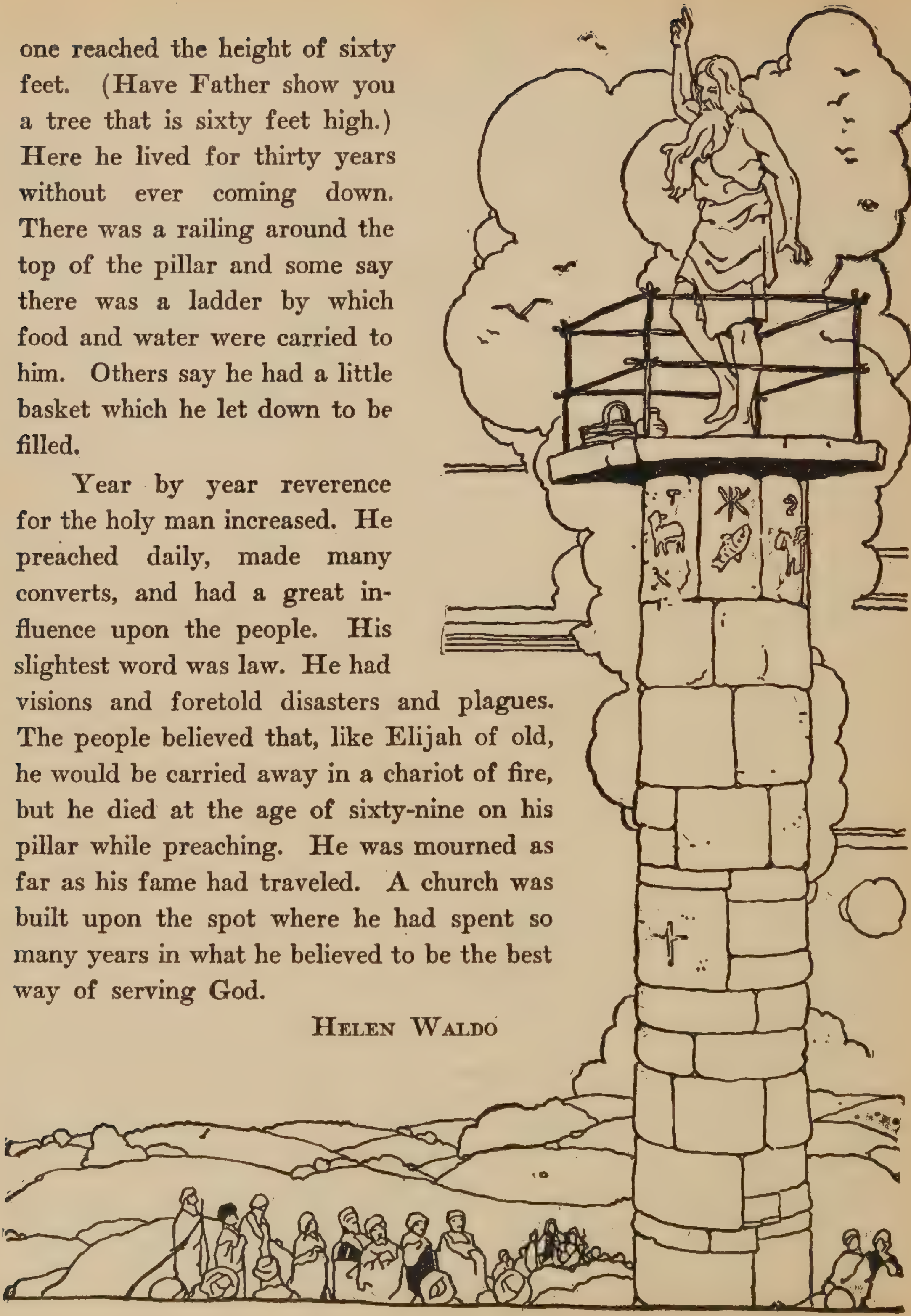


ON A LONELY MOUNTAIN WAS A ROUGH MONASTERY—

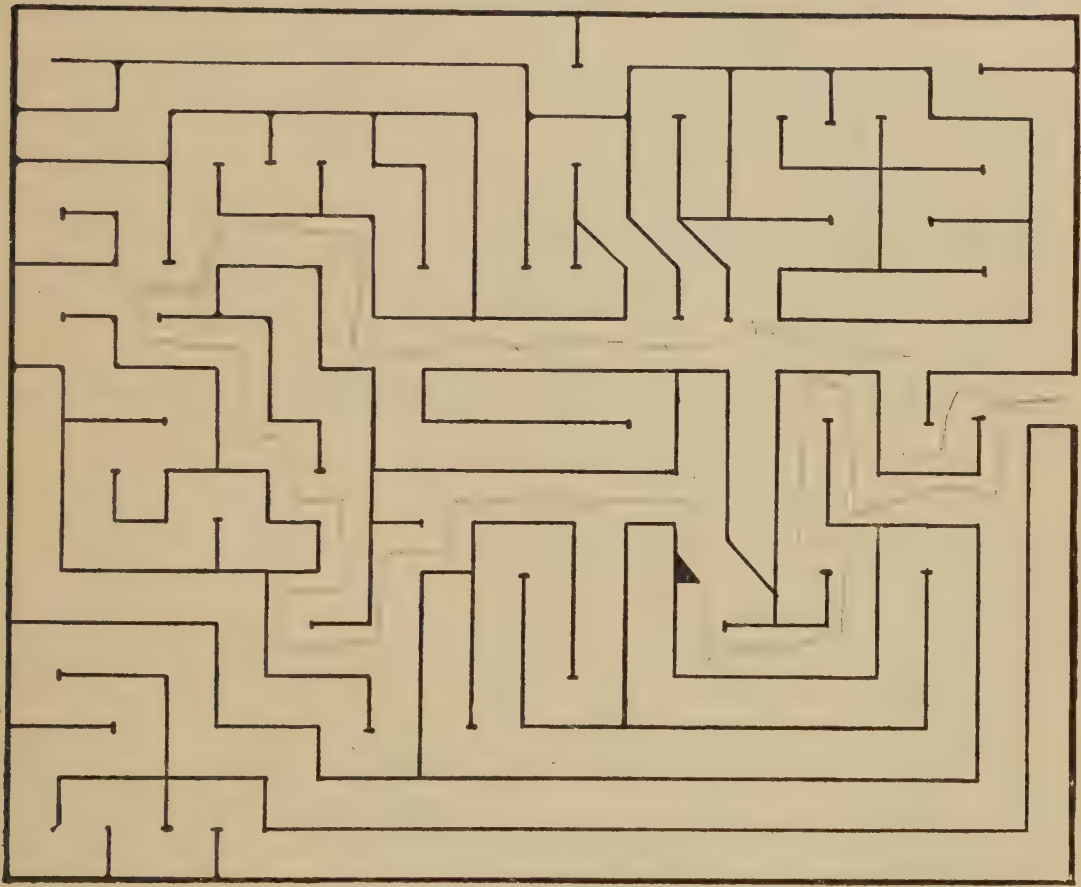
one reached the height of sixty feet. (Have Father show you a tree that is sixty feet high.) Here he lived for thirty years without ever coming down. There was a railing around the top of the pillar and some say there was a ladder by which food and water were carried to him. Others say he had a little basket which he let down to be filled.

Year by year reverence for the holy man increased. He preached daily, made many converts, and had a great influence upon the people. His slightest word was law. He had visions and foretold disasters and plagues. The people believed that, like Elijah of old, he would be carried away in a chariot of fire, but he died at the age of sixty-nine on his pillar while preaching. He was mourned as far as his fame had traveled. A church was built upon the spot where he had spent so many years in what he believed to be the best way of serving God.

HELEN WALDO



An ANIMAL MAZE

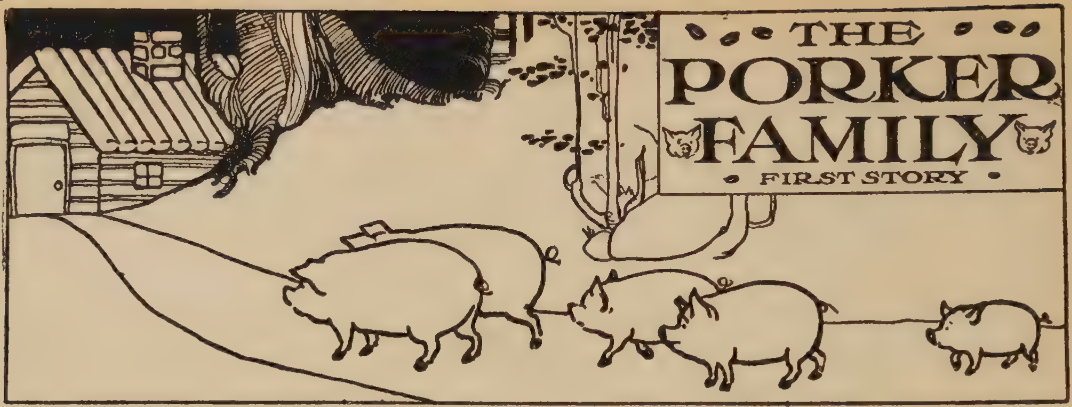


THIS is an easy maze puzzle because there is only one entrance. Take a pencil and trace a path that will take you into the maze and out again at the starting place. You must not cross your pencil line nor cross any fences.

You will make many wrong turns but finally you will take all the right ones that lead you to the gate.

Now go over the light line making it heavy, being sure to make angular corners at every turn; you will find that you have drawn a picture of a "square" animal. Fill in all the space inside your lines and you have drawn a silhouette. Perhaps you will make the filling with your crayons and have a colored silhouette instead of a black one.

WALTER GIBSON



THE PORKER FAMILY

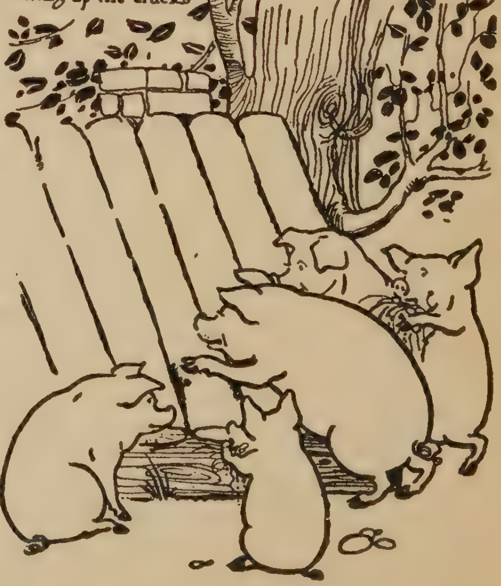
FIRST STORY

ONCE upon a time there lived in the Big Forest a family of five pigs: two big pigs and three little pigs. The names of the two big pigs were Mr. Porker and Mrs. Porker; and the names of the three little pigs were Piggie and Wiggie and Tiggie. The littlest pig was Tiggie, and a very mischievous little pig he was, always getting into scrapes and then out of them as best he could.

The pigs had built a very nice little house out of some big cord-wood sticks which a wood-cutter had left because he could not get any more on his wagon. It was not very easy to build the house, and Mr. Porker never would have succeeded had he not been a very clever sort of pig. First, he dug a row of holes in the ground in which, with the help of Mrs. Porker, he placed the sticks. Then he pressed the dirt in hard all around, which made them stand up nice and straight like a fence.

After that, he placed against the top of these some longer poles, the lower ends resting on the ground. This made a very good slanting roof, from which the rain could run off without soaking in. Then he filled up all the cracks and slits with moss and mud.

When he had closed up the opening at the back with big heavy logs, Mr. Porker had quite a fine looking little cabin;



Filling up the cracks

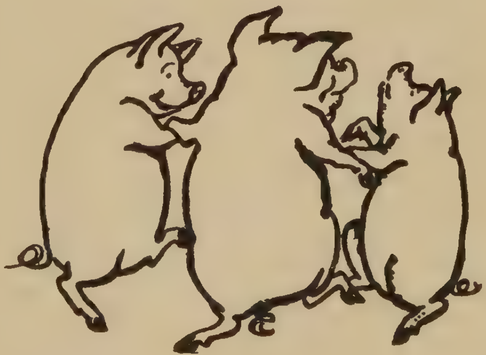
at any rate, Piggie and Wiggie and Tiggie thought so. Perhaps one reason was because they had helped by finding lots of nice green moss. They handed it up to their father while he stood on tip-toe on top of a stump and stuffed all the cracks just as tight as he could. When there wasn't another hole to be found, the roof was finished.

This took a long time, but then everything was done, even to the big flat stone which was used for the front door. Mr. Porker stood and looked at his work with a feeling of pride.

"It's a very nice home, Mrs. Porker," he exclaimed, and Mrs. Porker said she thought so, too; and Piggie and Wiggie and Tiggie jumped around and sang;

"Oh what do we care for the Big Gray Wolf
That prowls through the wood at night!
We'll laugh when he howls outside our door
When we're cuddled up snug and tight."

"Don't be too sure," answered Mrs. Porker; "if Tiggie stays out as late as he did yesterday afternoon, he may get caught one of these fine days. Mr. Wolf is on the lookout all the time for naughty pigs that play too long and don't mind Mother."

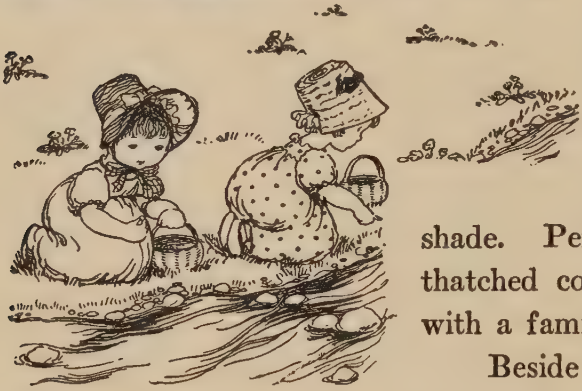


Piggie and Wiggie looked at Tiggie, who stopped dancing around.

"Indeed, Mother," he squeaked, "I won't be late again, really, I won't." And he wasn't, until the next time, when something *almost* happened; but we must wait for the next chapter to tell what did almost happen to Tiggie, because he didn't mind Mother and come home from play when she told him to.

David M. Cory

KATE GREENAWAY'S CHILDHOOD



PICTURE to yourself a fair green meadow with the sun shining brightly upon it. In the background are trees and hedges of a darker shade. Perhaps there is also a gay little thatched cottage in the distance; or a barn with a family of haystacks gathered around.

Beside a little singing brook are two small maidens dressed in quaint frocks and sunbonnets. They are industriously picking up tiny pebbles—only the very tiniest will do. These they place in little round baskets of purple-and-white; each has one exactly like the other's.

Yes, it is a Greenaway picture—not a water-color but a real one. These are Greenaway children, real sunbonnet babies. The tiny girl in the pink dress is Kate Greenaway, herself, who has come from London for a long visit in the country. How she loves it there!

As she goes merrily back to the cottage where she stays, she passes bright little clumps of flowers in the meadow grass. She doesn't know their names, but she makes up names to fit them. There is one which she calls "my little blue flower." Another she names "yellow dragon's-mouth." She must have borrowed this name from the snapdragon that grows in the bed near the cottage. She knows it quite well, and loves it, too. When she comes to the part of the garden where it grows, she sets her tiny basket down. She simply must pinch it once more to make it open and shut its mouth. What fun that is!

Soon she sees another friend, the pink moss rose in the little three-cornered garden by the road. Of all the home flowers, this is her favorite. But she is also fond of the purple phlox by the gate, and the Michaelmas daisy, as well as the wallflower outside the fence which seems to be running away.

At last Kate reaches the quaint cottage itself, which is full of all manner of interesting things. There is the kitchen with its brick walls and floor and raftered ceiling; and there is the fire-place with its swinging pot and great oven. Beneath the window is the pump and in the corner the cheese press. She can shut her eyes and see these no matter where she is.

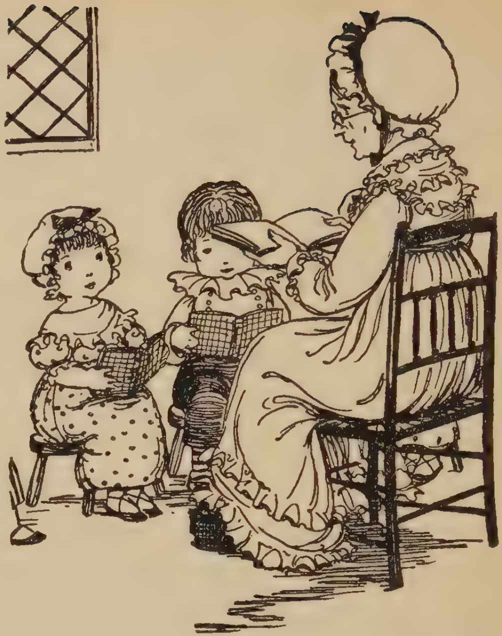
However, it is the great outdoors that this little girl likes best. There she spends most of the long summer days. Sometimes she visits her aunt at "Odd House" not far away; sometimes she walks with a grown-up along the "Flower-bank" that leads to the old mill beside the river. It is like a trip to fairyland.

There is but one greater adventure, and that is to rise at five o'clock in the morning and go with the dairymaid to fetch the cows. Sally, Strawberry, and Sarah Midgeley are their names. They spend the night in the "Plot" with all the cows of the village and never want to come home. What running and shouting it takes to get them finally to the milking-yard!

Of course, little Kate can't stay in the country forever, much as she might like it. She must go back to her own home in the great city where her father is a busy artist, and her mother keeps a little shop. They miss their happy little daughter when she is away. When she is with them their home is like a different place.

Though the house is old and shabby, Kate loves it. She dreams that there is a secret door leading into a long line of very beautiful rooms and then on and on to a wonderful garden. She thinks of

this so much that she can really see it. She also dreams of steps leading over the red roofs to a garden near the sky where nasturtiums grow.



Kate's playmate in these days is her little sister Fanny. They have truly delightful times together with their large family of dolls. There is Gauraca, so big that she wears real baby clothes and shoes. There are Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal, all very, very tiny. Then there is Doll Lizzie, made of wood; One-Eye, made of rags, and many, many others.

Kate soon begins to attend an infant school taught by an old lady with a frilly cap and a frilly dress. She learns the alphabet, and how to use a needle. She now makes beautiful clothes for her doll family from scraps of gauze, net, satin, and ribbon from her mother's shop. She makes hats, too, trimming them with feathers escaped from her own pillow. Her doll family looks very fine, indeed.

Kate and Fanny have very pretty clothes themselves. It is their great delight to put on their new frocks, bonnets, and capes and go for a walk down the street. Mother allows them to do this if they promise not to go farther than the corner. Off they go, quite alone, when other little girls and boys must have a nurse with them.

What wonderful things they see! In a glass show-case are picture-books and puzzle-maps of all kinds. In a print shop are colored engravings of *Belshazzar's Feast, The Great Day of Wrath,* and such pompous subjects. At the corner (where they must turn) is a Punch and Judy show, or else tumblers or rope-walkers. They always hasten toward this delectable corner.

It is not long until bright-eyed little Kate discovers, all of a sudden, that she can read. She can make out long stories like *Beauty and the Beast* and *Bluebeard.* She doesn't like the sad stories so well as the others, though she reads them quite often. Among all the books in the house her favorites are the *Plays of Shakespeare,* and a giant scrap-book of her father's.

This little girl doesn't go to a real school until she is much older. A teacher comes to give her lessons in the afternoons. Of course, Kate learns ever and ever so much all by herself. She is such a bright, happy little creature that all the world seems bright and happy, too. She thinks it wonderful.

Every summer Kate goes for a visit at the cottage in the country. There she sees again the three cows, the calves, pigs, cats, hens, and all her old friends. Now that she is older, she may ride on the corn-wagons and the hay-carts. She often goes to market with the family, driving the little brown pony hitched to the green cart. Every day there is a new adventure, perhaps two.

Long after Kate is home again she can see the green fields and quaint barns and houses as they were in the summer. She fancies that she can smell the flowers, too,—the pinks, the roses, the stocks, and the wall-flowers that grew in the country gardens. She remembers every bright and beautiful thing that she has ever seen.

While she is still a small girl she finds that she likes to draw. Her parents send her to a very good school near her home. Here Kate takes many prizes for her beautiful designs. In time she becomes a greater artist than her own dear father.

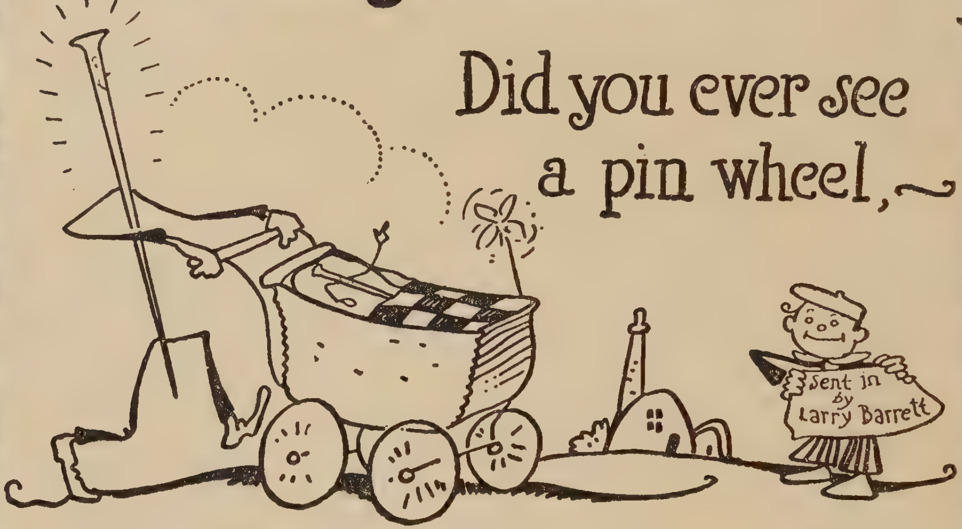
* * *

It was then that Kate Greenaway began to draw and paint the beautiful pictures from her memory. She found that other people loved the flowers, meadows, and quaint houses, too. Best of all they loved those little girls and boys dressed in the fashion of her childhood.

Frances Higgins

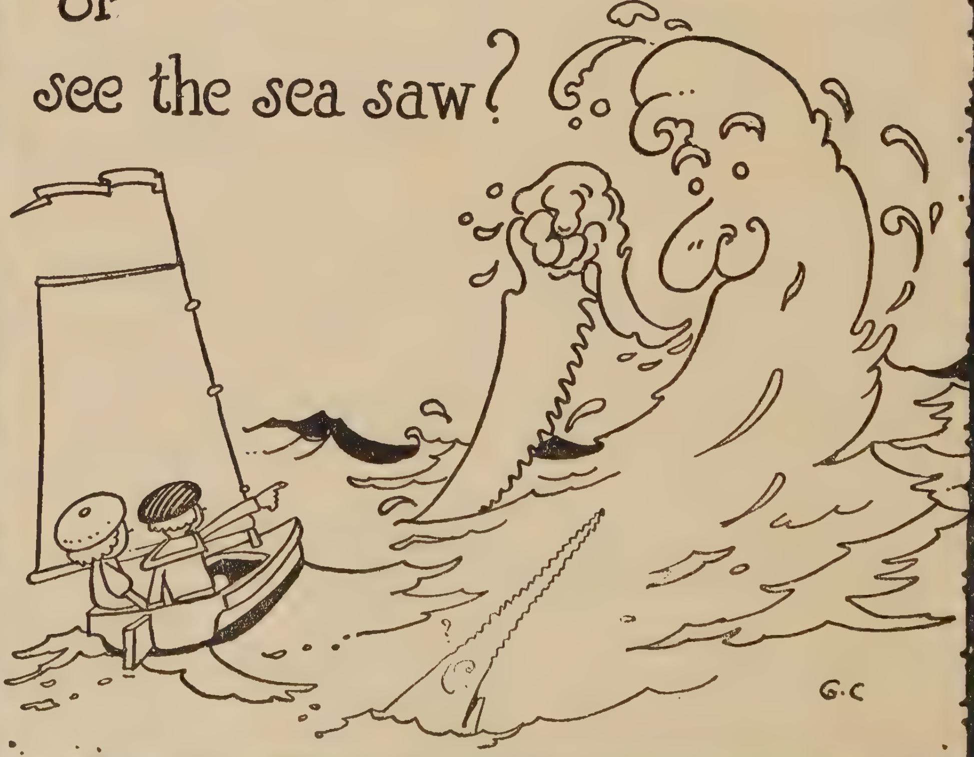
Did you ever—?

Did you ever see
a pin wheel,—


Sent in by Larry Barrett

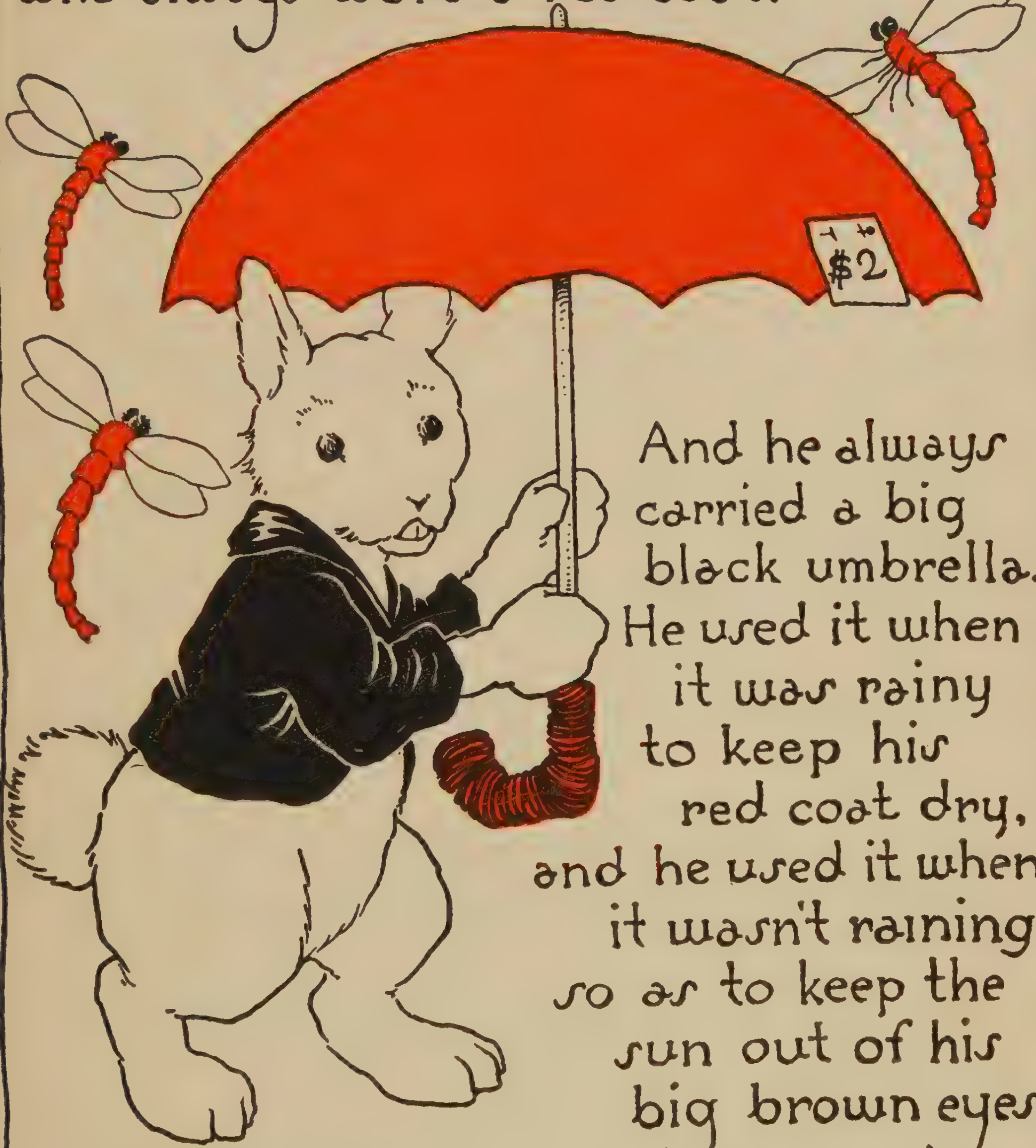
or

see the sea saw?



ONCE THERE WAS A BUNNIE

who always wore a red coat.



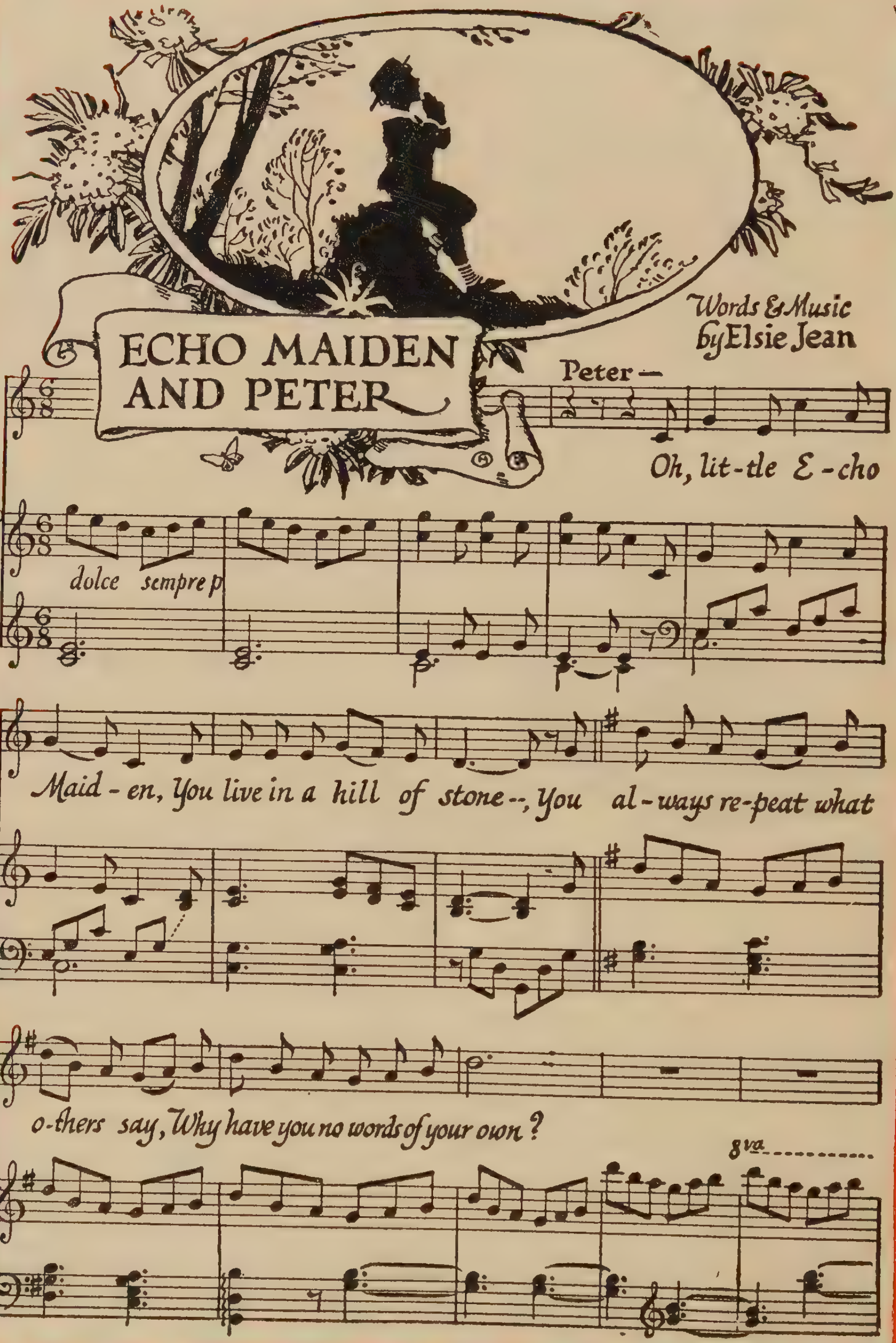
And he always
carried a big
black umbrella.
He used it when
it was rainy
to keep his
red coat dry,
and he used it when
it wasn't raining
so as to keep the
sun out of his
big brown eyes.

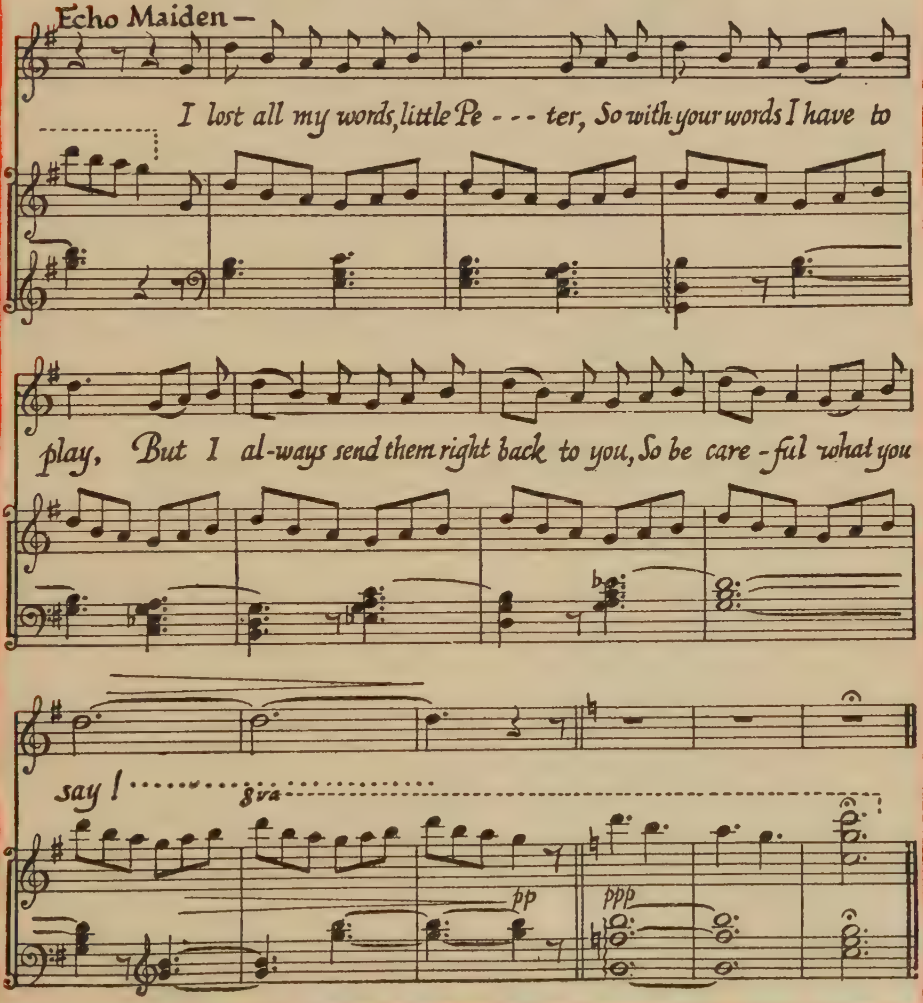
I don't mean the bunnie in this picture.
This one is the other one's cousin.

Jo McMahon

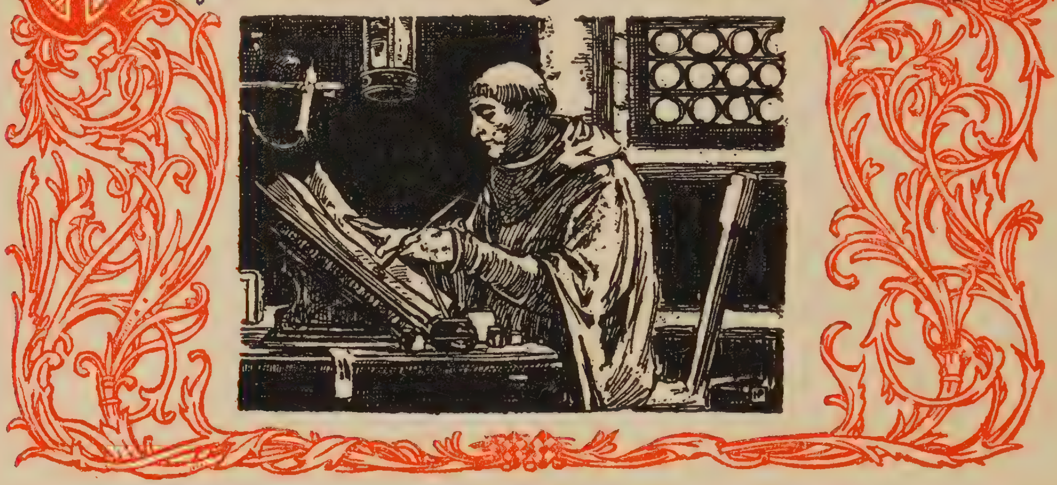
ECHO MAIDEN AND PETER

Words & Music
by Elsie Jean


Peter —
Oh, lit-tle Ɛ-cho
dolce sempre p
Maid-en, You live in a hill of stone--, You al-ways re-peat what
o-thers say, Why have you no words of your own?
8va


Echo Maiden—
I lost all my words, little Pe - - - ter, So with your words I have to
play, But I al-ways send them right back to you, So be care - ful what you
say!
8va
pp
ppp

Queen Margaret's Book



IT WAS a most beautiful copy of the Gospels. Some patient monk had copied it carefully and lovingly by hand,—for there were no printing presses then—and decorated it throughout with wonderful illuminated capitals such as no one can hope to make today; and it was further adorned with paintings of St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John, whom we call the four Evangelists.

It was the good Queen's favorite book; she kept it ever at her side in the castle of Dunfermline where she lived and ruled with Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland. Daily she read from its pages the beautiful story of Christ the Lord, which she imparted to her husband, her ladies-in-waiting, her pages, and many, many of her faithful subjects.

In those olden days books were rare indeed, and, therefore, most costly. Few besides the rulers could afford to buy them, and even they often could not read the precious volumes. Malcolm Canmore, giant warrior that he was, knew not a single letter. So he and all his subjects could but look to the fair Queen Margaret for their teaching.

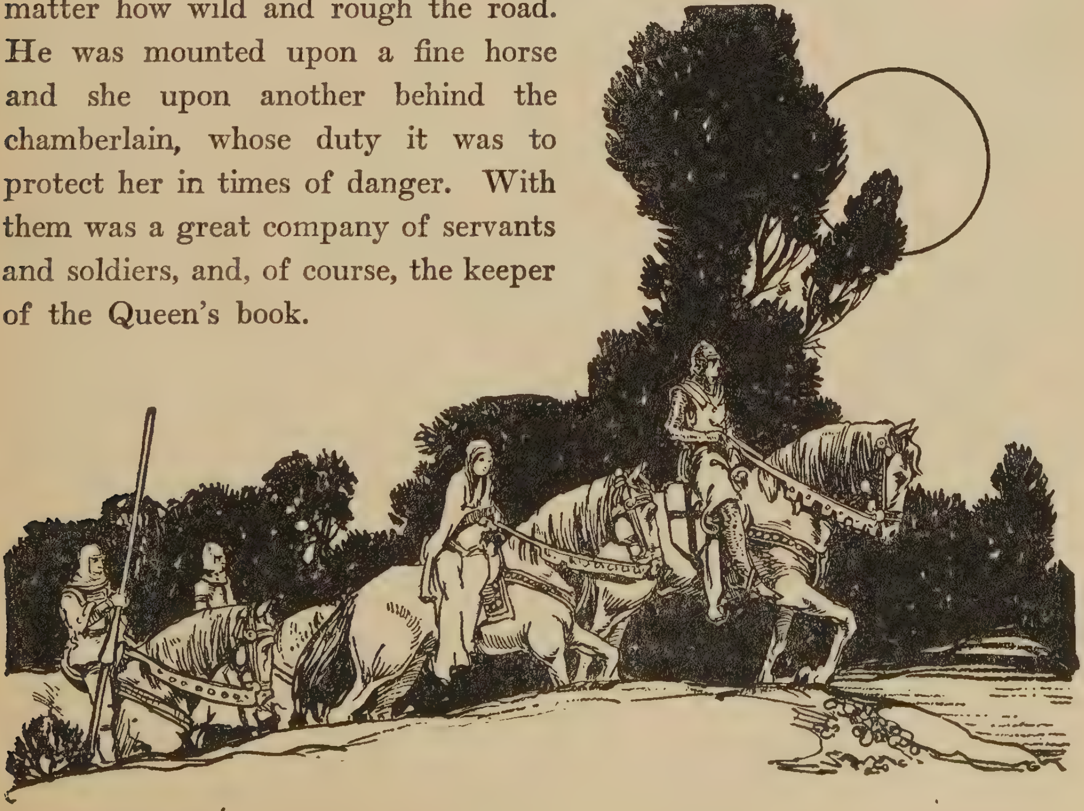
This she undertook most gladly, ordering and arranging the rude life of the Scottish court in accord with the teachings of the Holy Book. She moved about the gloomy castle like some fair and stately angel, leaving beauty and goodness wherever she passed. Never had Scotland known such a queen as this one who ruled by the law of love. The story of her goodness spread near and far.

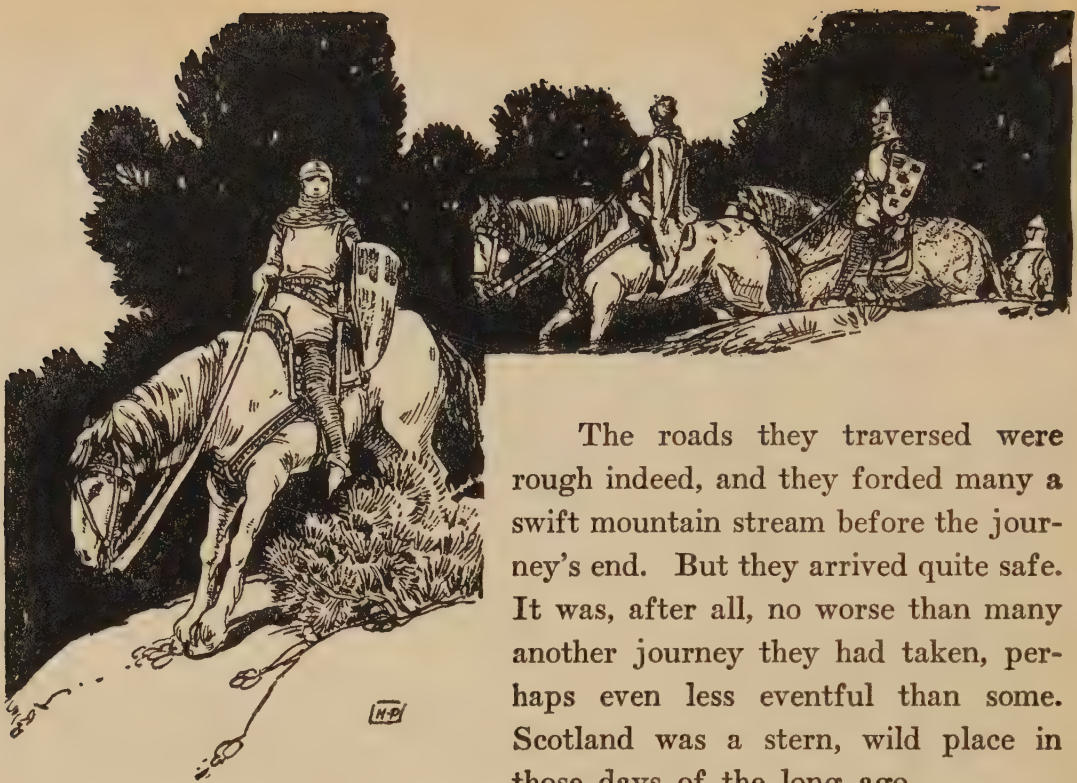
Perhaps King Malcolm did not prove so apt a pupil as he might, being sometimes inclined to war. But he learned the Scriptures from her and loved them for her sake; often he kissed the book from which she read. Out of love for the book, but perhaps more for love of the Queen, he stole it one day from the shelf where it was kept and had it bound most beautifully and decorated with gold and all manner of precious stones.

You can imagine how surprised and happy Queen Margaret was when the volume was returned to her with its fine new covers. She had always had need to take good care of it when all books were so rare and costly, and now it was more precious than ever. This she did, reading it constantly and scarcely ever trusting it from her sight.

Wherever she went, the beautiful volume went with her. On the long, rough journeys about the mountainous kingdom a silk and leather case was used to protect it from the weather; and there was a special servant whose duty it was to carry the book for her and look after its keeping,—a most important post.

Now it happened that the King once journeyed forth on business of the realm and the Queen accompanied him, as was her custom no matter how wild and rough the road. He was mounted upon a fine horse and she upon another behind the chamberlain, whose duty it was to protect her in times of danger. With them was a great company of servants and soldiers, and, of course, the keeper of the Queen's book.





The roads they traversed were rough indeed, and they forded many a swift mountain stream before the journey's end. But they arrived quite safe. It was, after all, no worse than many another journey they had taken, perhaps even less eventful than some. Scotland was a stern, wild place in those days of the long ago.

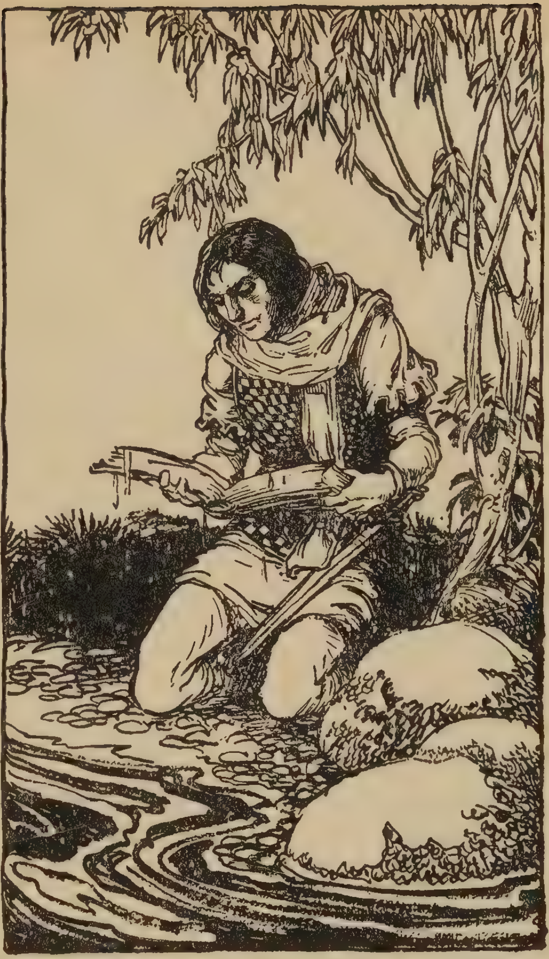
Queen Margaret, who had been reared at the courts of Hungary and England, did not complain of the hardships she encountered. She was as brave as she was wise and good, a fit example for the lowest and highest in her realm. But this time she suffered a sore disappointment. When she summoned the servant to bring her precious book, he brought only the empty case. The book was gone, nor could it be found in all the castle.

Elaborate search was made for, as you know, there was nothing more precious in all the kingdom than this book of the Gospels. By means of its holy teachings the good Queen was transforming the rude Scottish folk into a civilized and Christian people. For their sake and for her own as well, she fain would keep it always.

Servants were sent in haste to look for it. Though for the love of their good Queen they lost no time, they never once caught sight of it. All along the rough road where they had but lately traveled they sought the volume. Still they found it not, nor heard any word of it from all they asked upon the way.

Queen Margaret bore her loss as graciously as only one of her sweet disposition could do. She did not chide the servant unduly for his carelessness, but rather shared the blame with him. All the while she prayed devoutly for the recovery of the volume so dear to her and to all the kingdom.

A week passed, and still the book was missing. Then quite suddenly a servant happened on it lying in a stream where all had passed. There it was quite near the edge of the water where any might have seen it, its beautiful pages open to the mountain stream which had been flowing over it all the while. Hardly trusting his own eyes the good man picked it up.



Fearing it ruined beyond all repair, he set about restoring it as best he could. He dried the pages most carefully and, to his surprise, found them as clear and smooth as in the beginning. Even the brilliant colors of the lettering were quite unharmed, and the gold, too, was as bright and shining as before. Not a trace was there to show the long exposure to the water.

The good Queen was overjoyed to find it thus. And there were some who deemed it had been saved for her sweet sake, that "this wonder was worked by our Lord out of His love for the venerable Queen."

And now, after these hundreds and hundreds of years, the beautiful book is still in existence, being most carefully kept in a famous library in Oxford, England.

Frances Higgins

What do you think!!

THERE is a little faerie man named Broonkie.

The other day he was trotting all around, trying to find something kind to do for somebody. Because, you know, the faerie folk always like to make people happy when they can. Especially the children.

And whom do you think he met?

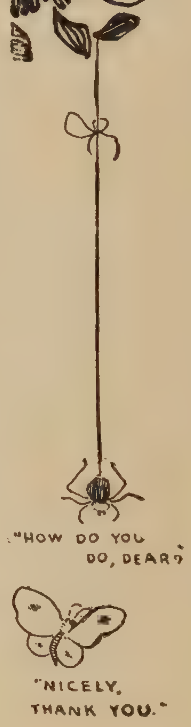
He met a little girl named Moya. She was playing with her two dollies, Tish and Janey, out under the big apple tree behind the barn.

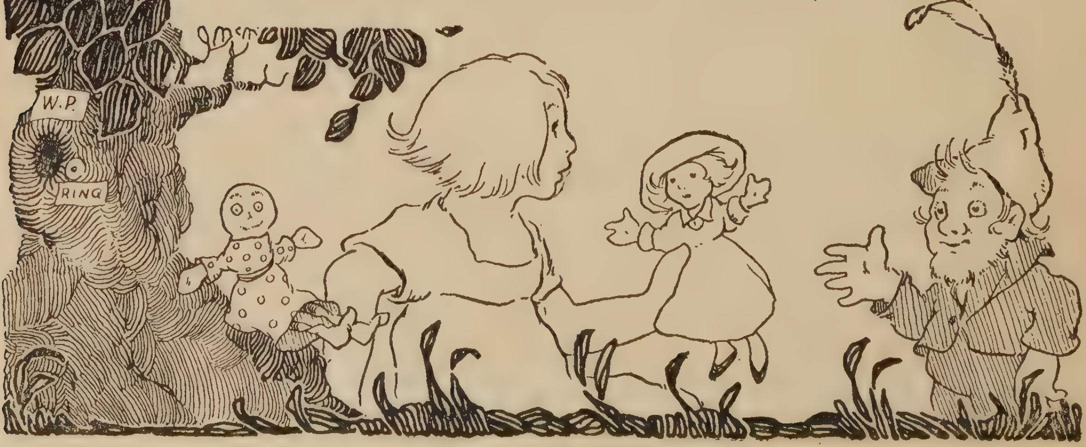
"Good morning, dear," he said to her. "I'm so glad I found you. Because now I can do something or other for you to make you happy. That'll be fun."

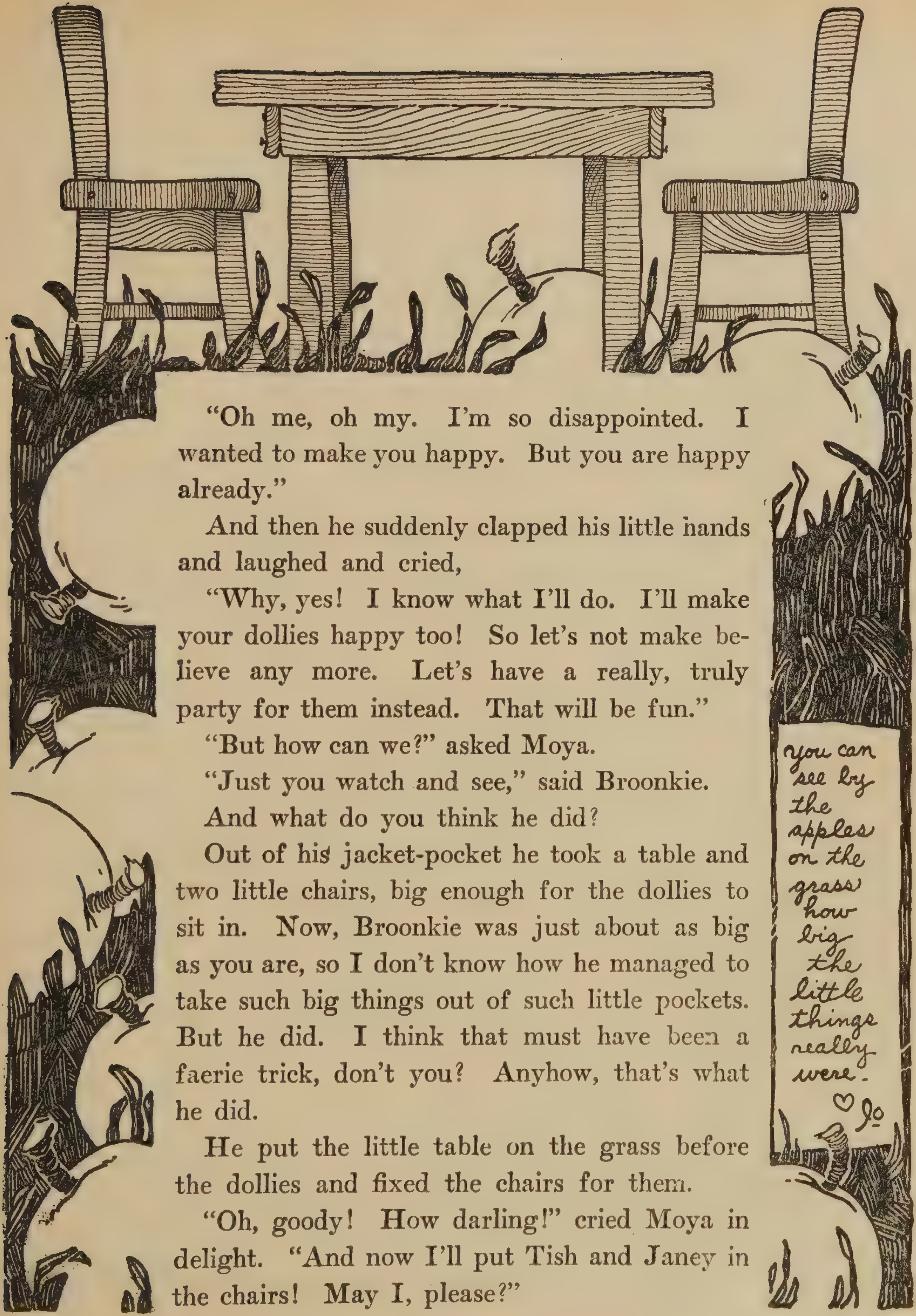
"But I am happy," said Moya. "See. I'm playing dinner with my dollies. I'm pretending that I'm going to have a party."

"Why, so you are!" said Broonkie. "I hadn't noticed them before."

And then he scratched his head and said,


"HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR?
"NICELY, THANK YOU."





"Oh me, oh my. I'm so disappointed. I wanted to make you happy. But you are happy already."

And then he suddenly clapped his little hands and laughed and cried,

"Why, yes! I know what I'll do. I'll make your dollies happy too! So let's not make believe any more. Let's have a really, truly party for them instead. That will be fun."

"But how can we?" asked Moya.

"Just you watch and see," said Broonkie.

And what do you think he did?

Out of his jacket-pocket he took a table and two little chairs, big enough for the dollies to sit in. Now, Broonkie was just about as big as you are, so I don't know how he managed to take such big things out of such little pockets. But he did. I think that must have been a faerie trick, don't you? Anyhow, that's what he did.

He put the little table on the grass before the dollies and fixed the chairs for them.

"Oh, goody! How darling!" cried Moya in delight. "And now I'll put Tish and Janey in the chairs! May I, please?"

you can see by the apples on the grass how big the little things really were.
♡ Jo

"Oh, I know a better way than that," said Broonkie. "Just you watch and see." And what do you think he did?

He just said, "Come, my dears," to the two dollies, and held out his hands to them. "Come, my dears, lunch is ready."

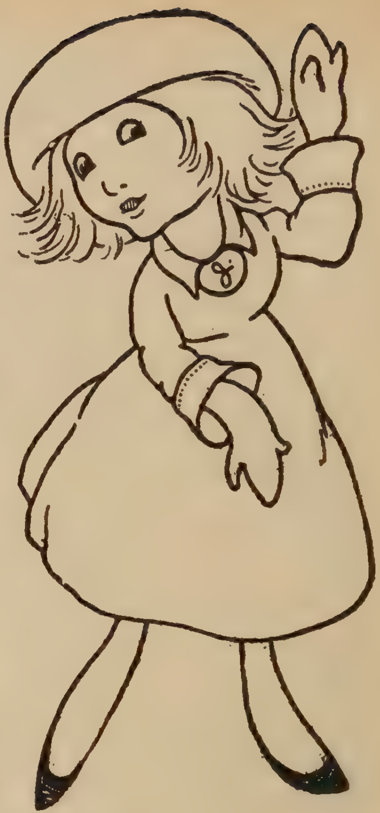
And what do you think they did?

They hopped right up, both of them, and trotted over to him and took him by the hands!

Now neither Tish nor Janey had ever done such a thing before and I don't understand how they did it then. But they did. I think that must have been another one of Broonkie's faerie tricks, don't you?

Anyhow, he set them at the little table, in the two chairs, and gave each one a sugar cookie.

And what do you think they did? They really and truly ate them all up!



And Moya and Broonkie each had a sugar cookie, too. They were good.

When they had all finished, Broonkie said, "But Moya, dear, it's time for you to have your nap. You really should run home."

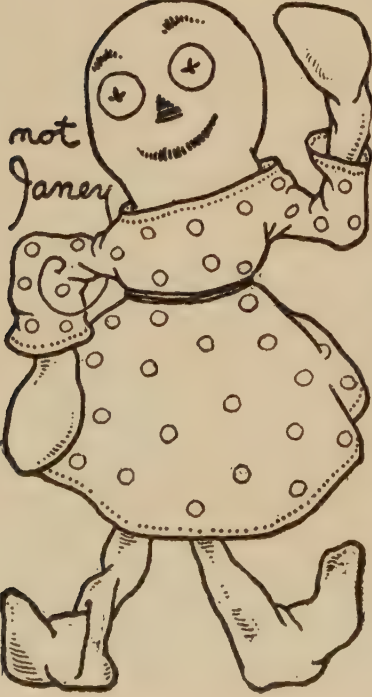
"Oh, but it's so pleasant to be here with you," said Moya. "Must I go?"

"Yes," said Broonkie, "it's nap time now, and Mother will be wondering where you are."

"That's so," said Moya. "But what are you going to do?"

"I'm going home, too," said Broonkie. And he laid Tish and Janey on the grass, and put the table and the two little chairs back into his jacket-pocket.

I don't know how he managed to put such big things back into such little pockets, but he did.



And then he said, "Good-bye," and went away.

And then Moya said,

"Come, my dears," and held out her two hands to the two dollies. "Come, my dears, it's time for us to go to nap."

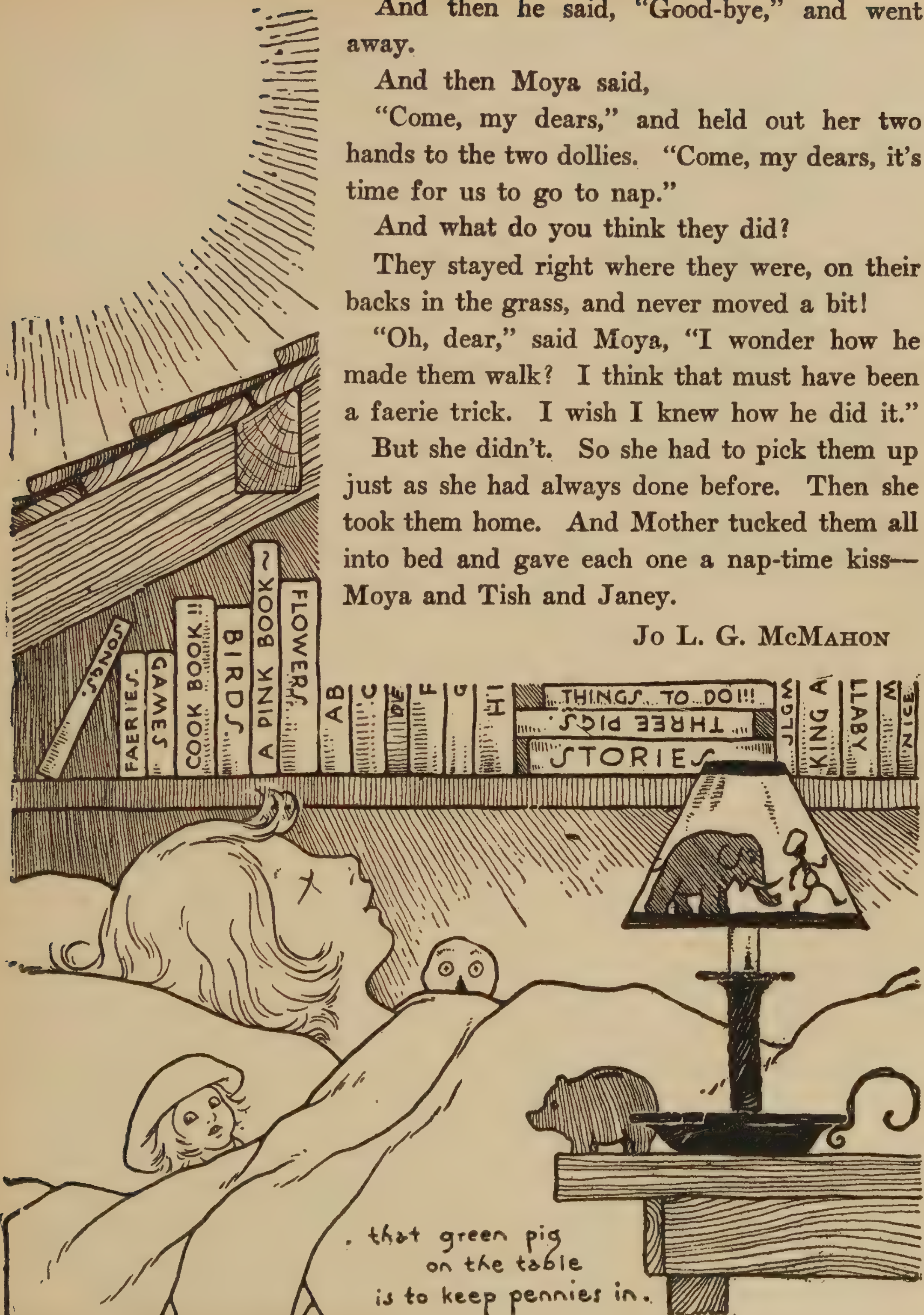
And what do you think they did?

They stayed right where they were, on their backs in the grass, and never moved a bit!

"Oh, dear," said Moya, "I wonder how he made them walk? I think that must have been a faerie trick. I wish I knew how he did it."

But she didn't. So she had to pick them up just as she had always done before. Then she took them home. And Mother tucked them all into bed and gave each one a nap-time kiss—Moya and Tish and Janey.

Jo L. G. McMahon


SONGS
FAERIES
GAMES
COOK BOOK!!
BIRDS
A PINK BOOK~
FLOWERS
AB
C
DE
F
G
HI
THINGS TO DO!!!
THREE PIGS
STORIES
JLGM
KING A
LLABY
W
NICE

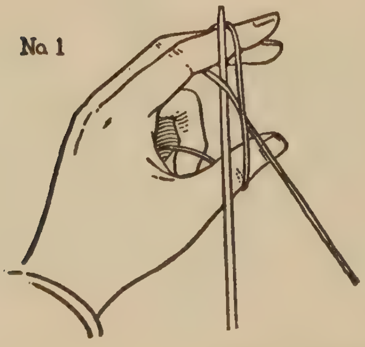
. that green pig
on the table
is to keep pennies in.

Knit
Knit
Little Lessons
for
Little Knitters

To Cast On

USE one needle only. Measure off on your yarn, allowing one inch for every stitch you wish to cast on. (Allow more for very large, bone needles.)

No 1

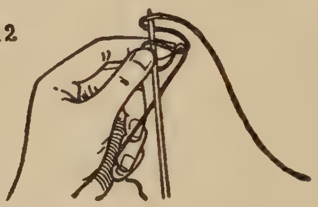


Taking the wool at the point to which you measured, hold it over left first finger and thumb.

With right hand put needle under both strands and through the loop.

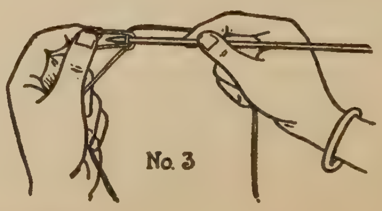
Now, grasping needle with first finger and thumb of left hand, where they naturally fall, with right hand throw the loose yarn end under the needle point, toward you.

No.2



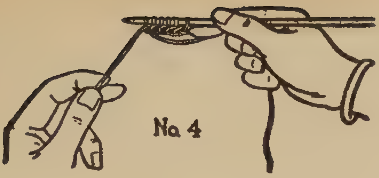
With the left finger and thumb, pass the loop first made back over the needle point, drawing it not too closely around the needle. That is your first stitch.

Cast on as many stitches as you need. Tie the two strands close to last stitch and cut short end.



No. 3

Used by permission of S. B. & B. W. Fleisher, Inc.

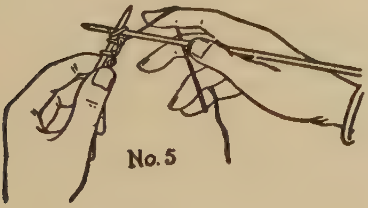

No. 4

With two-fold yarn and No. 10 steel needles, 6 stitches make about an inch, and 5 rows make about an inch.

After casting on, when beginning the first row knit the first stitch. Always afterward, slip the first stitch.

To slip a stitch, merely pass it from one needle to the other without knitting it.

To Knit Plain


No. 5

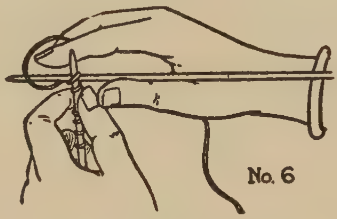
In these knitting instructions we will call the right hand needle Ryta and the other Lefty.

Having cast your stitches on Lefty, push them well up toward the point.

Take up Ryta and slip the point through Lefty's first loop, letting the point project about an inch.

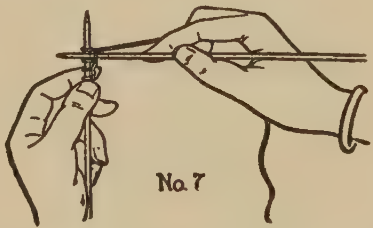
The thread will be held in the right hand, passing over the first finger. Some knitters like to wind it once around the little finger.

Slide the hand easily forward, lifting the thread which is on the first finger over Ryta's point.

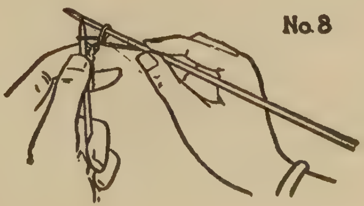

No. 6

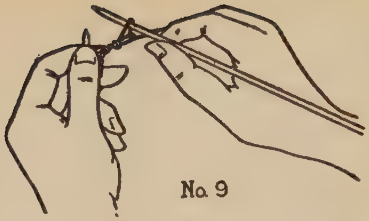
Ryta now slides back to first position, even with Lefty.

Now bring Ryta from beneath, up over Lefty.


No. 7

This will put upon Ryta a loop which you can wholly release by slipping it off Lefty's point. That finishes the stitch.

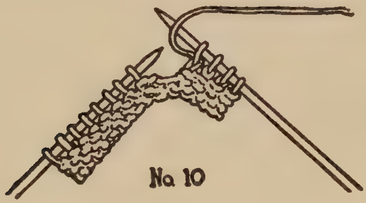

No. 8


No. 9

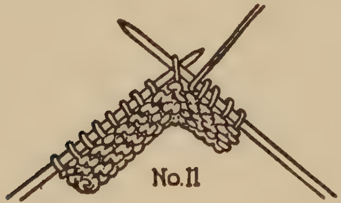
Pull the needles apart gently.

How to Purl

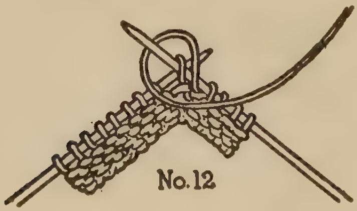
Bring your yarn forward, in front of Ryta.


No. 10

Instead of slipping Ryta *back* of Lefty, slip it into Lefty's loop *toward you,* above the needle.


No. 11

Throw the yarn over Ryta's point, just as in plain knitting.

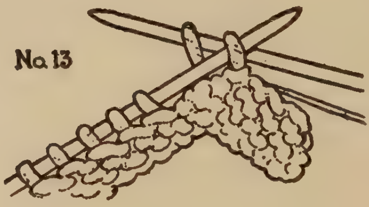

No. 12

Draw Ryta back under Lefty. There is now a loop on Ryta which you can release by slipping it off Lefty's needle point. The yarn is in forward position now for the next purled stitch. If you wish to knit plain next, slip the yarn back over Ryta's point.

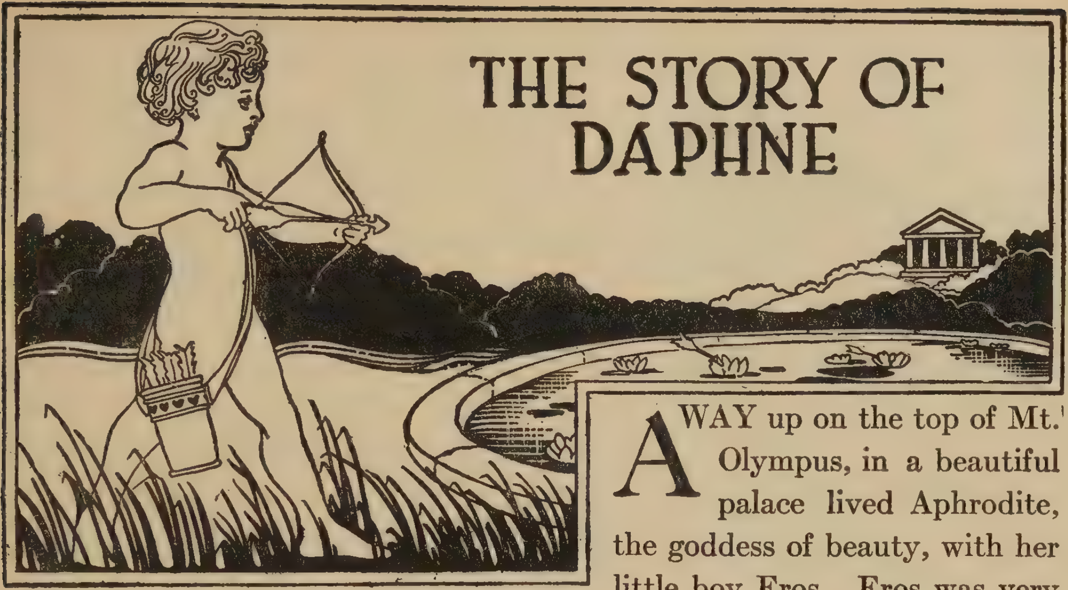
How to Bind Off

Slip the first stitch. Knit the second, making two stitches on Ryta. Slip Lefty into Ryta's first stitch (the one you slipped).

Pull this stitch over Ryta's point and over the other stitch. There is one stitch now on Ryta.


No. 13

Knit another, as before. If you are finishing your work proceed in the same way until there is but one stitch remaining on Ryta. Break your yarn and pull through this stitch. Always bind off loosely. Little beginners will find it easier if they will use a bone crochet hook in place of Ryta, knitting the stitches on as if it were a knitting needle.



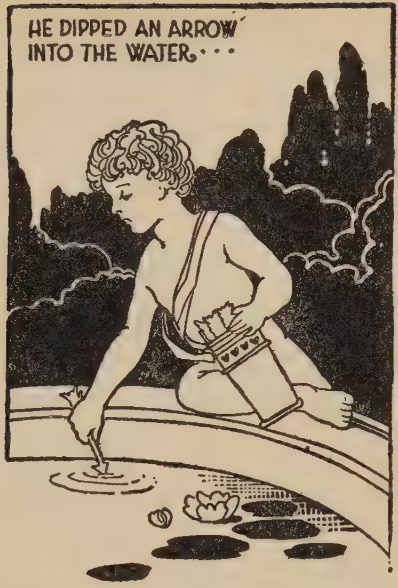
THE STORY OF DAPHNE

AWAY up on the top of Mt. Olympus, in a beautiful palace lived Aphrodite, the goddess of beauty, with her little boy Eros. Eros was very pretty, with golden curls, blue eyes, and a dimpled mouth. But, sad to tell, he was mischievous, and often caused trouble in his thoughtless ways.

His mother gave him a bow and arrows and he practised until he was quite a skilful archer. Eros was careless and sometimes wounded people with his tiny arrows. One day he was wondering what he could do to amuse himself, when he saw, in a fountain, some dainty pond-lilies growing. They seemed to Eros to be looking up at him, and he began idly shooting at them.

Suddenly the water of the fountain shone like gold. Apollo, the god of light, stood beside it. He was amused to see such a small boy trying to be an archer. He picked up a bundle of the tiny arrows, and laughing, tossed them on the ground. "Eros," asked Apollo, "how many pond-lilies hast thou killed? And see, all the butterflies and water-spiders have left the fountain to save their lives. Thou must not play with any thing so dangerous. Put these toys away, and when thou art a man, thou shalt have a real bow and arrows like mine."

Now when the arrows fell to the ground, some of them were broken. Little Eros was very, very angry. He did not like to have his arrows broken, and it hurt his pride to have Apollo treat him as a child, when he thought himself almost a man. He picked up one of the broken arrows and said: "Thy arrows may be large and swift, Apollo, but some day thou shalt be wounded by one of mine." Of course Apollo laughed at the idea of being wounded by such a tiny weapon.



HE DIPPED AN ARROW INTO THE WATER...

The fountain where the pond-lilies grew was a wonderful fountain. Its water looked so clear and cool, that all who saw it wanted to taste it at once. And those who drank of its water were made happy and contented. They felt friendly toward every one. Even enemies who drank from it became friends and forgot everything but their own happiness.

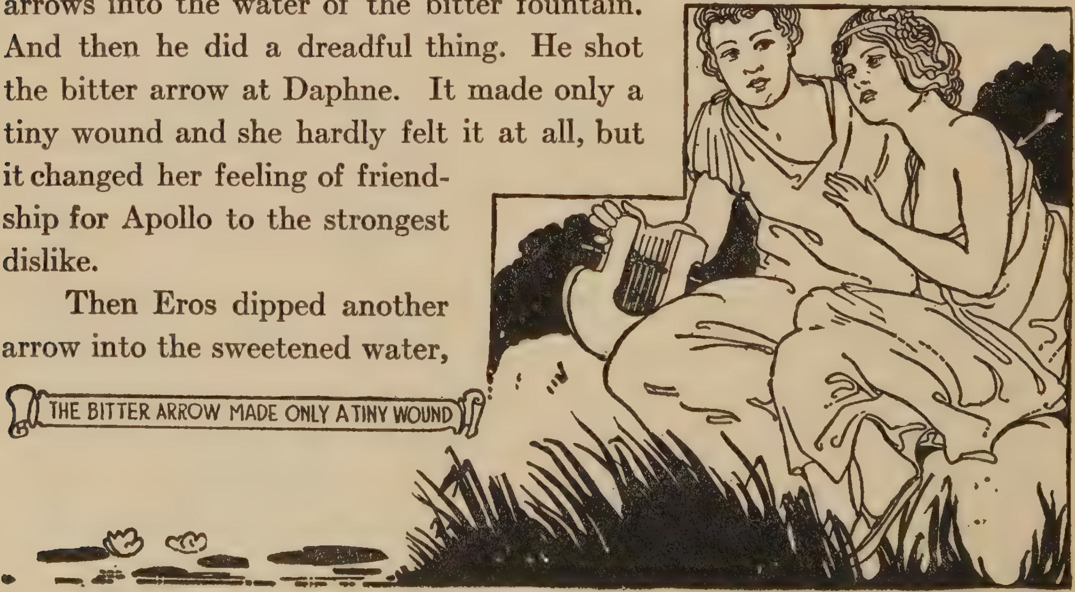
But there was another fountain in Aphrodite's garden, and in it was bitter water. Those who drank this water were filled with unkind and unfriendly feelings, even to those they loved.

Eros saw Apollo go down into the beautiful Vale of Tempe, where Peneus, the river god, lived with his little daughter Daphne.

Daphne was a sweet child, full of sunshine and happiness. She and Apollo were very good friends indeed. They sat by the riverside and talked together. Apollo told his little friend many stories about the heavens, about the earth, and about his own beautiful palace.

When Eros saw how happy Apollo was with Daphne, he thought, "Now I can make Apollo sorry for what he did." So he dipped one of his tiny arrows into the water of the bitter fountain. And then he did a dreadful thing. He shot the bitter arrow at Daphne. It made only a tiny wound and she hardly felt it at all, but it changed her feeling of friendship for Apollo to the strongest dislike.

Then Eros dipped another arrow into the sweetened water,



THE BITTER ARROW MADE ONLY A TINY WOUND

and shot it at Apollo. It made Apollo like Daphne even more than before. He longed to take her away from her home in the Vale of Tempe and keep her with him always. So he asked Daphne to leave her father and go with him.

It displeased Daphne very much to think Apollo wished to take her away from her beautiful home and all the things she loved. Of course Apollo did not know that Daphne's feelings had changed, so he kept begging her to go. At last she became angry and ran away. Apollo ran too, for he could not understand that Eros' arrow had changed his little friend. He ran very swiftly and could soon have overtaken Daphne. She saw that he could run much faster than she could, so she ran to the river bank and threw up her arms. "Oh, help me, Peneus, my father," she cried, "send Apollo away, that I may stay with thee."

When Peneus heard Daphne call to him, he caused the ground to open. Daphne's feet sank into the soft earth; her upstretched arms became stiff and strong; her tender flesh and white garments were turned into the trunk and bark of a tree.

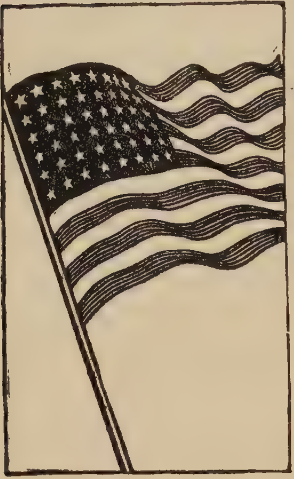
Apollo reached out to hold Daphne, with her pink cheeks and golden hair, but touched instead the pink blossoms and green leaves of the laurel tree. Ah, then Apollo was sad. He was more grieved, too, because he did not know why Daphne had run from him. He picked some of the leaves of the laurel tree and twined them about his harp.

"Ah, Daphne," he said, "if thou wilt not be my friend, thou shalt be my tree. Never shall the color of thy leaves change, they shall always be green, and when great deeds are done, thy leaves shall crown the doer."

So, the laurel was ever sacred to Apollo, and heroes and poets are crowned with wreaths of laurel to this day.

Lina Wamboldt.

BETSY ROSS AND THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER



LONG, long ago, when there was no flag of stars and stripes, the little children of this country saluted the flag of England. America was then an English colony and had been quite content. But there came a time when the colonies wanted to do something for themselves. They had been faithful for more than two hundred years, receiving their supplies of clothing, saws, axes, hammers, needles, pins, tacks, and many other things from England. Their ships had been built there, and their governors had been appointed by the English king. English soldiers guarded their forts and frontiers.

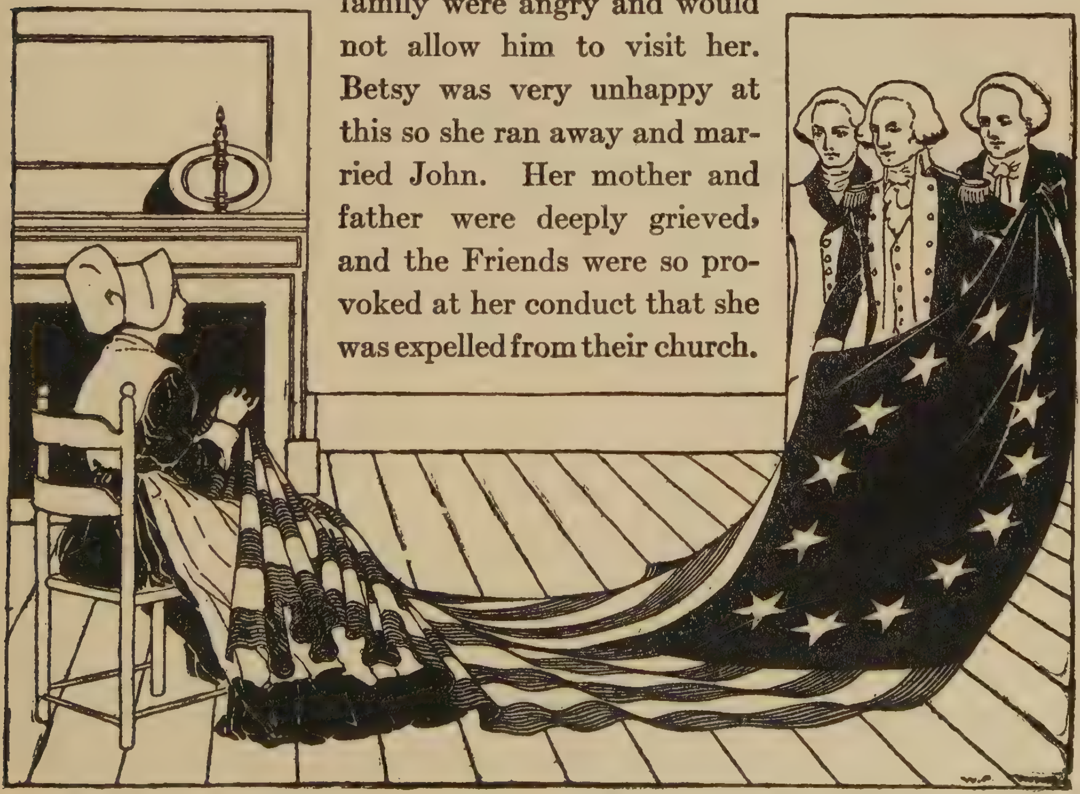
But this was all to be changed for the colonies felt strong enough to take care of themselves and to fight for their independence. Then came the necessity of an army, and, with the army, the need of a new flag. But the glorious flag that the little children of to-day know so well is the result of many changes and did not come into general use until the fourteenth of June, seventeen hundred and seventy-seven.

We are told that a rough pencil drawing, made by George Washington himself, was taken to Mrs. Betsy Ross, who supported herself by her skilful needlework in her little upholstery shop in Philadelphia. She was asked whether she could make a flag. Her answer was: "I'll try." And in that spirit she stitched the seams of every stripe and sewed in all the stars.

Some say that the design for the flag was suggested by the coat of arms of the Washington family; but it was Betsy Ross who noticed the six pointed stars in the sketch and said: "That star is not the one used in heraldry. It should have five points." Washington thought it would be too difficult to make a five pointed star. Betsy Ross, however, deftly folded a piece of paper, and, with one snip of her scissors, cut a five pointed star. General Washington was delighted with her ability, and she was allowed to make the first flag with thirteen five pointed stars arranged in a circle upon a blue field and the thirteen red and white stripes to show the unity of the colonies.

When Betsy Ross was a little girl, she was called very beautiful. She had dark auburn hair and sparkling eyes. Her name then was Elizabeth Griscom, and from the day she came to her mother and father, everybody said she would be famous. For you see, she was the seventh daughter and there is a belief that the seventh son or the seventh daughter will be wonderful. At any rate, Betsy will be remembered as long as the flag waves.

Her family belonged to a religious sect called Friends. They were very strict in those days, very stern and straight-laced. So, when Betsy fell in love with John Ross, the son of the rector of Christ Episcopal Church, her family were angry and would not allow him to visit her. Betsy was very unhappy at this so she ran away and married John. Her mother and father were deeply grieved, and the Friends were so provoked at her conduct that she was expelled from their church.



But Betsy was very happy with her husband and joined his church and worshipped there. John Ross came from a very fine family and was related to the Honorable George Ross, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. They lived on Arch Street in Philadelphia in a little house which they used for an upholstery shop, for John was an upholsterer by trade, and Betsy, with her skilful fingers, helped him in his work.

At the time of the Revolution John was called upon to guard some government stores belonging to the Continental Army which were down on the wharf. One day there was an explosion of the gunpowder and John was killed. Poor Betsy was left alone for they had no little children. She was forced to earn her own living so she worked very hard in her little shop, and it was here that George Washington found her at work when he came to see about the flag. He had been sent by John's uncle the Hon. George Ross who was sorry for his nephew's widow and wanted to help her.

Betsy Ross was married three times. The day after the flag was adopted she became the wife of Captain Joseph Ashburn. He was a hero, too, like John Ross and was captured by the British and died in prison, leaving two little daughters. A comrade, John Claypoole by name, was also a prisoner of war, and he nursed and cared for his friend until Joseph Ashburn died. Then, when he was released, John Claypoole brought home to his friend's widow the last messages and the diary of Joseph Ashburn.

But John Claypoole soon found he loved the widow of his friend, for she was still very beautiful and clever, and they were married.

In the famous old Christ Church, where you may see the names of many famous people upon the pew doors, you will find the name of Betsy Ross on pew No. 12 and this inscription on the brass plate:

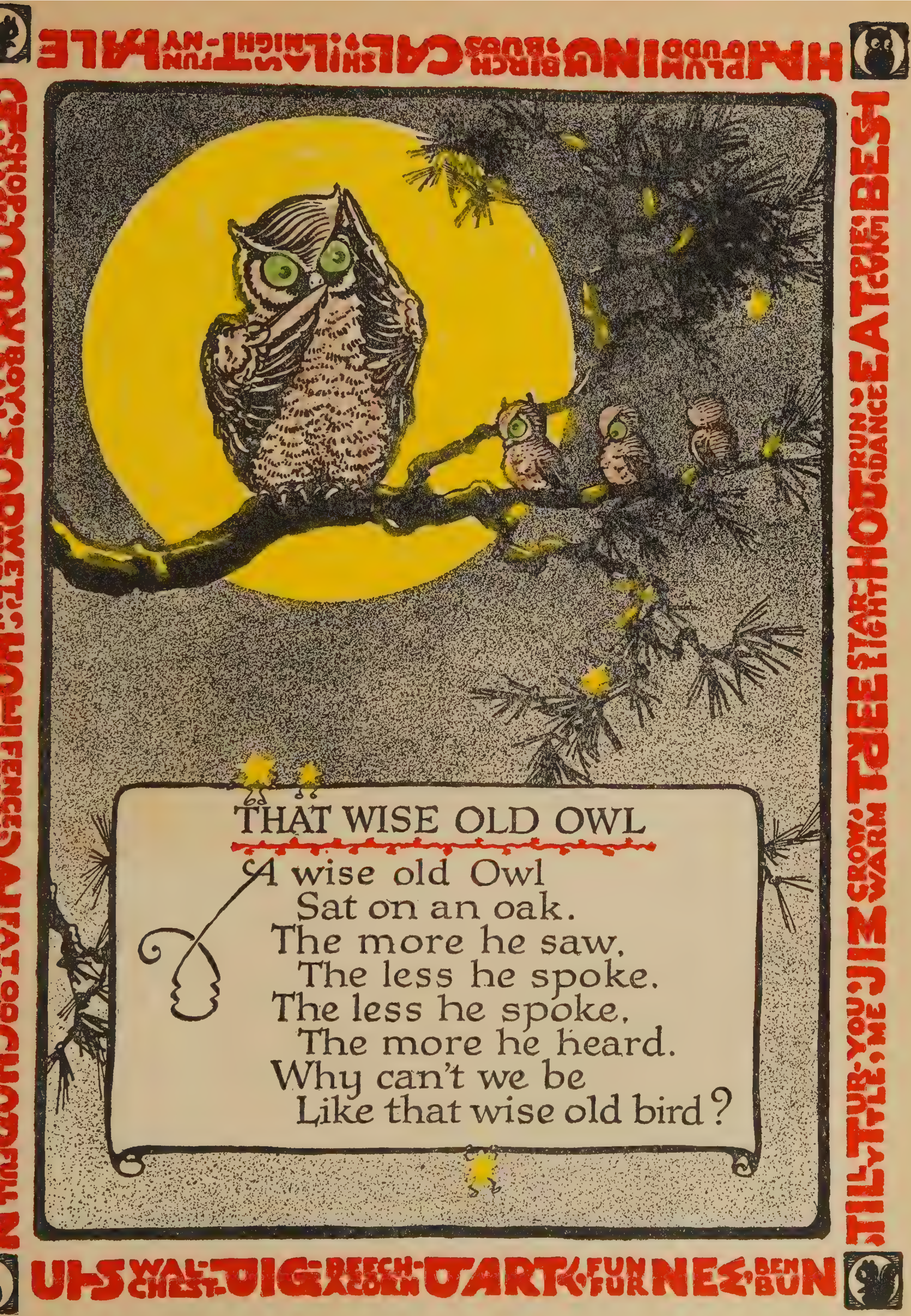
"*In this pew worshipped Betsy Ross, who made the first flag.*"

General Washington and Benjamin Franklin worshipped in that church also.

Nearby, on Arch street, is the home of Betsy Ross. This building is carefully preserved as the birthplace of the *Stars and Stripes*.

Our country has grown, from thirteen thinly settled colonies in 1777, to forty-eight States and more than a hundred million people. The flag has made us a great nation, and love for the flag has made our nation great.

C. L. Cheever.



THAT WISE OLD OWL

A wise old Owl
Sat on an oak.
The more he saw,
The less he spoke.
The less he spoke,
The more he heard.
Why can't we be
Like that wise old bird?

The CROW and the PITCHER

A Fable from Aesop

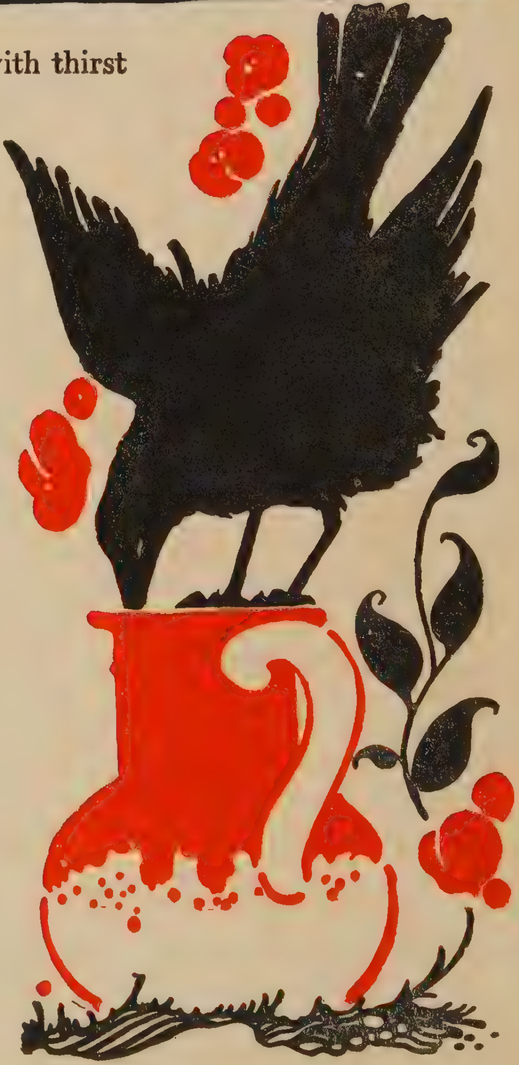
A CROW whose throat was dry with thirst
Beheld a pitcher near;
He flew to it in great delight
And gratitude sincere.

Into the pitcher then he looked,
Perched firmly up above it;
Yes, there was water, but indeed
A very little of it.

And then, the water was, alas,
All at the *bottom,* too.
He could not reach a drop of it;
So what was he to do?

He tried to move the pitcher and
With push and pull and puff
He worked to turn it over but
He was not strong enough.

Crow did not whine at this hard luck,
Nor did he even get
The least impatient as he said,—
"I'll solve the problem yet!

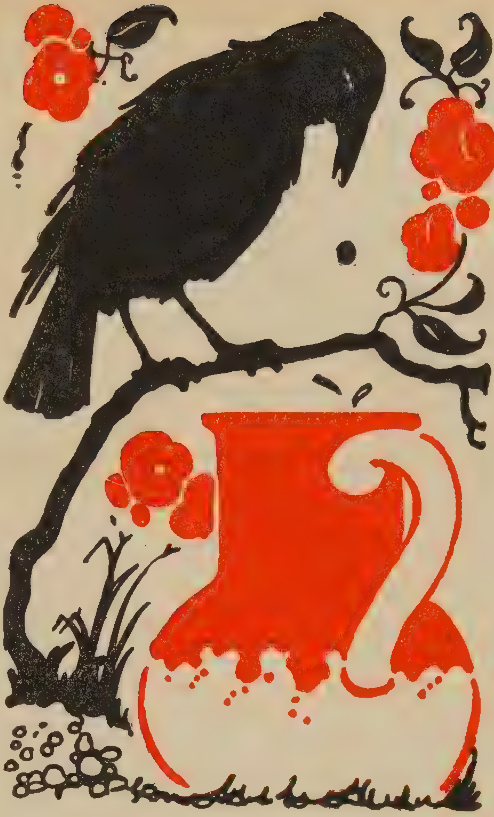


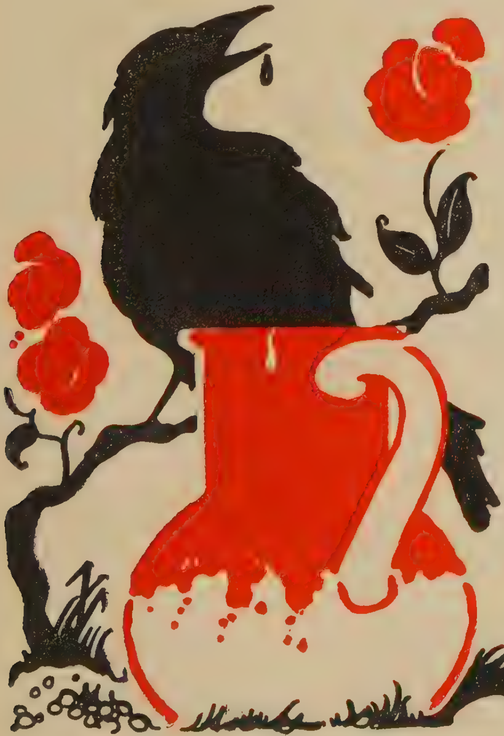
"We *do* knock down all obstacles
  By giving them no quarter.
I *can* find out an easy way
  To get my drink of water."

Crow thought things out most quietly
  And then he looked around
And saw a lot of pebbles which
  Were scattered on the ground.

"Just what I want!" said Mr. Crow.
  He put them one by one
Into the pitcher 'til at last
  The victory was won.

Of course the sinking pebbles pushed
  The water up and up,
So he could drink as easily
  As from a shallow cup.



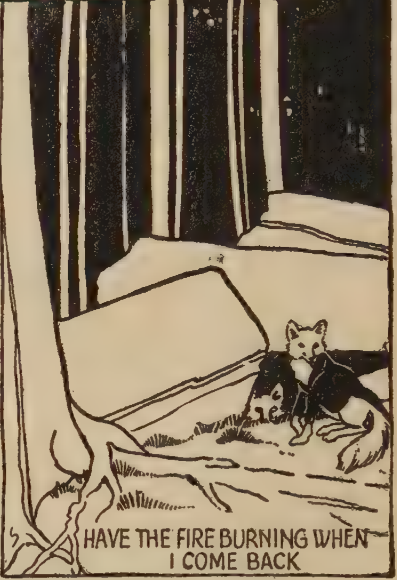


MORAL

The moral, or the lesson of
  This simple fable is—
That he who knows he knows he *can*
  Is he who *able* is.
In other words, if we but *know*
  The magic power in
The words, *"I CAN,"* there is no goal
  This *magic* cannot win.

Reprinted from Aesop's Fables in Rhyme by John Martin

The Little RED HEN

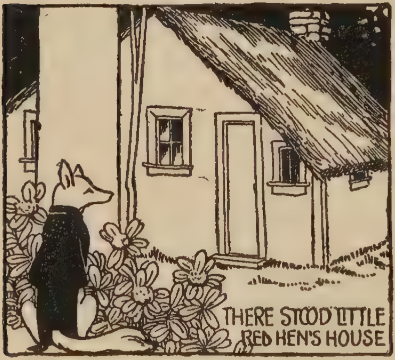


HAVE THE FIRE BURNING WHEN I COME BACK

A LONG time ago, in a tiny house at the edge of a dark forest, lived a mouse, a bug, and a little red hen; and in a deep den of rocks, far within the dark forest, lived an old mother fox and her only son.

Now, Mother Fox and Young Fox were very fond of fowl, and Little Red Hen was the fattest fowl for miles around. So, very early one morning, Young Fox rose from his bed of leaves and left the den, saying to Mother Fox:

"Have the fire burning and the kettle boiling when I come back, for we shall have Red Hen for supper to-night."

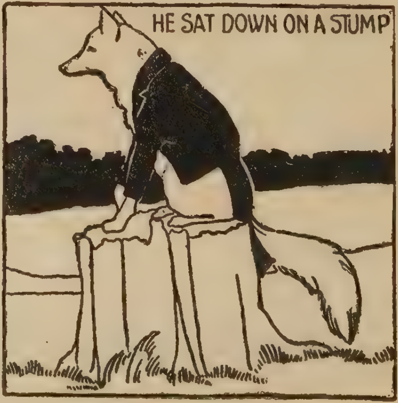


THERE STOOD LITTLE RED HEN'S HOUSE

"That I will, dear son," she replied.

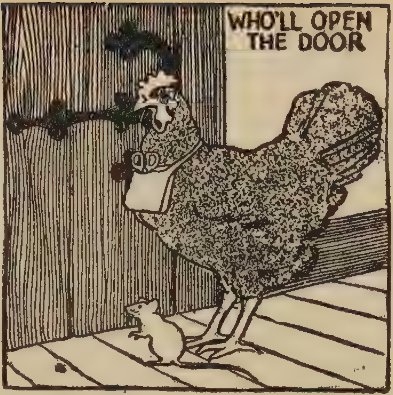
He ran swiftly through the forest, and before noon came to its edge, where stood Red Hen's tiny house. There she was outside gathering sticks in her apron to kindle a fire with which to cook her dinner of corn-meal mush.

Young Fox's tail whisked among the dry leaves. Red Hen heard the sound, dropped her kindlings, and, half running, half flying, scurried into the house, shut the kitchen door behind her with a bang, and locked it.



HE SAT DOWN ON A STUMP

Young Fox grumbled at himself for letting his tail whisk so noisily, then sat down on a stump to plan how best to catch Red Hen. Suddenly his bright eyes snapped, and he stole softly to the door. He knocked three times. All was still within.



"Who'll open the door?" asked Red Hen.

"I won't," said the mouse.

"I won't," said the bug.

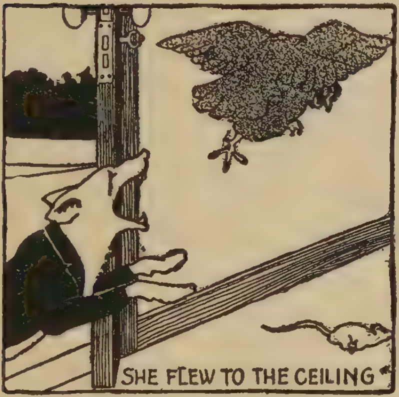
"I won't," said the Little Red Hen. But when she heard the knocking again she asked once more:

"Who'll open the door?"

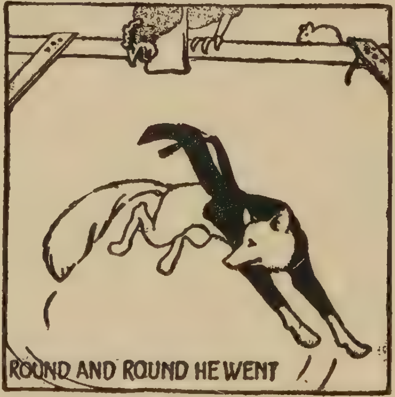
"I won't," said the mouse.

"I won't," said the bug.

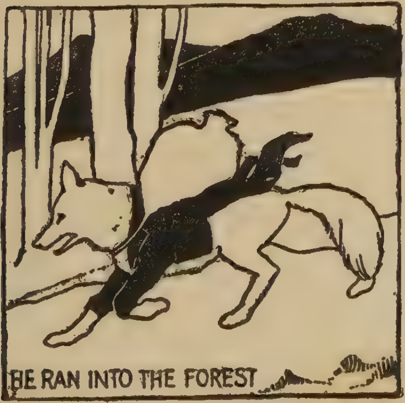
"I will," said the Little Red Hen, hopping to the door. She unbolted it, opened it, and there stood Young Fox, smiling with sharp white teeth. Red Hen was terribly frightened. She flew up to the ceiling and lighted on a cross-beam. There she clung trembling to see Young Fox sit quietly beneath watching her closely with sharp bright eyes. Every now and then he licked his whiskers as though he tasted something sweet and juicy. At last he went on with the fine plan he had made on the stump.


SHE FLEW TO THE CEILING

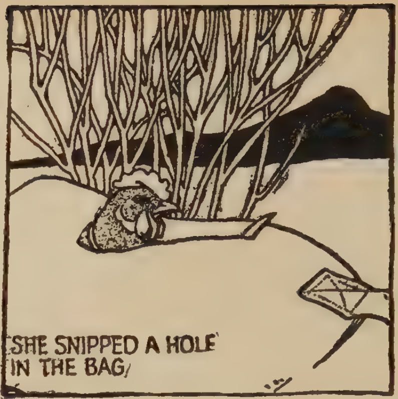
Round and round and round he went, chasing his tail in the middle of the floor, faster and faster and faster, until poor little Red Hen, dizzy with watching his antics, fell right off the cross-beam.


ROUND AND ROUND HE WENT

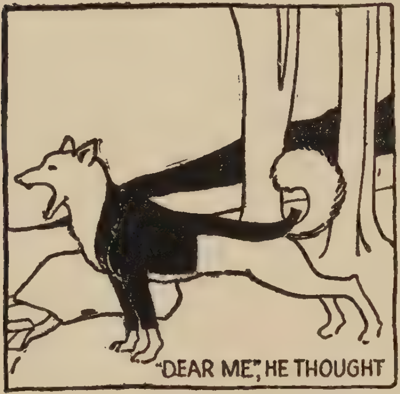
Young Fox clapped her into his bag and ran into the dark forest. On and on and on he went, until at last he became too tired to run longer. He threw the bag under a juniper-bush and lay down beside it to rest.


HE RAN INTO THE FOREST

Soon Red Hen knew by his snores that he had fallen asleep. Very still she kept, listening to his deep breathing. Then she quickly took her scis-

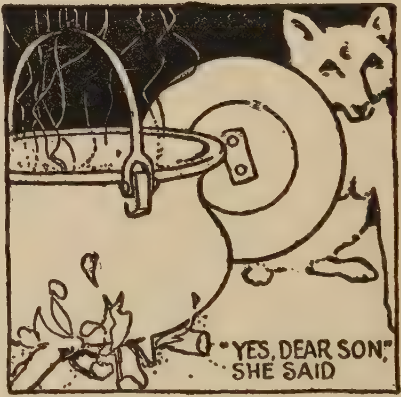

"SHE SNIPPED A HOLE IN THE BAG"

sors from her little pocket and snipped a hole in the bag big enough for her to squeeze through. She jumped out, looked about, and found a stone of about her own weight. This she slipped into the bag in her place. Then she took needle and thread from her pocket and carefully sewed up the hole in the bag. This done, she ran home to the tiny house at the edge of the forest as fast as her yellow legs could carry her.


"DEAR ME," HE THOUGHT

The sun was sinking to rest just as Young Fox awoke. "Dear me!" he thought, "how late it is! How hungry I am!" He picked up his bag and never stopped running until he saw Mother Fox watching for him by the blazing fire at the mouth of the den.

"Is the kettle boiling?" he shouted.


"YES, DEAR SON," SHE SAID

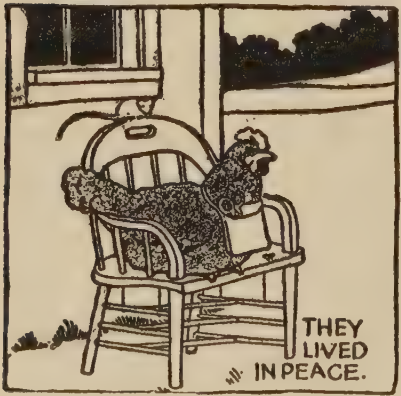
"Yes, dear son," she answered. "Did you catch Red Hen?"

"She's safe in my bag," he replied, untying the string. "Now you hold the cover while I drop her in."

"Mother Fox held the cover high as she bent over the kettle to see Red Hen drop in.

"Ready!" cried Young Fox.

Ker-splash!

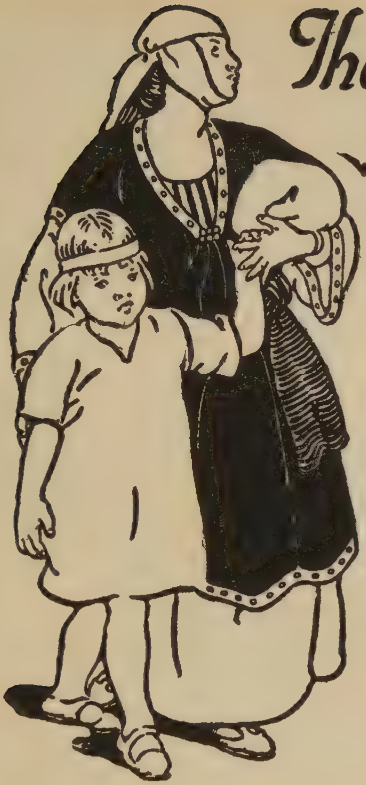

THEY LIVED IN PEACE.

With howls of burning pain the two foxes crawled supperless into the deep den to wait for their scalded hides to grow furry once more.

And at the edge of the forest, in the tiny house, lived in peace the mouse, and the bug, and the Little Red Hen.

R. W.

The Boy Samuel



"I MUST take little Samuel to the temple to live, Father, for I promised God, if he would give me a child, I would let him serve there all the days of his life."

"That is true, Mother, and we must keep the promise," said the father.

The mother made a bundle of the little boy's clothes and, taking him by the hand, walked to the temple with him. Eli, the priest, was old and feeble. It was a great blessing to him to have little Samuel come to live with him.

Eli's robes were long and white. Samuel's mother made white robes for him—just like Eli's. It did not take much cloth for little Samuel's robes. His mother knew the little white robes would remind him that he was there to serve, that he was to be a priest when he was grown.

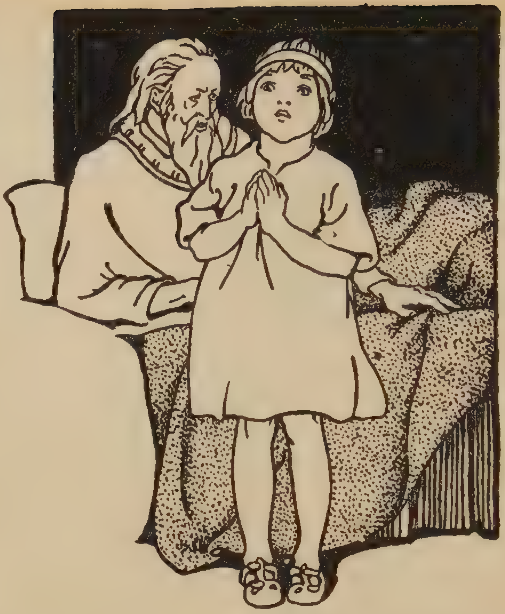
They would miss their boy in the home, but they had promised God to let him grow up in the temple. They could visit him there.

It was surprising how quickly he learned, and how much a little boy could do. He opened and shut the doors, cleaned the lamps and filled them with oil, and lighted the lamps when the time came. He swept, dusted, and washed dishes. He waited on the aged priest.

All who came to the temple and saw the child doing the temple work and serving the aged Eli, loved him and called him "God's child." Eli thanked God for Samuel.

When he outgrew his clothes, his mother brought him larger garments. "Do your work well; you are God's child," she reminded him.

The boy knew that God talked with the aged priest, teaching him



how to guide the people. "I am God's boy," he thought. "When I become a man, God will talk to me, as he does to Eli."

He slept on a little cot in the room with Eli. He used to get up in the night to wait on the feeble old priest. No matter what the hour of night, if Eli called, Samuel waked and ran to his bedside to serve him.

One night was different from those that had gone before. He did the evening work around the temple, helped Eli to bed, prayed his evening prayer, and lay down on his little cot as usual. The night grew very still. He and Eli were both asleep.

A voice in the room said, "Samuel."

Up jumped the little boy and ran to Eli's bed. "Here I am," he said.

Eli was surprised. "I did not call you. Go, lie down again."

Presently the voice called the second time, "Samuel."

The child ran again to Eli's bed. "Here I am. You did call me."

"No, no, my son, I did not call you," said Eli.

The child went back to his cot. Again came the voice, "Samuel."

The third time he ran to Eli's bed. "You did call. I heard you."

Eli now knew that God was speaking to Samuel. "Go lie down, my son. If the voice speaks again, say, 'Speak, Lord, I am here.' "

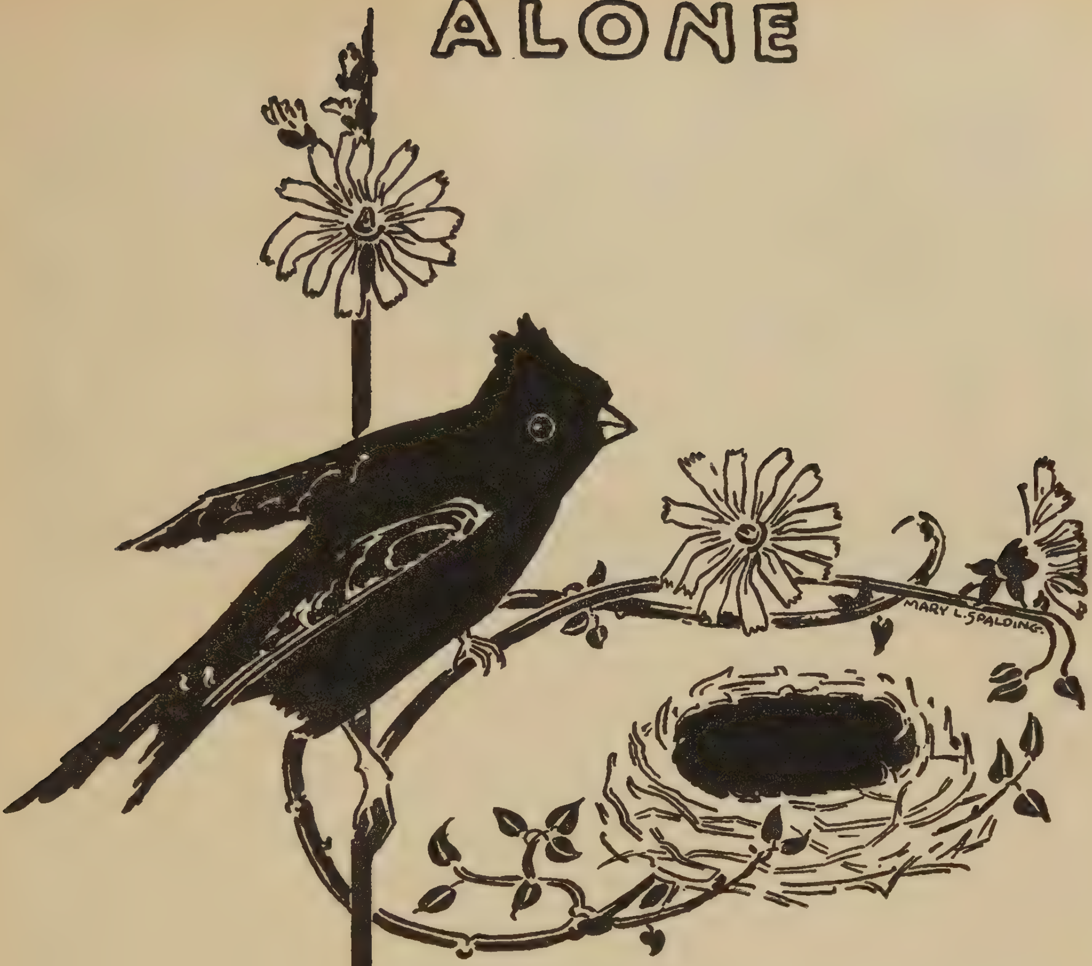
He did as he was told, but did not try to sleep. He waited and listened. From out the still darkness came the voice again, "Samuel, Samuel."

"Speak, Lord," said the little boy, "I am here."

Then God talked to him and gave him a special message, just as though he were Eli. In the quiet night, Hannah's child learned that he did not have to wait until he became a man to live in close friendship with the heavenly Father.

Nellie Hurst

ALONE



WHERE have my baby birdies flown?
Poor Mother Bird is left alone.
I hope their wings are swift and strong;
I hope they sing the whole day long;
I hope their hearts are brave and free;
I hope my birds remember me.
Where have my baby birdies flown?
Poor Mother Bird is left alone.

PETER DUDLEY

Blondina's Air Trip

BLONDINA was a little girl who lived in a castle surrounded by beautiful grounds. There was a park with tall trees; a large garden full of lovely flowers, and down below the tennis court there was a blue lake on which was a white sailboat.

"Daughter," said Blondina's mother one day, "Daddy and Baby and I are going to spend to-morrow at Grandmother's. You will stay here with the maids; you may go anywhere you like except to the lake."

The next morning Blondina, left alone, and much excited over her new freedom, raced all over the castle grounds, except near the lake. How cool the park was, what fun to twist and turn into each garden path! She ran with long steps, with short steps, she skipped, she jumped, while her long yellow braids and blue ribbons went flop! flop! upon her merry back.

Feeling tired at last, she strolled to the front of the house. A strange figure came towards her. It was a little old man with a kind face. He was dressed in red trousers and black coat. He wore a tall, peaked cap, at the very top of which hung a tiny bell which tinkled as he walked."

"Good morning, Blondina," said the little fellow.

"Good morning," stammered she, much surprised, but not the least bit afraid.

"Now, that's much too bad," said the little man, looking disappointed. "I knew your name at once, but you can't tell mine. You are a fair little girl, with golden hair, and your blue dress makes you look ever so much *fairer,* and so your name *must* be Blondina. My name is Fidelio, which means *faithful.*"

"Oh!" exclaimed Blondina, "I knew it was something nice," and she gave a great skip; then Fidelio skipped, and up tossed the bell with a merry tinkle.

"Now to business," said Fidelio. "May you go with me somewhere?"

"Yes," answered the child, "Mother said I might go anywhere I liked except to the lake."

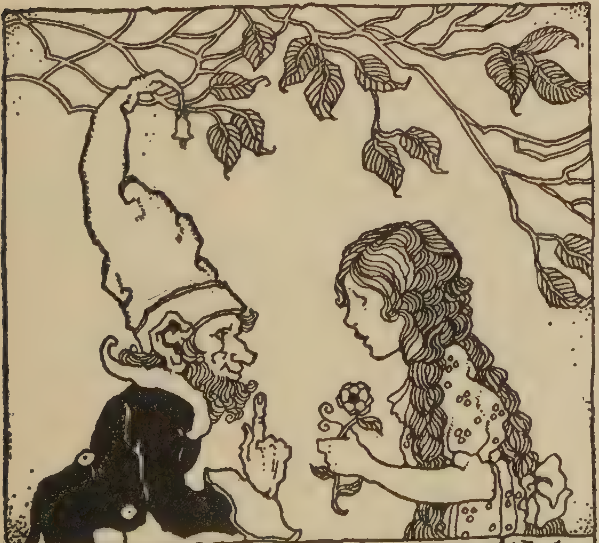
"Very good," he replied, "no lake to-day then. Take my hand like this, and don't be frightened at whatever happens."

Fidelio tugged at Blondina's hand and *up* into the air they flew until they came to a lovely fleecy cloud that seemed waiting for them over the garden.

"Oh, it's just like my doll's mattress when the stuffing comes out," exclaimed the little girl.

"Climb in and take the reins, Blondina; easy now," said Fidelio.

"Reins," thought Blondina, as she obeyed, "what joy! What next?" Yes, indeed, there were reins lying across the cloud—beautiful reins, all golden and silvery. She crept towards the front of the cloud, and, peeping over, saw eight white doves waiting with half-spread wings, ready for a start. She seated herself in the back of her wonderful coach as Fidelio perched himself on the very edge,—"where I can keep a weather eye out for mischievous squalls," said he, winking at Blondina.

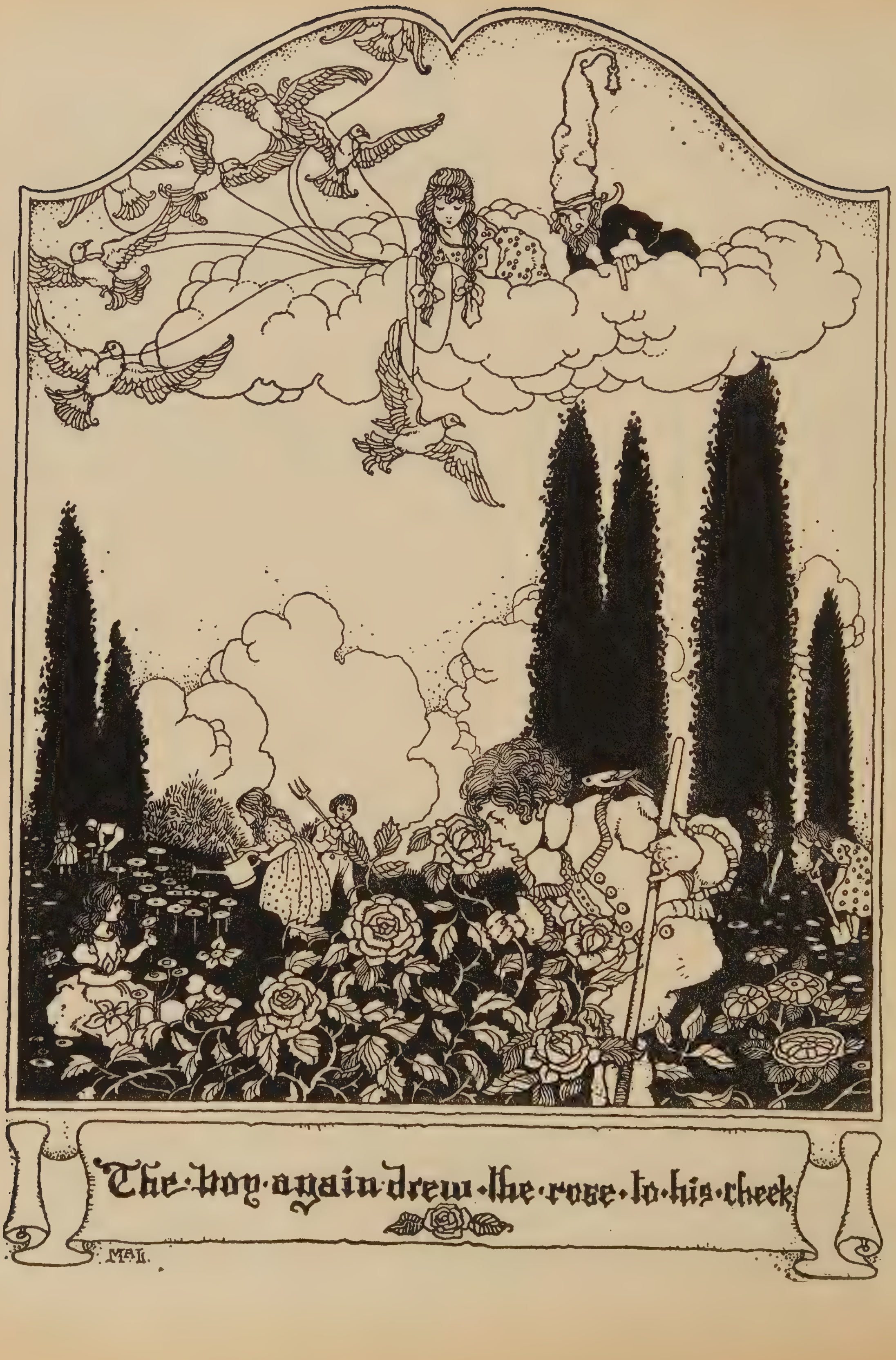


"Now to business," said Fidelio

Up passed the cloud after the impatient doves.

"It's like my swing, only it keeps on," shouted the delighted child. "Oh, Fidelio, how good you are to give me this ride!"

The little old man pointed down. They passed over hills,



The·boy·again·drew·the·rose·to·his·cheek or were they mountains? Then over valleys. She could see villages, and *such* tiny people walking about. Fields of corn and grain, people working in them, and wee horses and carts. Far off she saw a train of cars, with blue wisps of smoke coming from the engine, and going so slowly that she ached to push it along with her finger. Then their coach passed over more villages and towns, factories and farms.

"Down a bit, my pretties; down, down," Fidelio called to the doves, and they found themselves passing slowly over a large garden where many little boys and girls were working and playing, and where many birds were chirping and singing.

Soon the cloud stopped over one corner where a boy was very busy caring for a beautiful rose-bush. He weeded, he raked, and he looked very closely at the leaves, picking things off them and wiping them. At last he gently pulled towards him by the stem a lovely pink rose, and placed it against the side of his face.

"That silly boy," said Blondina. "See! he's not even smelling it. Is he going to kiss it?"

"No, Blondina, he is not going to kiss the rose, he is *listening* to it," Fidelio replied.

"Listening!" exclaimed Blondina, staring hard. "Why, flowers don't talk."

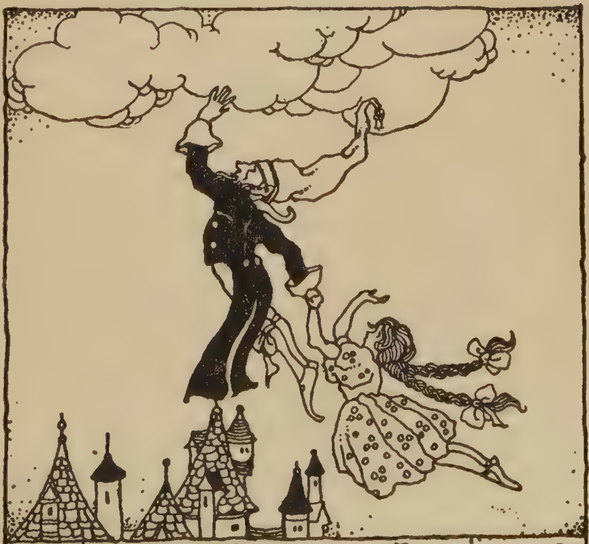
"Indeed, they do, my dear," was the answer.

Instantly Blondina became greatly interested. Dropping the reins, she turned, knelt upon the cloud, and gazed down earnestly upon the boy, trying, of course, to hear what was said.

"Oh, Fidelio," she exclaimed, "*please* tell me what they are saying. I can't hear a word."

"Wait a wee! Just a moment. Patience, patience," answered Fidelio.

He had noticed a little



Up·into·the·air·they·went

tomtit that, flying by, had stopped to swing on the branch of a bush. Tomtit had noticed the rose-bush and the boy.

Suddenly the bird flew to him and perched upon his shoulder. At that moment the boy again drew the rose to his cheek. Tomtit cocked his head from one side to the other, his little black eyes shining. He was listening to a very interesting conversation.

The boy smiled, much pleased at what the flower was saying to him. The cloud and doves rested above the garden motionless. Then one dove slipped his harness, and flew in circles under the cloud. At last, releasing the rose, the boy bent down, and began again to rake around the bush.

Fidelio whistled in a funny way, and Tomtit flew up to him and settled upon his wrist. Then he began to chirp loudly and flutter his wings, as the old man now and again made queer noises with his mouth.

"Do please tell me what he says, Fidelio," said Blondina, jumping up and down with impatience. "It must be something very good, for you look so pleased."

"Well," began the little man, "Tomtit tells me that the rose said, 'Thank you very, very much for sprinkling me last evening after sundown. My leaves drank the cool water through the little holes on their tops. Thank you for keeping the earth loose around my stem and roots so that I can breathe. Thank you for the water with food in it that trickled down to my thirsty roots.' "

"But, now," continued Fidelio, looking at his tiny watch, "it is nearly dinner time; we must go back. Come, my pretty" (to the flying dove), "come and be harnessed again."

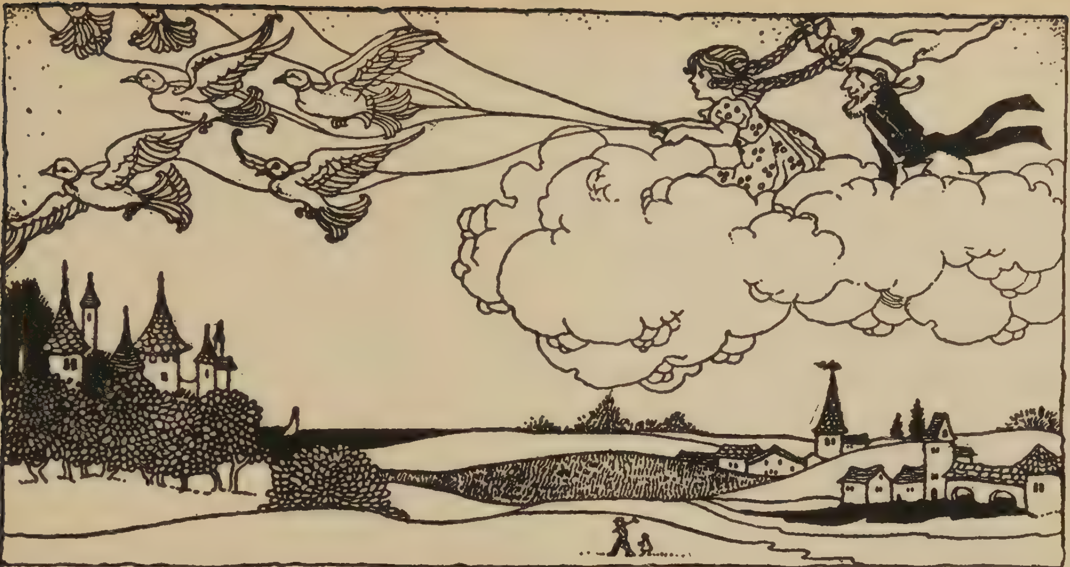
In the meantime the boy had caught sight of the cloud and its travelers and was dancing up and down the path, waving the rake to attract attention. But Fidelio only waved a hand to him, after slipping the collar on the dove.

"Pull gently on the right-hand rein, Blondina, and see what will happen," said he.

The child did as she was told. "Up, up, my birds, and away," ordered the little fellow. "Blondina, don't pull any more."

"Good-bye," they shouted to the boy below, who still waved the rake on which fluttered and teetered little Tomtit.

They were off like a shot. Things looked the same and yet different



Never, never could she forget....never in all her life

from this side of their journey, but always most wonderful. How splendid it all was! The same fields and villages in another light; the same hills and glens. Never, never, could she forget this race through the sky —never in all her life!

"There is your house and the lake," shouted Fidelio. Yes, Blondina could see the blue water and a tiny, tiny white dot of a boat. Was it possible that she and her father could ever have sailed in so small a thing as that?

The cloud floated gently to the front gate and stopped over the stone post. Fidelio helped Blondina down. Finally, she stood on the gravel drive looking into the friendly old face of her wonderful little companion.

"I thank you, I thank you, *very* much, Fidelio," she said, her eyes shining, and her heart thumping with joy and excitement.

The old man smiled upon her, then the cloud rose rapidly, losing itself in the sunny west.

. . . .

"Wherever have you been, Miss Blondina," panted Mary's voice. "I missed you from the garden and looked for you in your room; but here you are, cosy as you please, near the gate."

"I have been with Fidelio," answered the child.

"Who is Fidelio?" said Mary. "But never mind, come, do, and get ready, for it is time for dinner."

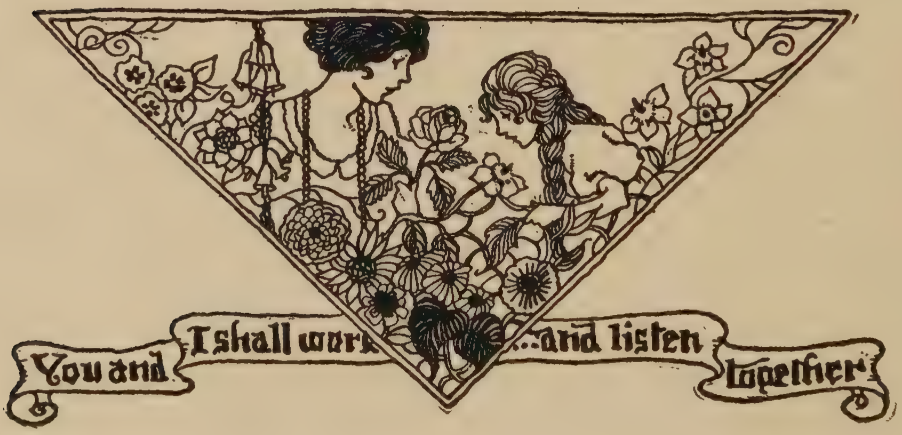
Blondina jumped up and ran into the house. She ate her dinner very thoughtfully. She had to eat things to make her grow, *of course.* Plants and rose-bushes grew, too, and they had to have things to make them grow. But she did not know they could talk about it to boys and girls.

"Mother," she said that evening after telling everything to her, "I wish I could talk with the flowers and the birds."

"Why can't you, as well as the boy?" answered Mother. "Perhaps it will help to do what he does. Let's have a rose-bush and take very good care of it. Let's plant roses in your garden, where a little girl I know has not worked for a long time. Yes, you and I shall work there and listen together."

"That will be splendid, Mother, and I hope Fidelio will come with his cloud and take us to that lovely garden again."

MARY MOORE ORR



A Winter Walk

"How few of us appreciate the beautiful world in which we live! . . . . Many of us walk through it like ghosts, as if we were in it but not of it. 'We have eyes and see not, ears and hear not.'"
—Sir John Lubbock.

LET us hope there are no little John Martiners so short-sighted as to think spring, summer, and autumn are the only pleasant times to take walks into the country. To be sure, the "finds" one may make in the outdoor months are many and varied. But in *any* season at *any* place (even looking out of the window) there are strange and delightful surprises,—for one who has ears to hear and eyes to see.

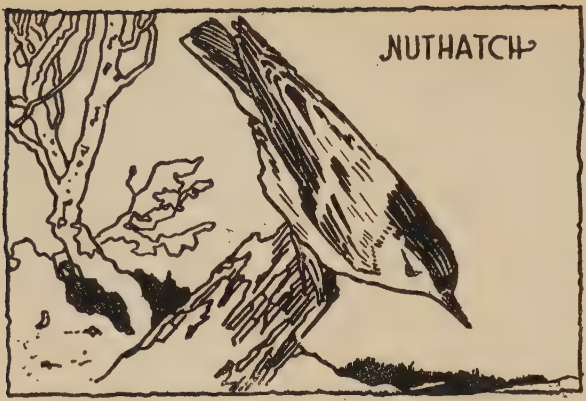
From the days when the last tall golden-rod turns brown, and the little blue asters fade; when the song sparrow's voice is hushed, and the fringed gentian hangs her head at Jack Frost's bidding,—there is no more joy in the big outdoors for . . . some people.

I wonder if it is because no one has ever invited them to "Come out into the cool, crisp, winter air, and behold the interesting things all about?"

One of the happiest walks Little Boy and I ever had was on a rather dull afternoon in January. To be sure, the sky had cleared before we returned, but it had been, for the most part, a typical gray day.

We set out soon after luncheon. A light snow had fallen during the morning; the air was sharp and growing colder. Clouds hung leaden as if there would be more snow any minute. High overhead, crows sailed about cawing,—to announce, the farmers would say, a change in the weather.

"Look, Mother,—look!" whispered The Boy pointing to an old hickory tree before we were well out of the driveway. "That bird is coming down



the tree head first!" Sure enough, not a half-dozen yards away was the skillful little acrobat, Jimmie Nuthatch,—who *very much* prefers hopping about a tree trunk head down, with his funny, short, square tail tilted skyward.

Jimmie was such a welcome surprise that we felt almost like shaking his hand or foot and telling him so. Up and down the trunk he went, picking under the bark and into every crevice for the grains and nuts or larvae that had been stored there in the autumn.

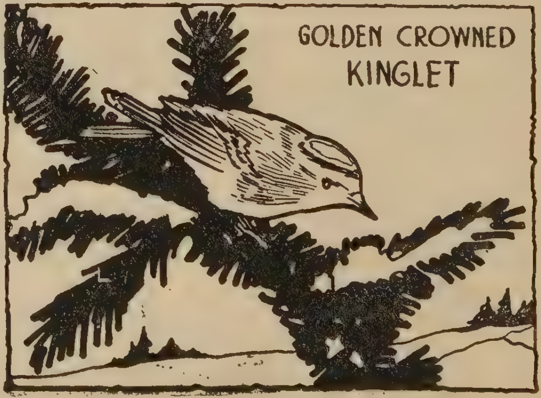
This fellow was little Mr. White-breast; gray-blue back,—and such a smart black cap! When observing him at work, one can readily see why his bill is so slender and sharp. He is about the size of an English sparrow.

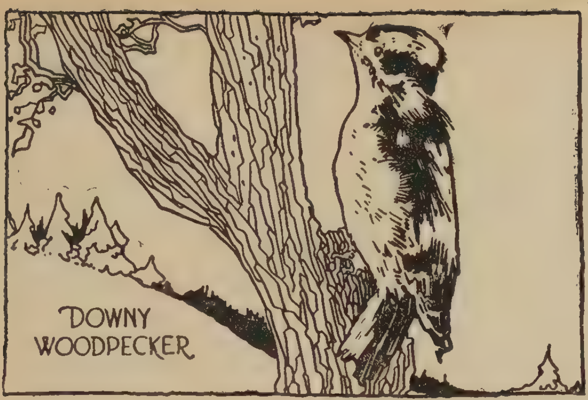
Watch for him on your winter walk, or out the play-room window, John Martiner, for he will ignore you and come to a tree quite close if he is sufficiently hungry. Should he venture near and condescend to glance at you with those saucy, beady eyes, you may feel honored,—for Jimmie seldom looks up from his work.

Mrs. White-breast we did not wait to find, or to see if, perchance, their tiny cousins, the Red-breast Nuthatches, might be visiting them,—for we had planned to do much before the early winter twilight should descend.

We went leisurely on, . . . Little Boy watching his side of the road and I mine. Such fun playing the "Sharp Eyes" game! It is quite remarkable, after a little practice in attentive observation, how many things one will notice that are ordinarily passed by.

Coming to a grove of lovely evergreens, we brushed the snow away and sat down upon a fallen limb, with our feet on the brown carpet of needles,—to watch and listen.





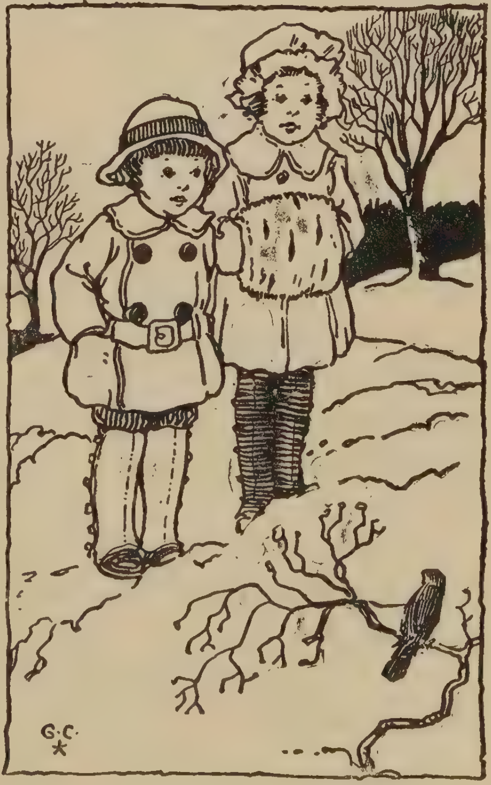
Not a bird was to be seen. . . . We tried to be very still,—whispering only a bit, now and then, of the curious things all about. How we did wish Downy would show himself, or his big cousin Hairy Woodpecker, or Chickadee! At this very spot we had seen them, all three,—in the winter, too,—but it had been sunny.

Little wonder these evergreens are so beloved by the birds, I thought . . . autumn and spring, summer and winter, there is always waiting for them the same kindly shelter, and countless dainty perches on which to sway and sing.

But, now, in January there was no singing,—only a chip, chip, or a peet, tweet. If we had chanced upon a flock of slate-colored juncos, to be sure, we might have heard a chorus of sweet trills; however, those sociable fellows were nowhere to be seen, probably having all gone a crumb-hunting for their suppers. Throw some goodies in *your* garden and watch for Junco with his stubby, waxy, *pink* bill.

The best find of the afternoon came just as we were leaving. Such a fairy-like mite of a bird it was, that we quite understood why we had not seen him before, flitting about like a gray moth,—or as Mr. Burroughs speaks of him in his delightful Wake Robin stories, "a little tuft of gray feathers hopping about as restless as a spirit."

It was none other than his tiny Royal Highness, Golden-crowned Kinglet. Think of it,—only half an inch larger than the humming-bird is he!



These two, with the elfish, red-brown winter wren are the smallest of all our birds. Without a doubt, Kinglet desired to show himself to his visitors that winter afternoon. Oh, what a charming surprise he was!

Looking over the treasures we had gathered for the play-room, we found a handful of buttonwood balls, three kinds of evergreen cones, some checkerberries and pretty ground pine, two large cocoons,—one of them a Cecropia. Our discovery of the gorgeous moth from this cocoon one June morning, would make a story in itself. . . . Secret. . . . If you see dead leaves hanging anywhere bunched together, look for cocoons. Winter is the time to see them when so many trees and bushes are bare.

Little Boy gathered more cones into his basket,—"to hear them crack" in the warm house,—and we made ready to return. Go find some, boys and girls, and look sharp for wonders all along the merry way . . . for. . . . Once upon a time there was a *Naturalist* who was quite positive he knew every winter bird resident in his town. Well,—one fine December morning, he had the surprise of his life. In a bush almost under his study window sat . . . a beautiful Cardinal. The Naturalist could not believe his eyes. He rubbed them,—and rubbed them again. How he did stare! Very wisely he decided that from that very particular minute on, he would never again stop looking for surprises.

When we are taking walks in our lovely southern Pennsylvania, The Boy and I often speak of you little John-Martiners living in different parts of the world. Oh, what wonderful opportunities for sharp eyes! Your prizes are quite varied, and many of them different from ours, of course,—but equally delightful and interesting!

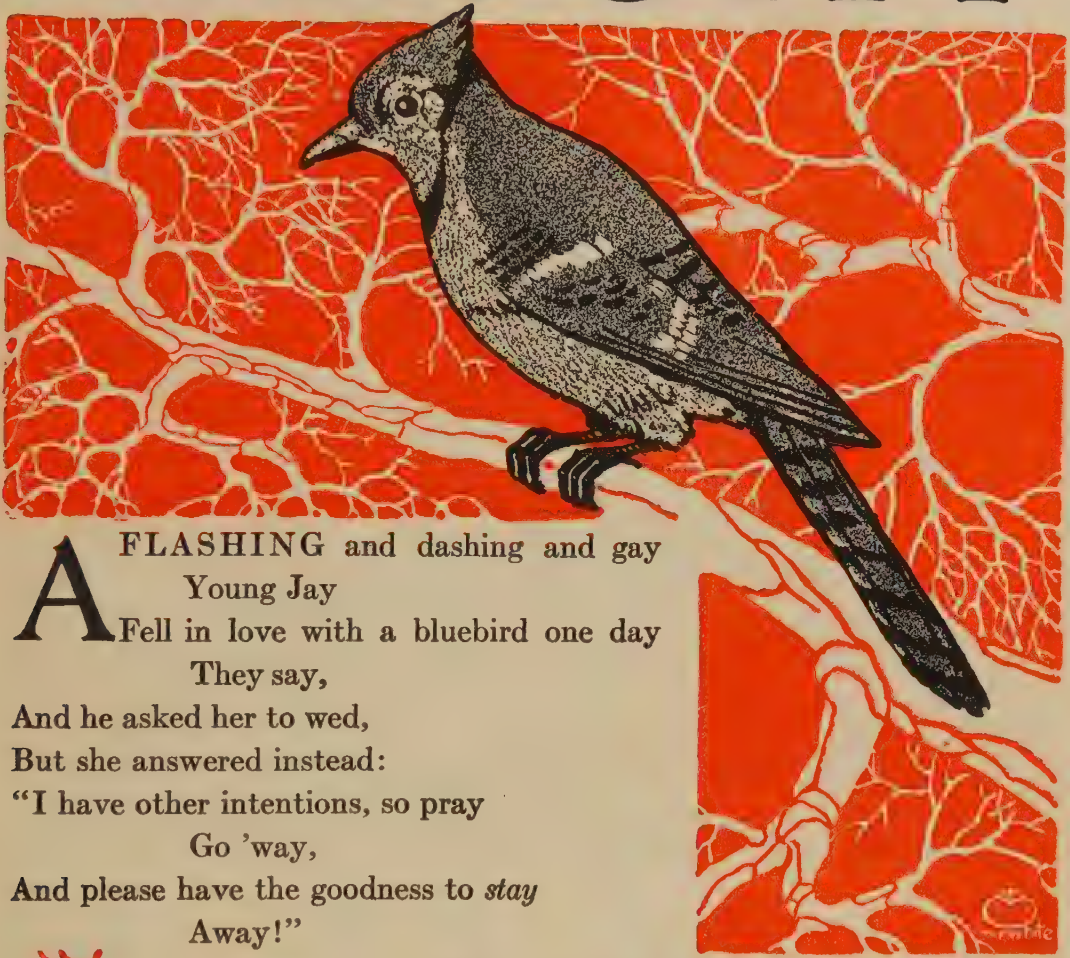
And what do you suppose we saw, the last thing before we came into the house all laden with our pine and spruce boughs, cocoons, and red berries, and moss and things? . . . Shining, serene and glorious, just above the eastern horizon, was Sirius, the most brilliant star in all our Northern heavens.

As we sat by the hearth-fire that night, waiting for the last of the cones to sputter out, the dying sparks seemed to burn into our thought the message of Emerson:

"Not the sun or summer alone but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight."

IDA S. MILLER.

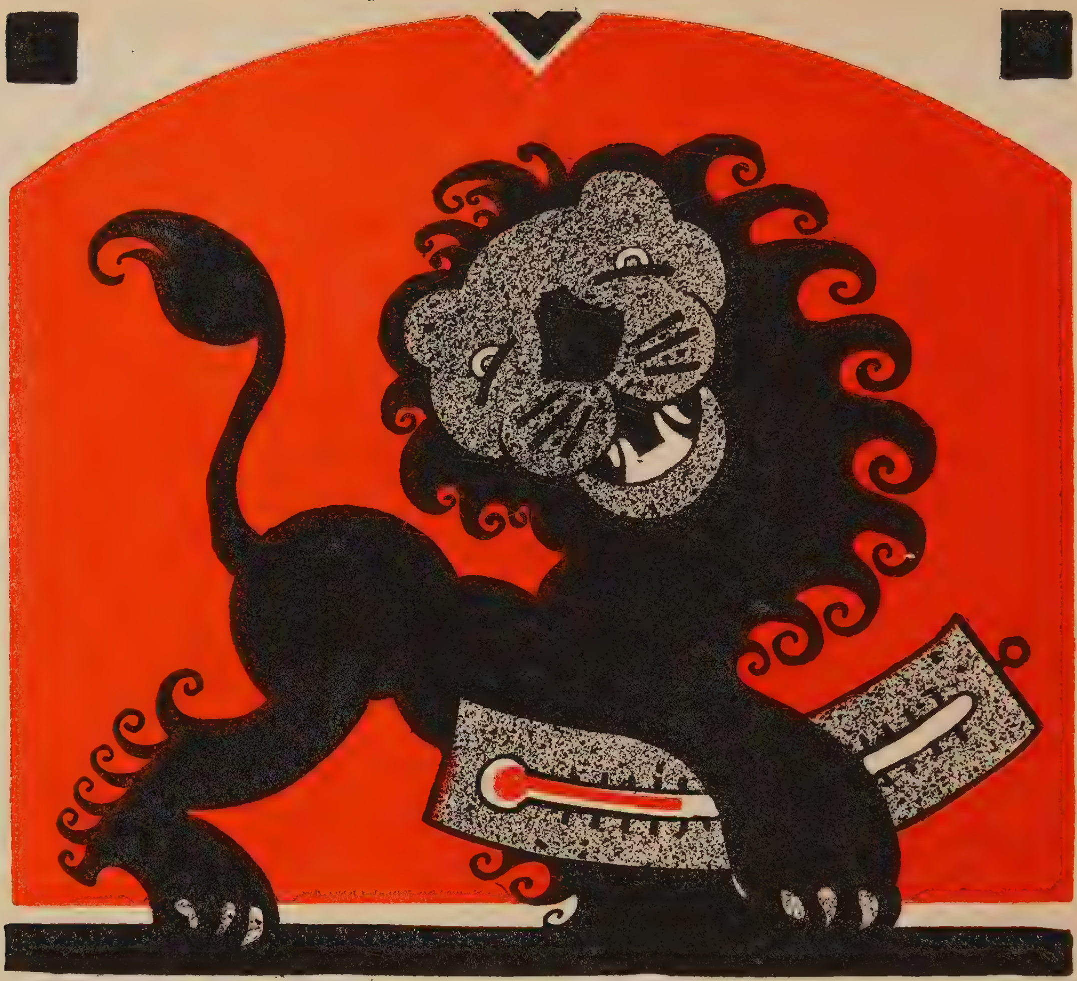
JIM JAY



A FLASHING and dashing and gay
Young Jay
Fell in love with a bluebird one day
They say,
And he asked her to wed,
But she answered instead:
"I have other intentions, so pray
Go 'way,
And please have the goodness to *stay*
Away!"

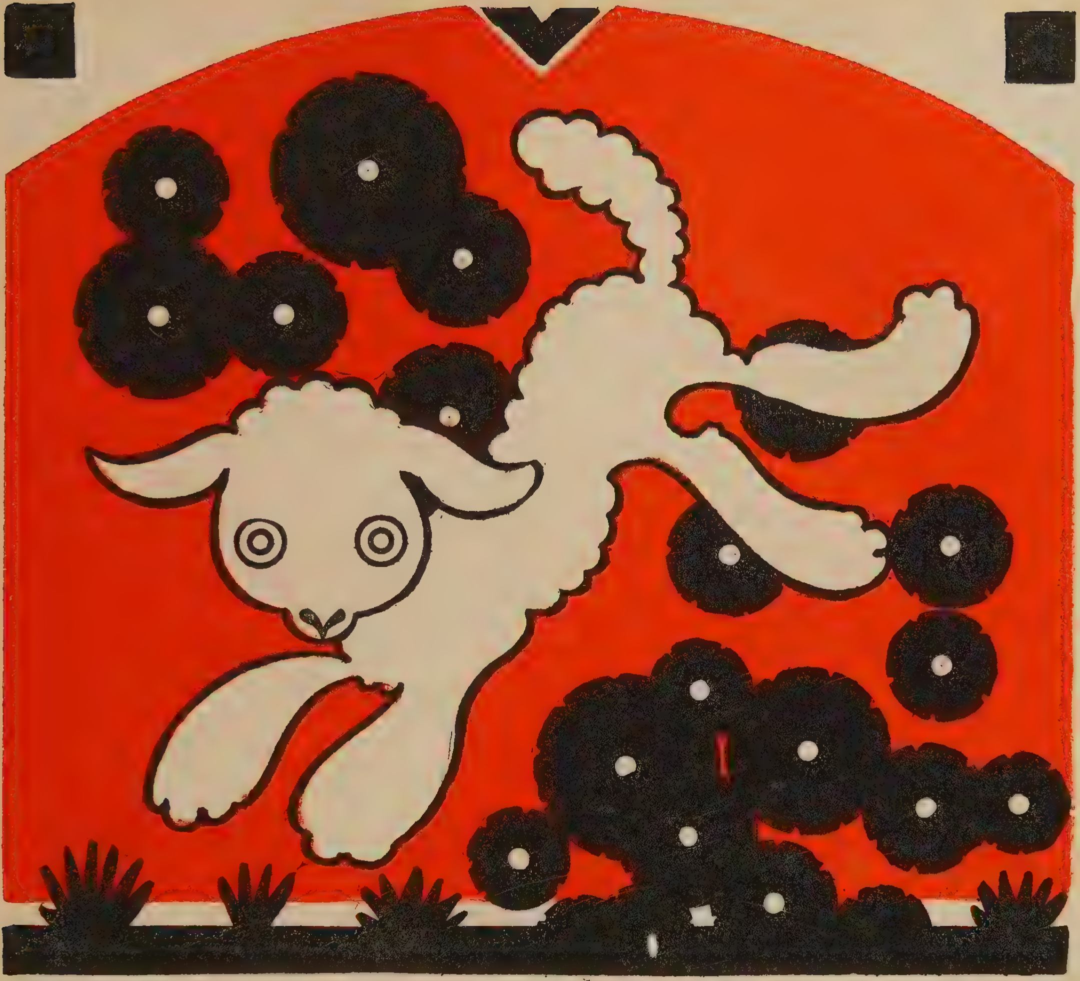
But it blasted his happiness so
To go
That he cried, "What a terrible blow!
Oh! Oh!
The world I will shun
Like a monk or a nun,
And never get over my woe!"
Although
Just whether he did I don't know,
Just so.

George Cassard.



L I O N

MARCH comes in like a lion beast
With bluster, bump and slam.
He gets the poor thermometer
In quite a hopeless jam. ❧



L A M B

BUT never mind his bump-tious-ness.
Most thankful, dear, I am,
That March goes out as gently as
A merry little LAMB.

The Soldier's Soup

A VETERAN, returning home from the wars, was passing through a village. Feeling hungry, he knocked at the door of a house. This house belonged to an old woman who was rich but very stingy.

"God bless you, Old Mother! May I have a piece of bread and a bowl of soup?" said the soldier.

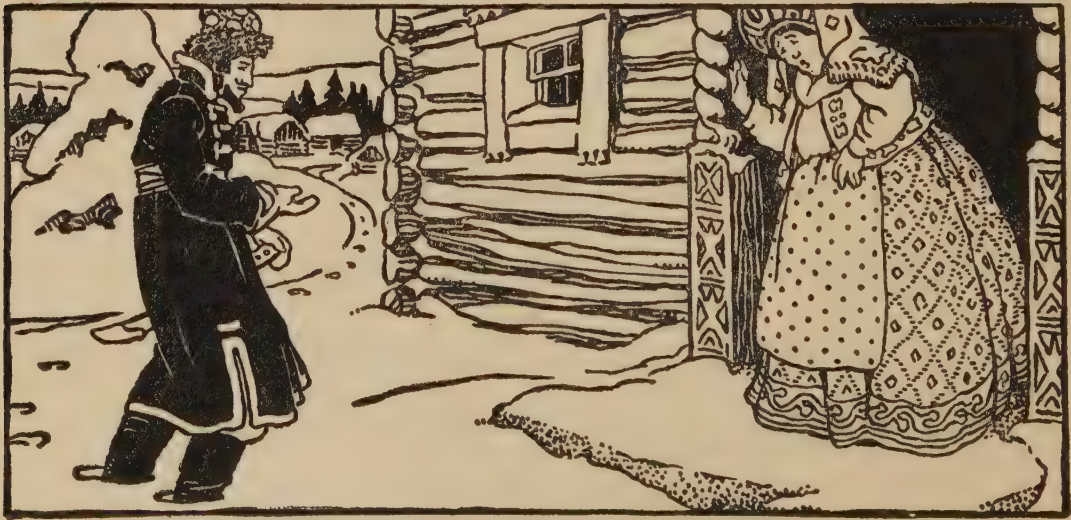
"Not a crumb left in the house," promptly answered the old woman. "I am already starving, myself."

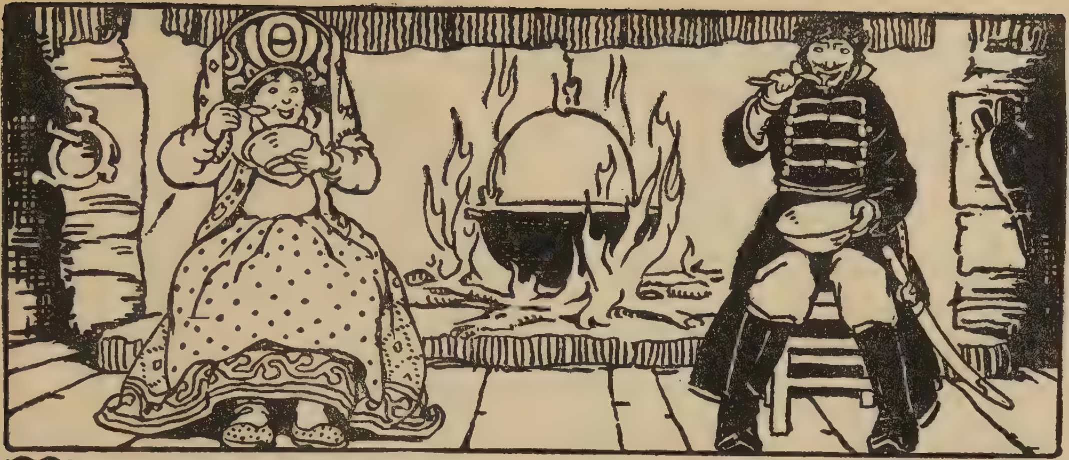
"Never mind, then," answered the soldier, "but I am sure you must have a nail you could give me."

"A nail? Of course I have one, but what do you want it for?"

"I will make a wonderful soup with it," answered the soldier. "Give me a pan, some water, and a strong nail, and I will show you."

When the old woman had brought what he required, the soldier lit the fire and set over it the pan of water.





"If only I had a pinch of salt!"

The old woman's curiosity could not do less than send her for some salt.

"That's fine!" cried the soldier. "And do you happen to have a bit of pork?"

"That is not much to risk to find out what he is up to," thought the old woman as she brought him some pork.

"Now, if only I had a few cabbage leaves!" exclaimed the wily soldier.

So the old woman brought him half a cabbage.

"There!" cried the rascal. "Just taste this now, Good Mother. Do you not agree with me that soup made from a nail is a delicious soup?"

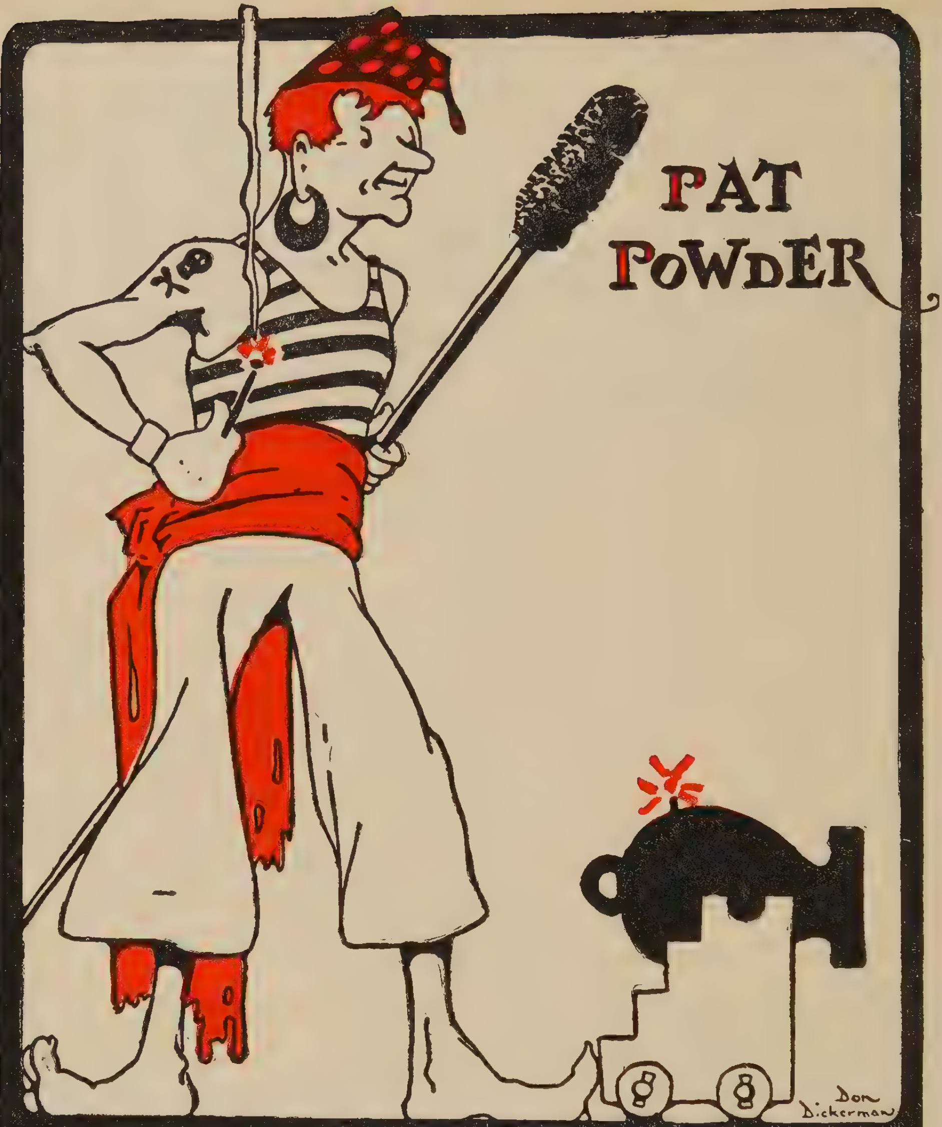
So they feasted on the soup.

"But how about that nail?" asked the old woman, as the soldier made ready to depart.

"O, the nail?" replied the rascal. "It seems to be still hard. Try cooking it a few hours longer, Old Mother. Maybe it will be soft by to-morrow!"

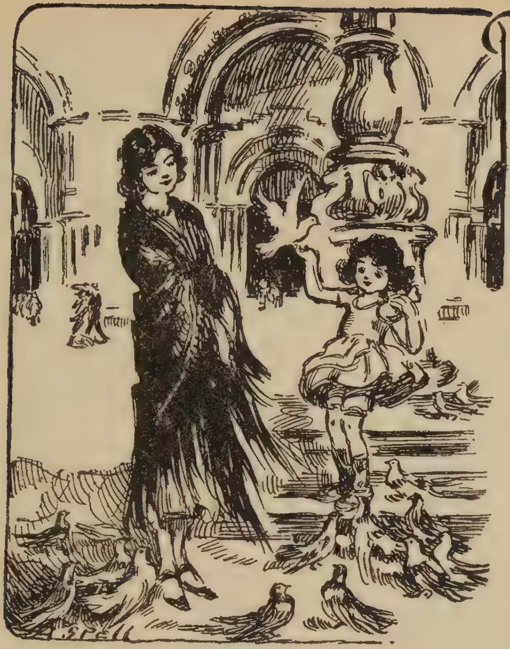
From an old Russian story by

Olga Kovalsky



POWDER THE PIRATE

THIS, my dear, is Patrick Powder,
Pirate on a Nonsense Sea.
Great at brag and bumptious bluster,
Great at *noisy* noise is he.
But we wink at all his rumpus;
Wherefore bother or resist him?
Paddy Powder *has to* get the
Noisy noise out of his system.



The LITTLE PRINCESS

A Story of Venice

BEFORE you hear about this little girl you must know something of Venice. It is a dream-like city built in the water by the sea. It has canals and boats instead of ordinary streets and automobiles.

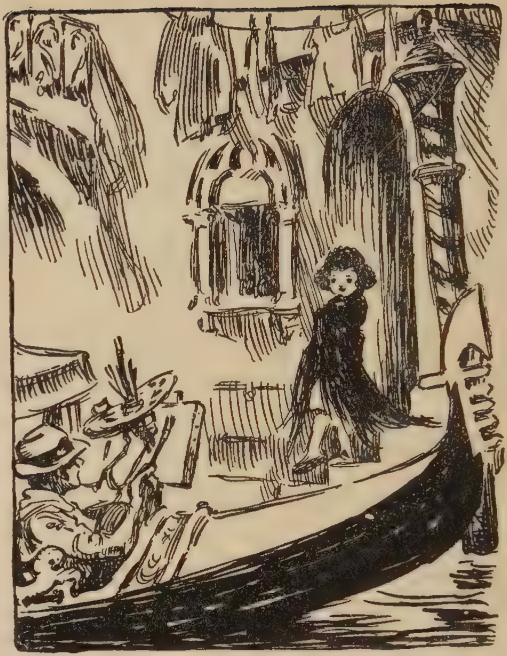
The heart of Venice is the Square or "Piazza" of San Marco. The Cathedral glitters there with joyous colors. Four bronze horses over its door look down on a city where there are no horses. Rich and poor pass cafes, shops, the tall Campanile or bell tower, and the Doge's Palace like an opal against the sky.

Years ago, a carrier pigeon brought news of victory to Venice. The Doge or Ruler then made it unlawful to harm a pigeon. To this day, there are hundreds and hundreds of birds flying about the Square, petted and protected by the people.

The Venetians call the native boat a "*Goon*-dola". It is long and graceful,—all black with a shiny brass prow. The gondolier stands at the stern and rows with one oar. Instead of blowing "Honk, Honk" at corners the gondolier calls warning in a musical voice. The passengers, seated under gay awnings, glide through a city crumbling with age but lovely as fairy land.

Mira did not know she lived in a palace until the artist told her. His gondola was tied to her striped post which looked like a huge stick of peppermint candy. He was sketching her house when she came to the door. The palace was old and neglected. Clothes lines hung from its balconies.

Mira, in scarlet dress and her mother's black fringed shawl, was reflected in the zig-zag ripples of the water.



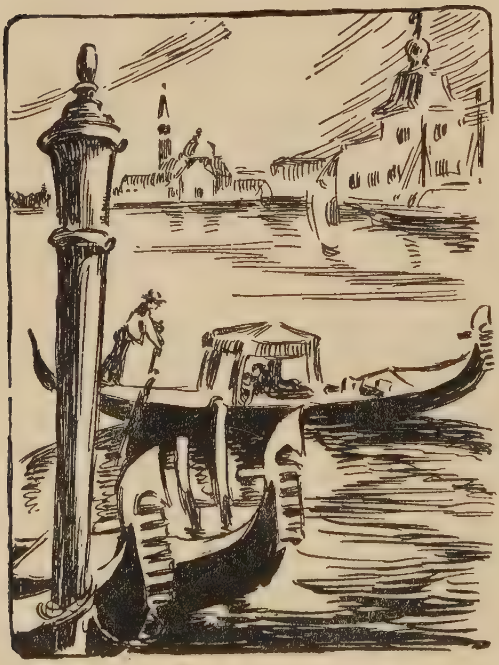
"Ah, the Princess!" he cried with delight.

"Why am I a Princess?" asked Mira.

"Because you wear your shawl like one," he said, "and only a palace could have those lovely windows. Stand for my picture, and I'll give you a lira."

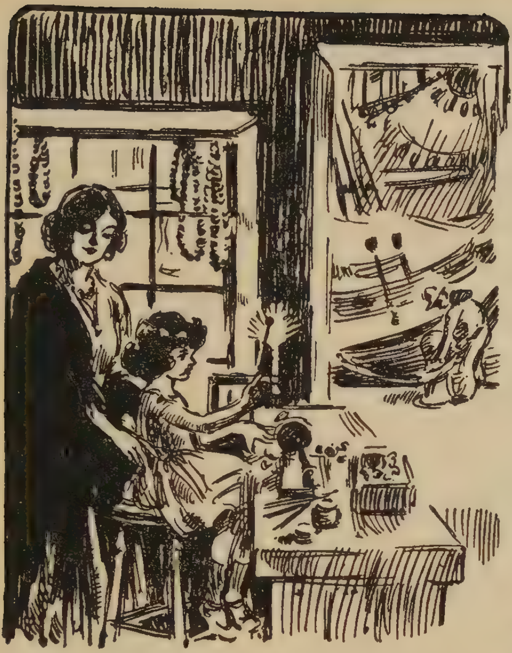
Mira's eyes widened. She would have pennies to buy corn for the pigeons. She loved to feel their pink toes clinging to her fingers and their gentle flutter on her shoulders. So she posed by the arched doorway. The artist told her stories about palaces while his gondolier lay asleep in the sun. The picture was finished at last, and he put the silver lira in Mira's little hand.

When her mother returned from the bead factory, she scolded Mira for wearing her second best shawl. All Venetian women wear shawls. They are called "Scialli" and are worn with a truly royal grace. It was Mira's ambition to be old enough to wear one to San Marco Square.



During her school holidays, the artist painted Mira and her palace many, many times so she had the joy of buying many little paper bags of corn to feed the pigeons.

One day she went with her mother to the bead factory. It was across the Grand Canal where big fishing boats, with orange and red sails, anchor. Mira's father was a gondolier. He rowed them over, and



they walked along a little pink bridge to the bead factory. Glass beads of all colors gleamed in its window. Mira had learned how to make beads. She held a bit of glass on the end of a wire in a gas flame. When it became soft like glue she made it round on a small wheel. Daubing on colors and putting it again in the fire she saw it became a lovely bead!

It was great fun to do this and to see the colors seem to turn into little flowers!

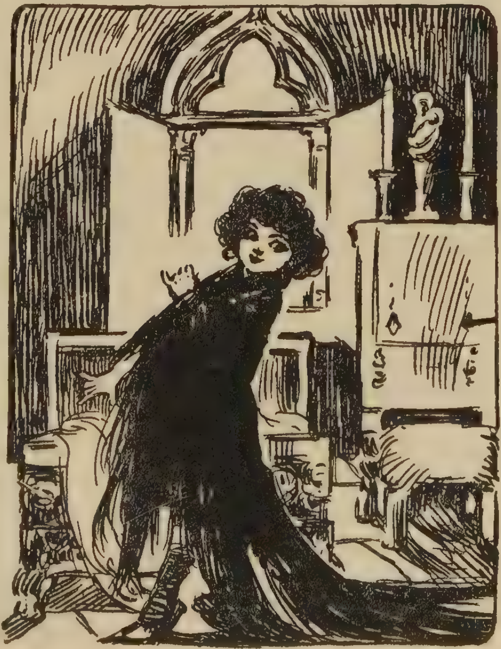
That afternoon her father waited at the Grand Canal to take them home. He was much excited. He told Mira's mother important news which would take them away from Venice for a day. They would leave Mira to keep house.

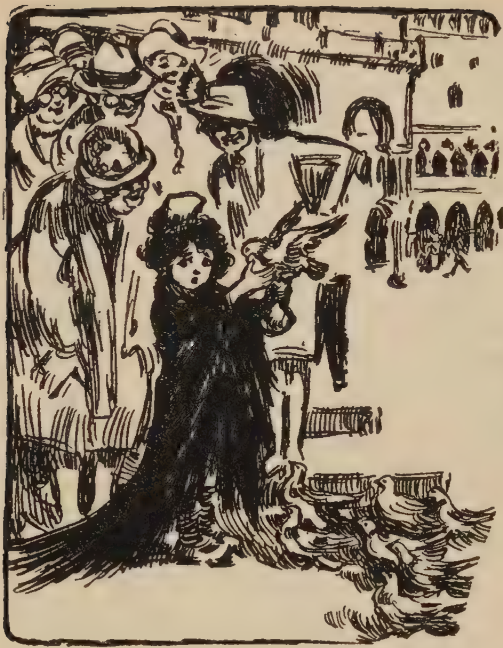
What would she do?

Would she dare to wear the black shawl?

Mira's parents left her with many instructions. When sure the train was gone, she stole into her mother's room. Soon the black shawl was on her shoulders, its long fringe sweeping the floor like the train of a really truly princess. Gathering up her curls with a comb, and trembling very much, she went out the back door. She walked through streets so narrow that one could hardly raise an umbrella. Everybody turned to look at her.

When she came to the Square, she bought corn in a little paper bag. All eyes were now upon her. Dozens and dozens of gray and violet pigeons





fluttered about her. The precious shawl trailed in the dust, but she held her head high like the little princess she was.

A crowd gathered—tourists, wondering, smiling, shouting with laughter.

Who were these foreigners that dared to laugh at her Venetian shawl? Mira was angry and frightened. As the crowd grew, she turned to run, but tourists blocked the way. They said things she could not understand. They pulled her curls and her shawl; a woman tried to kiss her. Through her hot, salty tears she saw the artist.

"My Little Princess!" he cried, and gathered her in his strong arms. Scowling he pushed his way to his gondola and quickly rowed her home. While Mira dried her tears, she told him how sorry she was to have gone into the street wearing her mother's shawl. The artist shared Mira's cold supper while he awaited her parents return.

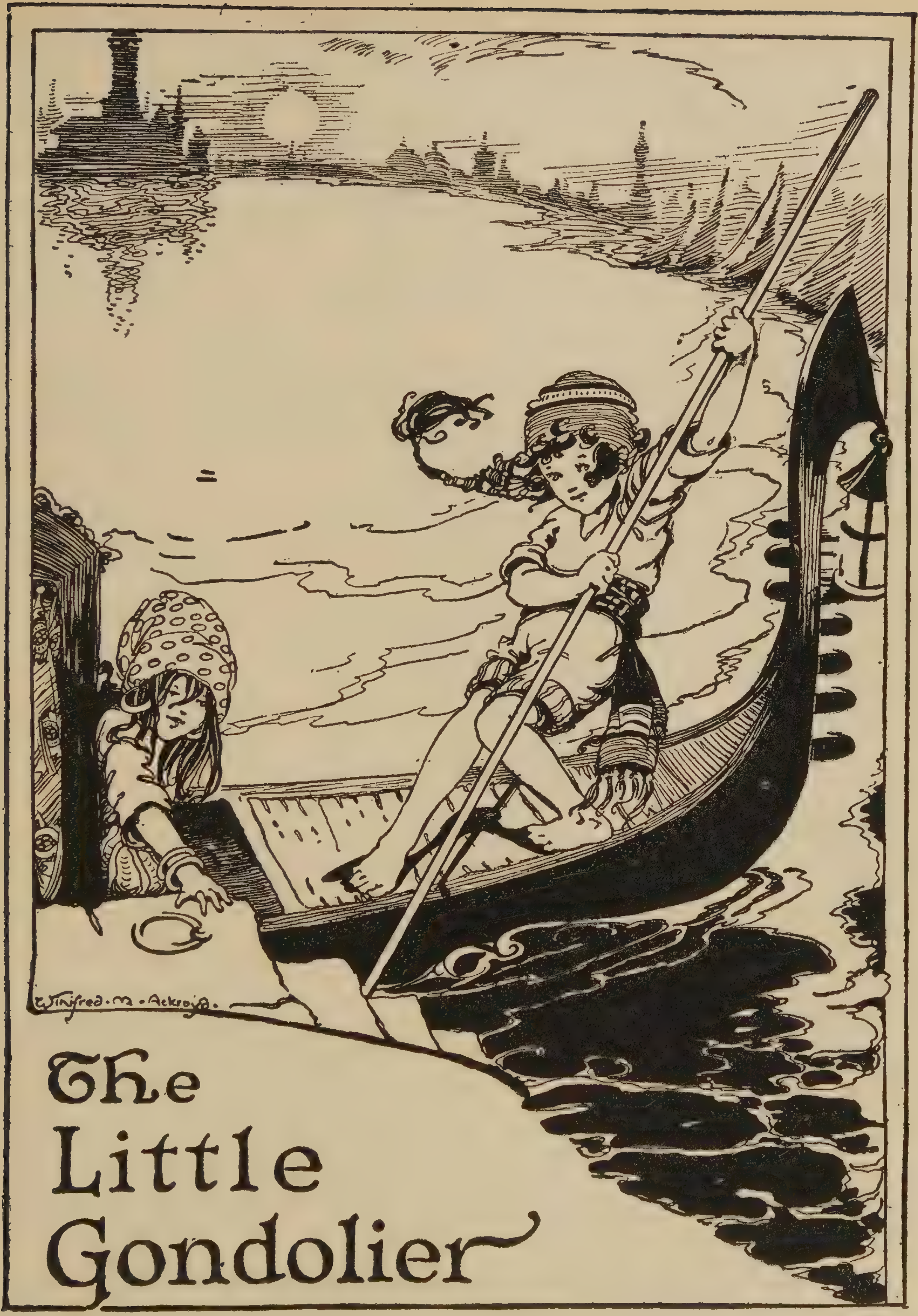
But, before he could explain, Mira ran to her mother.

"Oh, Mother dear," she cried. "I've been a bad, bad girl! I've—I've——worn your lovely shawl to San Marco, and I never, *never* want to grow up!"

Her mother took her in her lap and held her close while the artist told how he had rescued the poor little Princess.

"My dear little Mira," her mother whispered. "I want you always to be my little girl. But you will grow up some day. Even then, if you are naughty, you will be sorry."

SEDDIE ASPELL


Winifred · M · Ackroyd ·
The
Little
Gondolier

TALES FROM THE DAYS OF GOLD

by Ruth R. Nelson

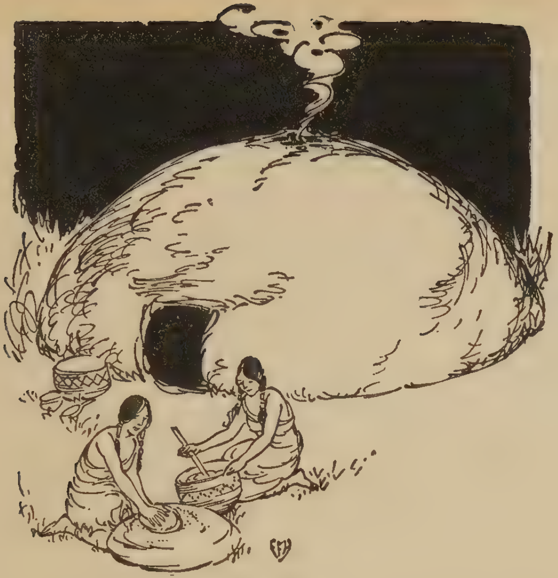
A CALIFORNIA KING

SING a song of Indians
And funny things they eat—
Four and twenty grasshoppers
Roasted brown and sweet,
Mixed with mush of clover seed
Or almost anything—
And that was thought a dainty dish
To set before the king.

THIS is the true story of a jolly king whose house was made of mud, whose bed was the ground, and whose daily food was acorn bread or grass-seed mush. His meat was any kind of living thing, from the deer in the forest to the bugs which could be found in the field—fish, frogs, and even worms were not despised.

This king, who is called Hioh in the histories, ruled a tribe of Indians in California three hundred years ago. His people lived near the shores of the ocean. They spent much of their time bathing in the breakers or riding through them on their tule rafts. They were very clever with these rafts on which they sat astride, using a double-bladed paddle and doubtless helping themselves along with their feet, which hung down in the water.

These Indians were happy and jolly and cared very little for war. They preferred to stay at home and amuse themselves with feasts and other entertainments.



The hardest work they ever did was their never-ending hunt for food.

They were not at all particular about what they ate, for they took whatever could be found. The women gathered acorns and all kinds of grass-seeds. With a heavy stone they pounded these into meal which was baked in cakes upon hot stones, or made into mush in a way that would seem very strange to us.

A fire was built to heat large stones until they were red hot. Baskets, which were woven so tightly that they would hold water, were used to cook the mush. As soon as the stones were hot, they were lifted into the basket of water. When this was boiling, the coarse grass or acorn meal was stirred into it and kept hot until it was cooked. Then the entire family would sit about while each dipped out his own portion with his fingers. Clover seed made a sweet mush of which the Indians were very fond, especially when they had roasted grasshoppers to add to it.

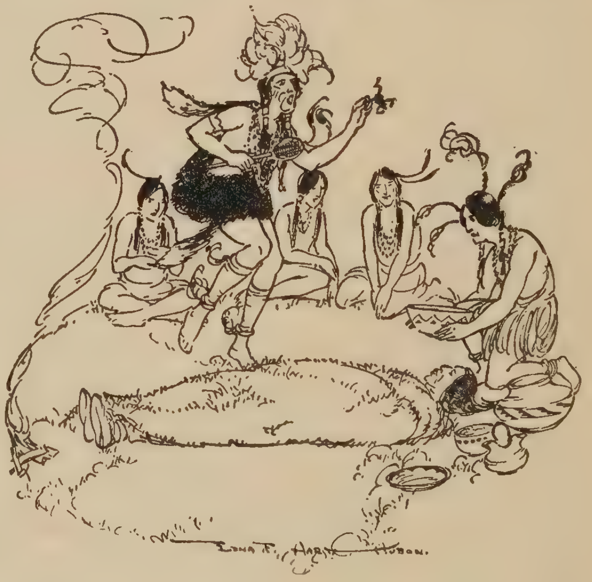
Hioh's people made great fun out of their grasshopper hunts. In a shallow ditch or hole which they had dug was heaped a pile of dry grass and leaves. Then the women and children formed a large circle, beating about on the ground to start the grasshoppers toward the grass heap. When the circle had slowly closed in around it, the pile was set afire. In a few moments the roasted grasshoppers could be gathered up. Sometimes they were eaten then and there, sometimes added to their mush, and sometimes soaked in salt water and then boiled, for the Indians liked grasshoppers in any way.

Fishing expeditions were another source of good times. Below a deep place in some stream the Indians would build a dam or barricade of willow branches. The men and boys then hurried to a place a mile or more above the dam and with much shouting, splashing, and laughter, drove the frightened fish into the deep pool. Then another barricade was quickly made above to keep the fish imprisoned. There the tribe encamped until every fish had been speared out and eaten. It must be admitted that Hioh's people were gluttonous, for they would eat and eat so long as there was anything left to devour.

During the winter months when it was cold and rainy, the tribe lived in mud huts. Their building plan was simple. A round hole three or four feet deep was dug, and about its edge tall, straight willow branches were stuck into the ground. These were drawn together at the top. Brush and bark were used to fill in the spaces. Over all was plastered a thick coating of mud. A small opening was left at the top for a smoke hole, and another opening on the ground served for a door. The finished house looked like a great mud bowl.

There were no windows and no furniture. The fire in the center usually filled the place full of smoke. Nearly all the family would have sore eyes before the rainy season was over. Many of the old people were blind.

There was never any cleaning done in these huts. They were burned down when they became unbearably dirty. Then new huts were built in their places. Every one was glad when summer came and they could live outdoors again, for then there was not so much sickness.



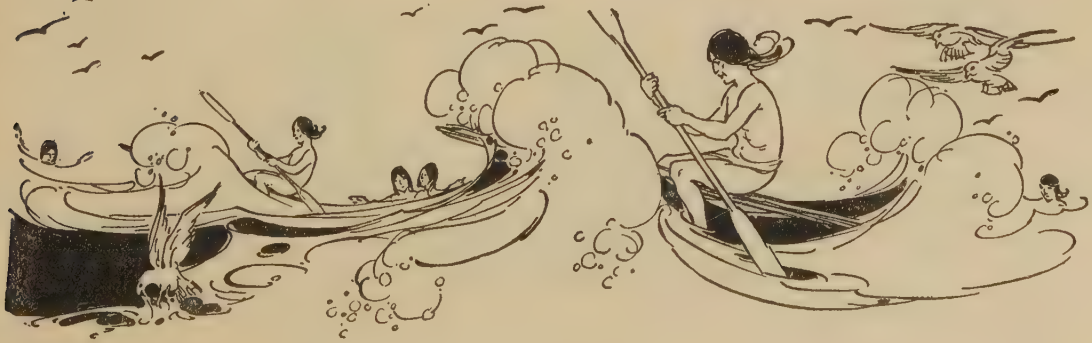
There were several medicine men in Hioh's tribe whose powers were believed to be very great, indeed. They would gather in the hut of the sick one, shouting and dancing about and waving their arms and legs in a wild way. Solemnly they would blow towards the east, the west, the north, the south. When the patient was excited enough to satisfy them, one of their number would kneel down and press his mouth against some part of the sick one's body. In a few moments the Medicine Man would pretend to draw out a bone, a thorn, a hair, or even a frog, saying that with it he had drawn out the sickness. If all this did no good, a fire was built at the feet of the patient and food and water were placed at his head. Then the company, which was crowded into the hut, sat down to await the result.

Hioh seldom led his people to war, for the tribes of California Indians were not so warlike as their Eastern relatives. They led an easy, happy-go-lucky life, and war seemed to take too much effort. When they did go to war, they never scalped their enemies, but preferred to keep their eyes. The whole tribe, including the women and children, went together on war expeditions. At such times the women cooked great baskets of mush to take along on the journey.

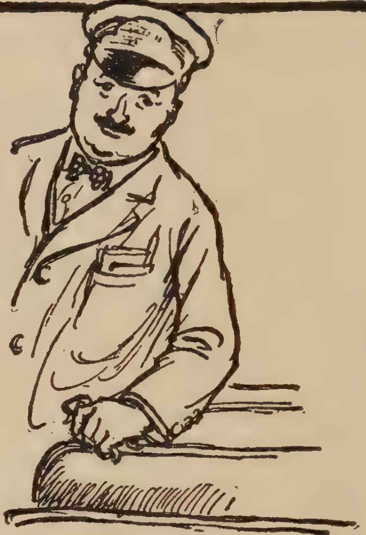
The Indians would sneak quietly up on their enemies and try to surprise and frighten them with loud yells, whoops, and other noises. If the actual fighting lasted very long, the women and children made themselves useful by running out and gathering up the arrows from the ground. As soon as one or two had been killed or wounded, the Indians were usually satisfied and went off home.

When Hioh was a young prince, he splashed about in the breakers with the other Indian boys. He learned to ride his tule raft through the surf and to spear fish. He even helped with the grasshopper hunts. At this same time, in a far-away land another lad was fast growing into a bold adventurer. His name was Francis Drake. His home was in Devonshire, England. There came a time when his adventures led him to California. Francis Drake was the first white visitor to stand before King Hioh. The story of just what happened in that visit will be told another time.

Ruth R. Nelson

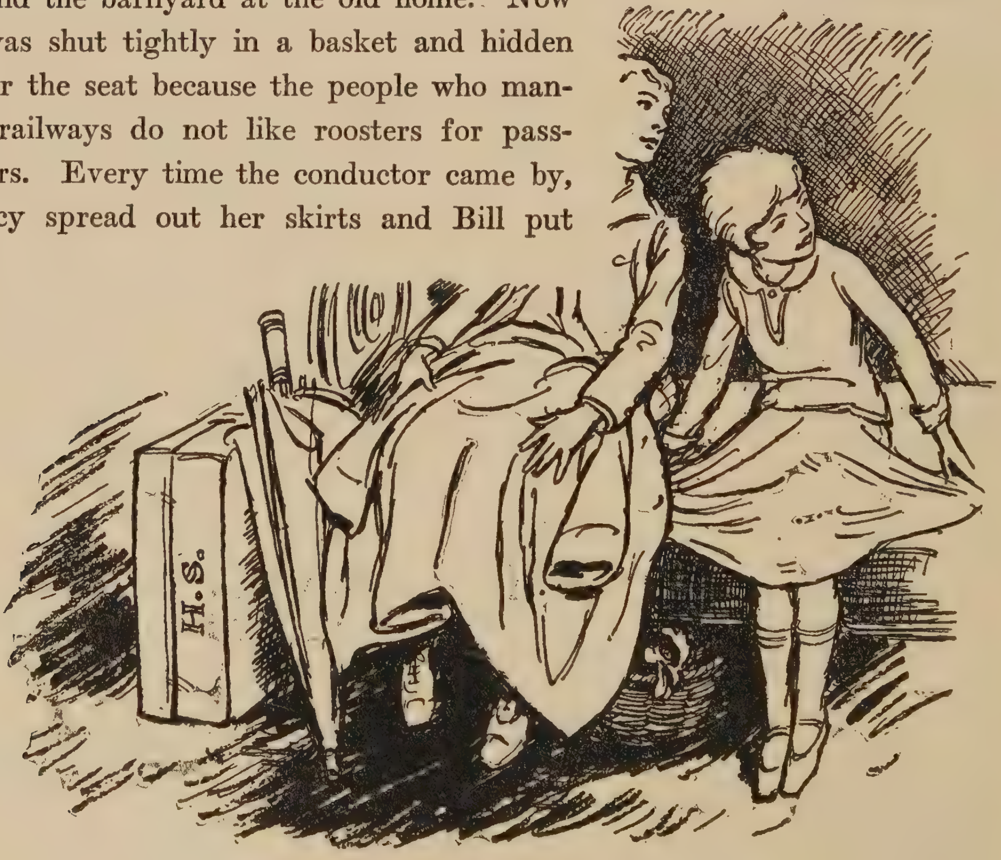


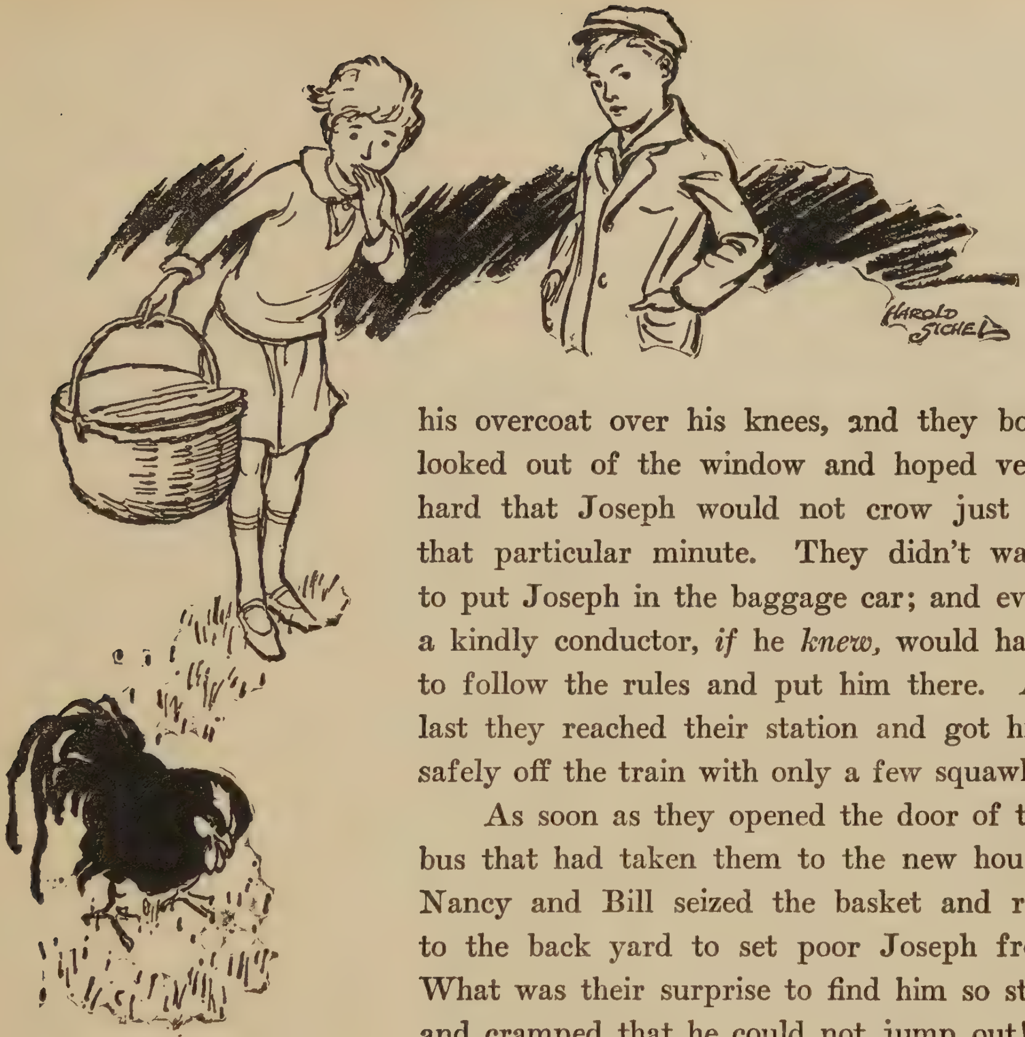
JOSEPH and the LITTLE BROWN HEN



NANCY and Bill looked out of the train window very sadly. They were moving away from the home they had always loved, in the country, to a new home in a small town nearby. They had had to leave behind them all the dear farm friends—the horses, the cow and her calf; Jip, the collie dog; and the chickens, all except Joseph.

Joseph was a small black rooster with a long green tail, who used to strut proudly around the barnyard at the old home. Now he was shut tightly in a basket and hidden under the seat because the people who manage railways do not like roosters for passengers. Every time the conductor came by, Nancy spread out her skirts and Bill put





his overcoat over his knees, and they both looked out of the window and hoped very hard that Joseph would not crow just at that particular minute. They didn't want to put Joseph in the baggage car; and even a kindly conductor, *if* he *knew,* would have to follow the rules and put him there. At last they reached their station and got him safely off the train with only a few squawks.

As soon as they opened the door of the bus that had taken them to the new house, Nancy and Bill seized the basket and ran to the back yard to set poor Joseph free. What was their surprise to find him so stiff and cramped that he could not jump out!

"You poor thing! I'll lift you out," cried Nancy, and she set him down on the green grass. Even then he did not seem to know what to do. They found some berries for him to eat, but he gave one little peck, and then walked away as if he were hunting for something.

"I know what's the matter, Nance. He's lonely—he wants the other chickens! Whatever shall we do for him?" said Bill.

"Oh, Joseph," Nancy cried, "don't you get homesick, too!"

"Bill, Nancy!" The children heard their Mother's voice calling them to the house. For the rest of the afternoon they were so busy helping to put things in order that they never thought of Joseph again till their Daddy came home to supper. "Here we are in our new home," he exclaimed, "Mother, Nancy and Bill—where's Joseph?"

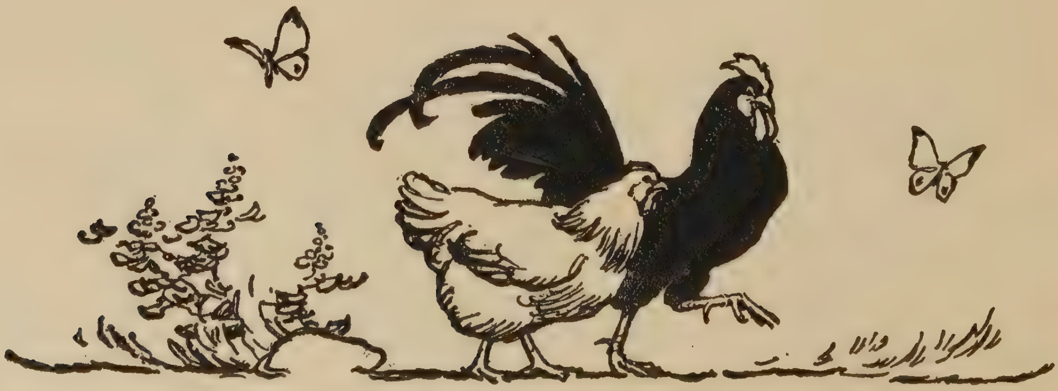
At that both children gave a frightened look at the already dark garden and started for the door.

"Hold on," said Daddy, "I'll bring my flash."

So the whole family started out in search of the little black rooster. They hunted everywhere—in the blackberry bushes, under the back porch, in the wood shed, in every corner they could think of, and still no Joseph was to be seen. At last Mother heard some queer sounds from the branches of a big maple tree that stood in the yard. When Daddy turned the flash up, there was Joseph, crouched down, blinking at them, and moving restlessly from foot to foot, for he did not like to be roused from his night's rest. Oh, how glad they were to see him! The children wanted to bring him inside for the night, so Daddy stood on a chair and managed to get him down, while Mother arranged a box for him in the kitchen.

After that, for several days, the children felt badly to see that the little rooster seemed so very lonely. He would wander about in the garden, but could hardly be induced to eat at all and hardly ever crowed. Even his beautiful tail feathers drooped and made him look very forlorn. But one day, as Nancy stood by the kitchen window drying dishes, she cried, "Oh, Mother, look!" Joseph has brought one of Mrs. Irwin's chickens up here to play with him!"

Sure enough, there was Joseph, with tail erect and head high, strutting by the side of a little brown hen, bringing her to his yard to visit.



Bill and Nancy were happy again, for after that Joseph strutted around the yard with his little brown hen by his side as proudly as ever he had walked in the old barnyard. Each morning, quite early, he gave a lusty crow, and then started towards Mrs. Irwin's chicken coop. In a little while the children would see him coming back, his little brown hen walking beside him; and he would bring her up to the kitchen door for the breakfast of crumbs and potato skins which Nancy was sure to throw to them.

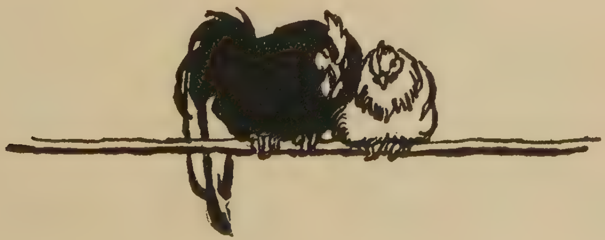
All day long they played happily together. Joseph delighted to find specially fine berries or big grasshoppers for his visitor. The little brown hen never seemed to long for the friends in her own chicken yard but was quite content to have only the little black rooster with the beautiful green tail. Every evening, when it began to grow dark, Joseph took the little brown hen home again, going with her all the way, so that no sly cat should come creeping along and catch her; then he came back to his own roost which Bill had made for him in the wood shed.

Late one afternoon toward the end of the summer, Nancy came rushing into the house calling, "Oh, Bill, the Irwins are moving away and taking all the chickens with them."

At supper that night they talked over the problem of keeping the little brown hen for company for Joseph, and it ended in the children and their Daddy going down to Mrs. Irwin's and buying her.

The next morning Joseph went down and got her as usual. In the evening the children watched them start back and wondered what the little brown hen would do when she found the chicken coop empty. So, after supper they all went out to the wood shed to see if Joseph was alone. But the little brown hen must have understood all about it, for there she was, cuddled up on the roost beside Joseph, clucking contentedly.

ANNE LAMBERTON



CITY AND COUNTRY TALK

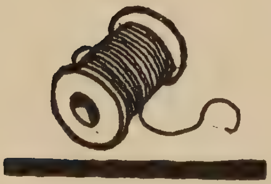
ONE day a country boy took a city boy on a walk to see the sights. The city boy must have been very stupid for this is their conversation, as the country boy reported it:

Said the country boy, "This is a field of milkweed."

Said the city boy, "How do you get the milk into cans?"

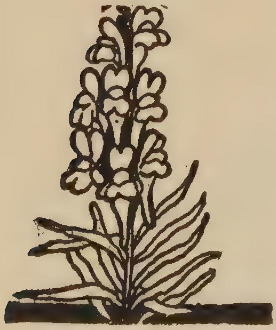
Said the country boy, "See this large grape-vine."

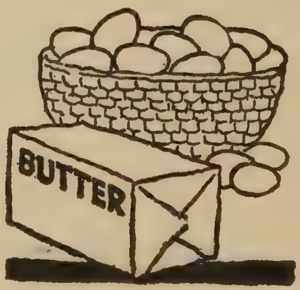
Said the city boy, "But where is the grapefruit?"



Said the country boy, "The silk is beginning to show on the corn."

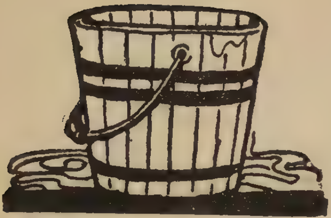
Said the city boy, "Let me wind some on a spool."

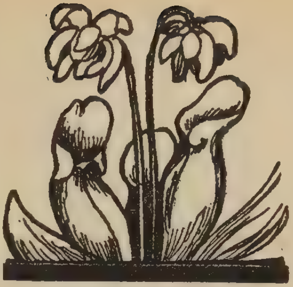




Said the country boy, "Would you like a bunch of butter-and-eggs?"

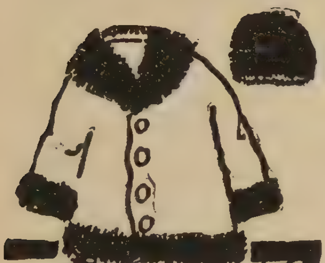
Said the city boy, "I thought you got butter by the pound and eggs by the dozen."

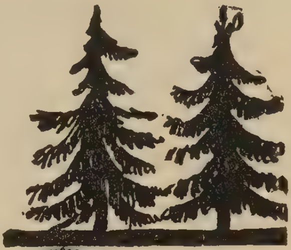




Said the country boy, "We often find pitcher-plants by the brook."

Said the city boy, "Then you don't need to bring a pail for water."

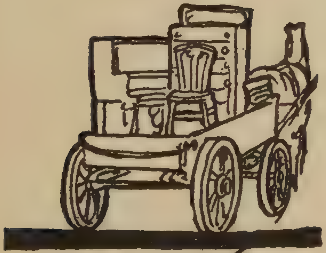


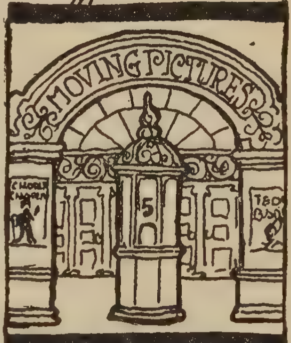


Said the country boy, "Don't you want to cool off under the firs?"

Said the city boy, "Why, we use furs to keep warm."

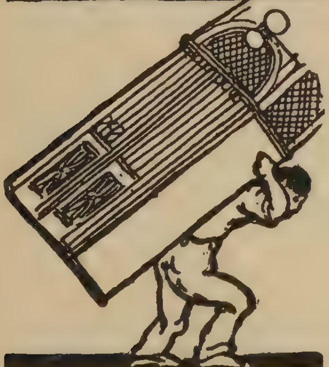
Another day the city boy took the country boy on a walk to see the city sights. He must have been exactly as stupid as the city boy, for this is their conversation, as the city boy reported it:

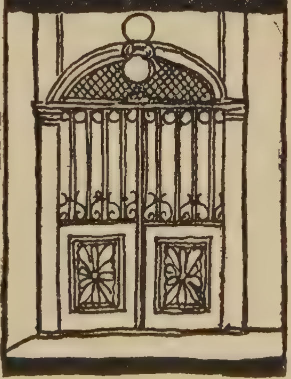




Said the city boy, "Here is where they have moving pictures."

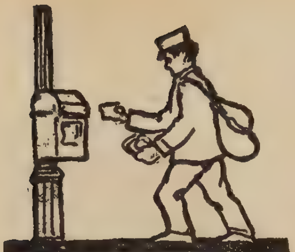
Said the country boy, "It must be easy for people who move often. Is there moving furniture, too?"

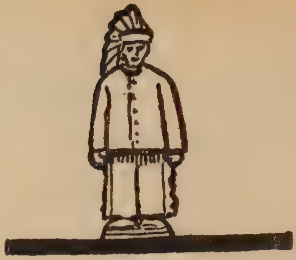




Said the city boy, "Would you like to take the elevator?"

Said the country boy, "I'm afraid it would be too big a lift."





Said the city boy, "It's almost time for the postman to come."

Said the country boy, "How can a wooden man walk?"

Said the city boy, "In the park you will see the bandstand."

Said the country boy, "Can't the band sit?"

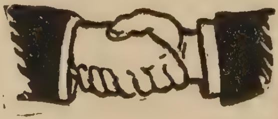
Said the city boy, "I'll take you to shoot the chutes."

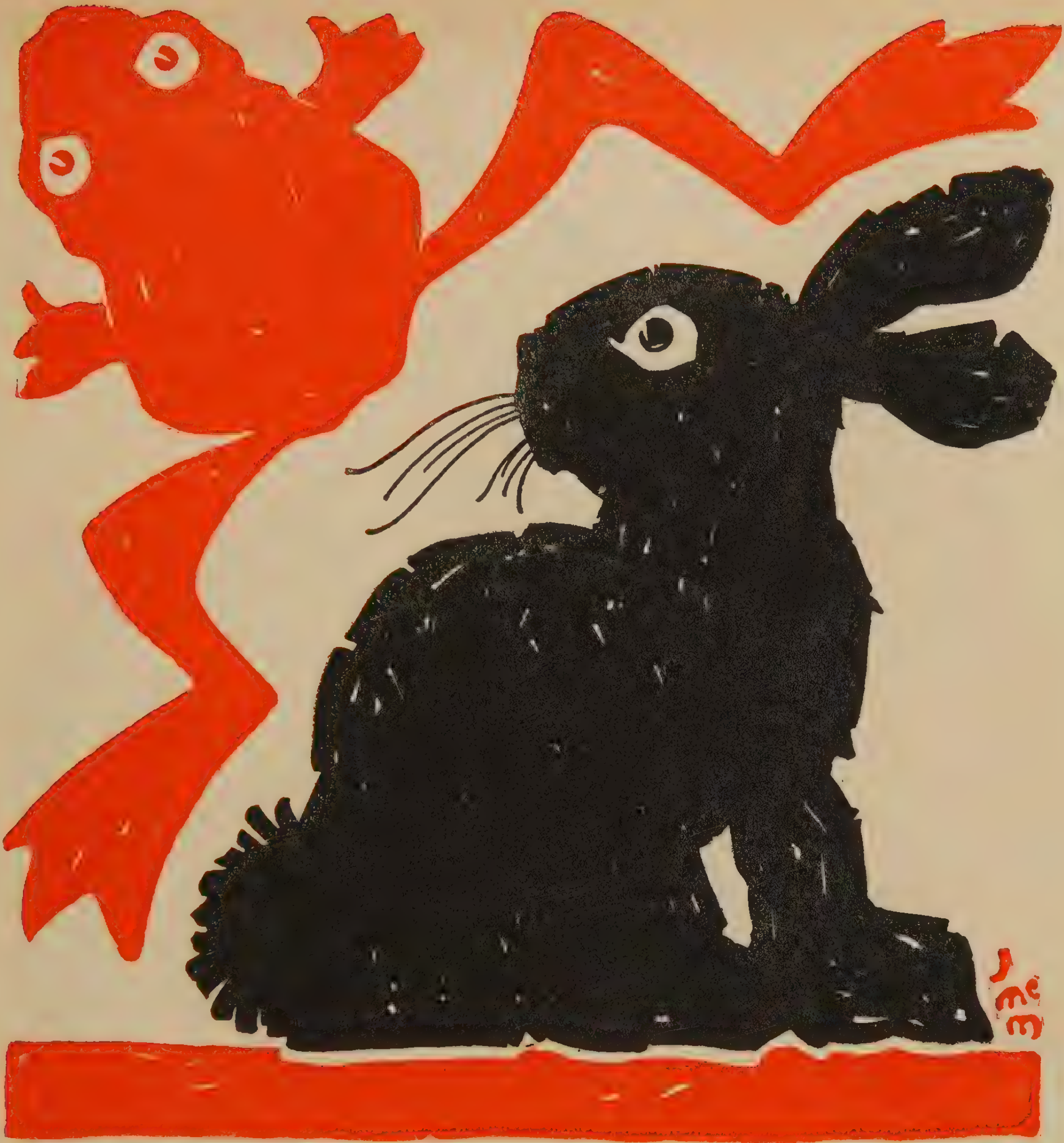
Said the country boy, "I don't want to kill anything."

Now suppose the city boy had told about his walk in the country, and the country boy had told about his walk in the city, do you think there would have been any difference in the accounts?

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON.

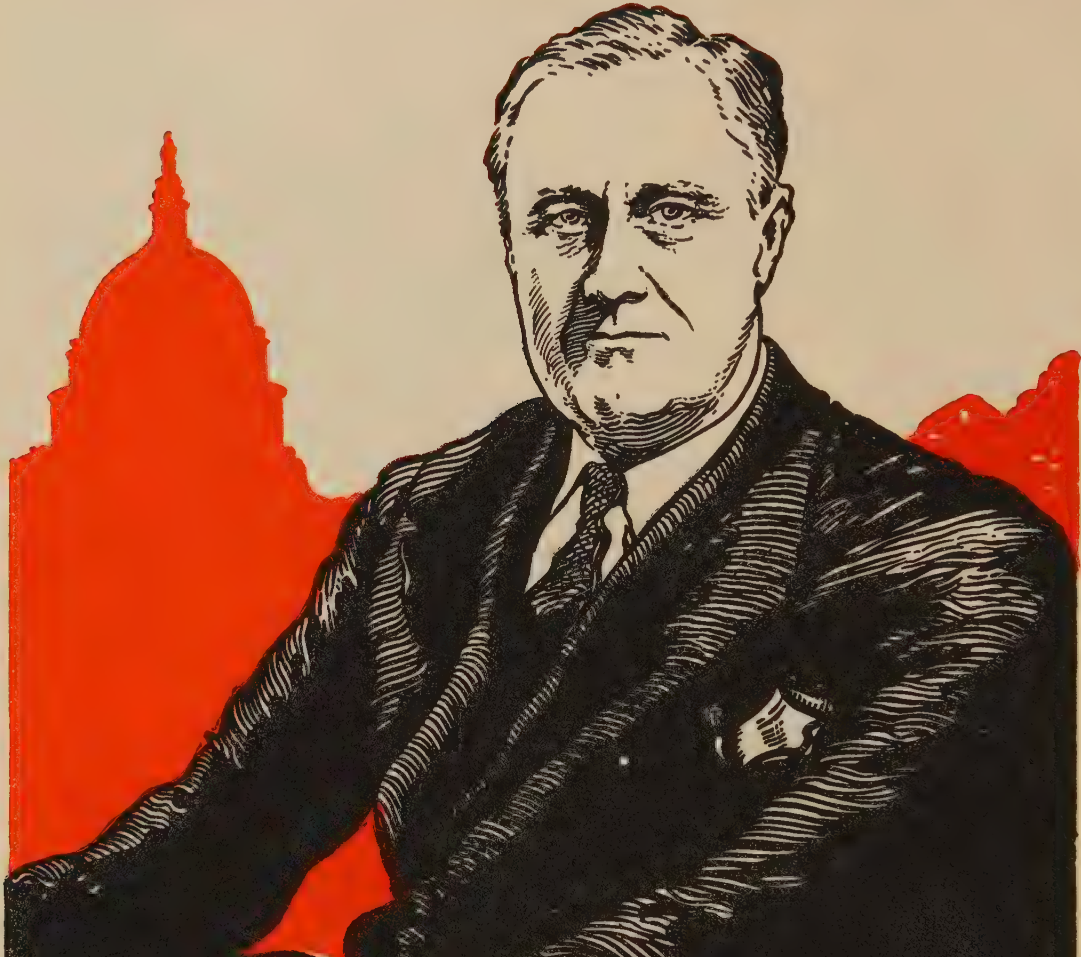
But, after all, each little lad was proud of what he knew and had.
A country boy, or city boy—each has his wisdom, skill, or joy;
And neither in the other's eyes should be more skilful, sharp, or wise.
Each is to each a human brother and neither better than the other.





EASTER RABBIT SHOULD BE WHITE!
FROG IS ALWAYS GREEN!!
AND SO I THINK THIS PICTURE
IS THE SILLIEST I'VE SEEN!!!

DON'T YOU???



FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

MY WISH for you, young man, is that you may never be President of the United States."

With every mother of a son in America secretly hoping that he might some day reach that high place, this was indeed a strange thing for a great President to say to a five year old boy. But Grover Cleveland was tired and overburdened, and he was sincere in his desire that the small Franklin Delano Roosevelt, holding tightly to his father's hand on his first visit to the White House, should be spared the wearing problems of a Chief Executive. But, all unknown to himself, the lad was already started on the long road which would bring him back to that mansion to live.

By birth he was a thorough American, tracing his family back to the Dutch Van Rosenvelts of New Amsterdam, but he had a heritage of wealth and position to overcome. It is true that Washington was a gentleman and a man of means, an aristocrat in the days before the Republic. But as the country grew and its boundaries were extended, a vigorous race of pioneer leaders was developed and one President after another fought his way up from obscurity and small beginnings. Presently it was an accepted legend that opportunity beckoned to the poor boy alone.

Young Roosevelt himself, on that long ago day in 1887, would have been the first to agree with the President. He was going to be a sailor. And during the first fourteen years of his life, every thought and ambition was directed toward the sea, thus preparing him for a great service he was to give to his country later on.

The lad's childhood was spent on the family estate or "farm" on the Hudson River, and there he learned the place of the land in human life. Ploughing, planting, cutting, threshing marked the turn of the years. Afterward, having come into possession of the broad acres and cultivating them himself, he was able to talk with the sorely tried tillers of the soil in the West, as "one dirt farmer to another." He learned from his wise father and practiced on his own land the principles of tree conservation so that, years after, when he put 250,000 men to work in the woods, he knew what they were going to do.

The Roosevelt parents were cultured people who loved travel, and before he was fourteen, Franklin had been abroad eight times. Cycling over the smooth roads of Germany and Switzerland, sleeping in country inns and eating black bread and cheese, he extended his vision far beyond the borders of his own country and aided his facility with languages which, one day, would stand him in good stead.

When, a boy of fourteen, he began his preparatory schooling at Groton, he had made the serious decision of giving up the sea. Travel, vacations on an island off the New Brunswick coast and reading every book possible about the Navy and sea adventure had only increased his taste for boats and a nautical life. But the arguments of his father that, for him, the law would be a more practical calling won out.

At Groton, young Roosevelt's first formal school, a difference was apparent between him and his fellows. His association with his father and with private tutors had given him a great mental curiosity. He studied for the joy of it and gloried in every new mental window that opened for him. This naturally, for a time, set him apart from youths to whom lessons were tasks to be gotten through as quickly as possible for more interesting things.

Public speaking was stressed, and long before radio had been thought of, that golden voice was developed which later was to thrill millions. Words had always been his delight. He was still a little chap when his mother once discovered him reading the dictionary. To her astonished inquiries he replied, "I don't know the meaning of lots of words. I thought this was the way to find out." One of Roosevelt's chief joys was in debating. He always loved a good fight and he put his whole soul into his arguments. One of the subjects discussed in his Senior year was,

> Resolved that the United States promise the Filipinos their independence as soon as they are ready to receive it.

He argued for the affirmative and won, little thinking that his would be the hand to confirm such a law more than thirty years later.

After Groton came Harvard where his instinct for improving things had free play. As president of the *Crimson*, Harvard's paper, he attacked unfairness on the part of teachers, demanded board walks in place of the muddy paths on the campus, and worked until the antiquated fire protection was replaced with fire escapes and modern equipment.

Law School followed Harvard, and Lawyer Roosevelt began to practice when he was twenty-five.

In 1913, having become known through his spectacular reform work in the New York State Legislature, the boy who wanted to become a sailor became Assistant Secretary of the Navy under President Wilson. With his ardor for improving things, he went to work to make a better Navy. He told the country it was not nearly so good as they thought it was and not half as good as it should be. With the Secretary, Josephus Daniels, he worked to such good purpose that, in 1917, when the United States entered the World War, the Navy was prepared.

When, in June, 1934, at the great Naval Review of the fleet in New York Harbor, President Roosevelt stood between Secretary Swanson and his old chief, Josephus Daniels, few people realized that, long before they ever thought of him for President, he more than any other man, was responsible for that navy.

The real test of spirit came to this man of activity and vigor in 1921 when he was attacked by an insidious disease that took away the use of his limbs. Valiantly he began the long fight back into life. No one ever heard him complain. His flashing eyes and his brilliant smile never deserted him. Little by little his strength came back and by 1928 he could drive a car and ride horseback again. That was the year he was drafted for Governor of New York State.

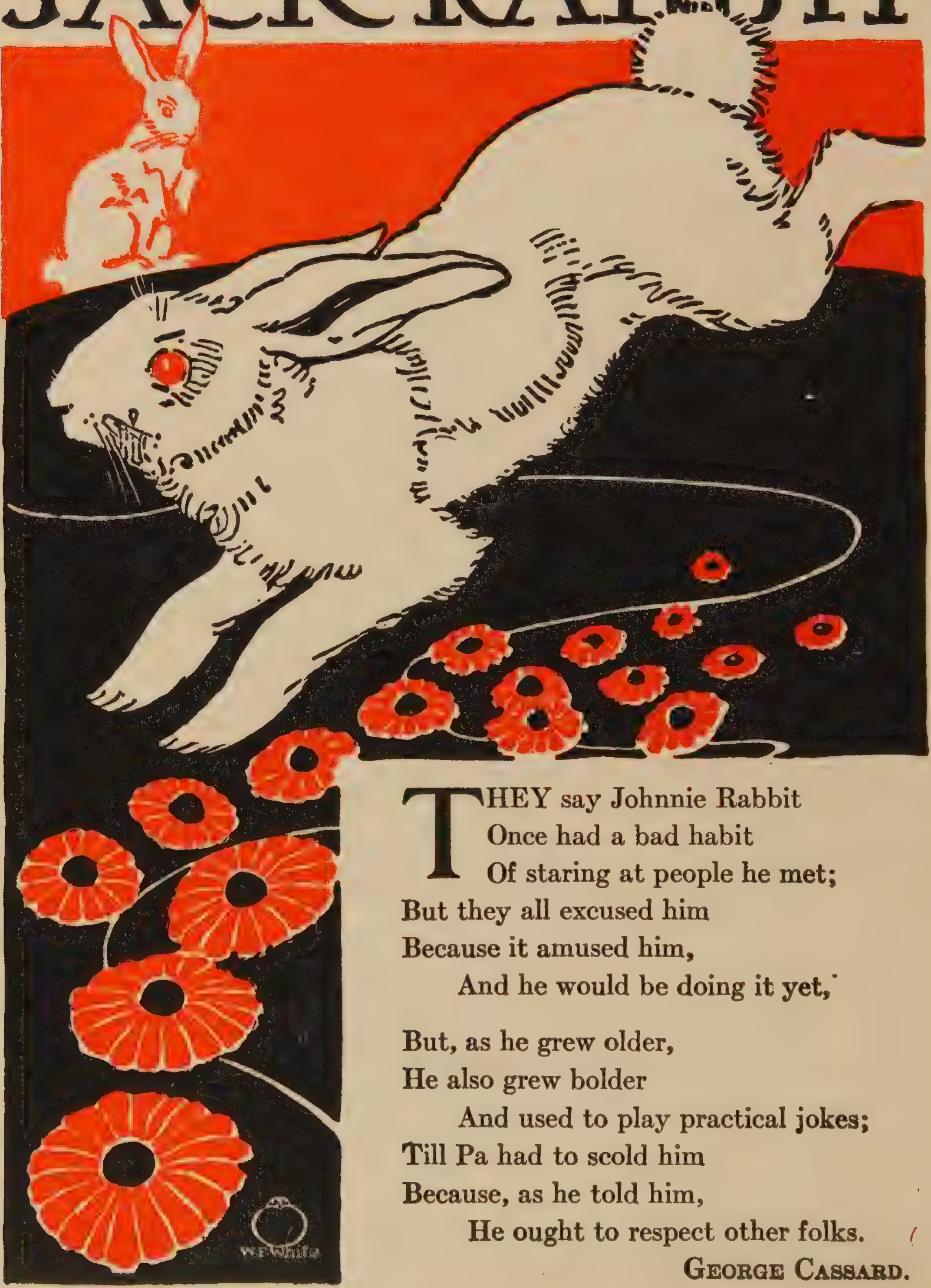
In 1932 the Democratic Convention nominated Franklin Delano Roosevelt for President; whereupon this breaker of precedents flew to Chicago to accept the nomination thus avoiding the expense usually connected with notifications. Four months later the people went to the poles and cast for him more votes than had ever been cast for any President.

Few men have ever taken up a more difficult job. The country was in panic, banks were failing, thousands upon thousands out of work, yet his courage did not lag. Before taking the oath of office he went to a quiet chapel to pray. Then, to a waiting world, that magic voice rang out with the message, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

He never could do anything as any one else did. He never left anything as it was. It must be improved. So he is hard at work, backed up by that lifetime of preparation, making a better country out of the United States. Let us cheer him on to success. Meanwhile, like his famous Presidential predecessor of the same name, "He is having a perfectly bully time!"

—HELEN WALDO.

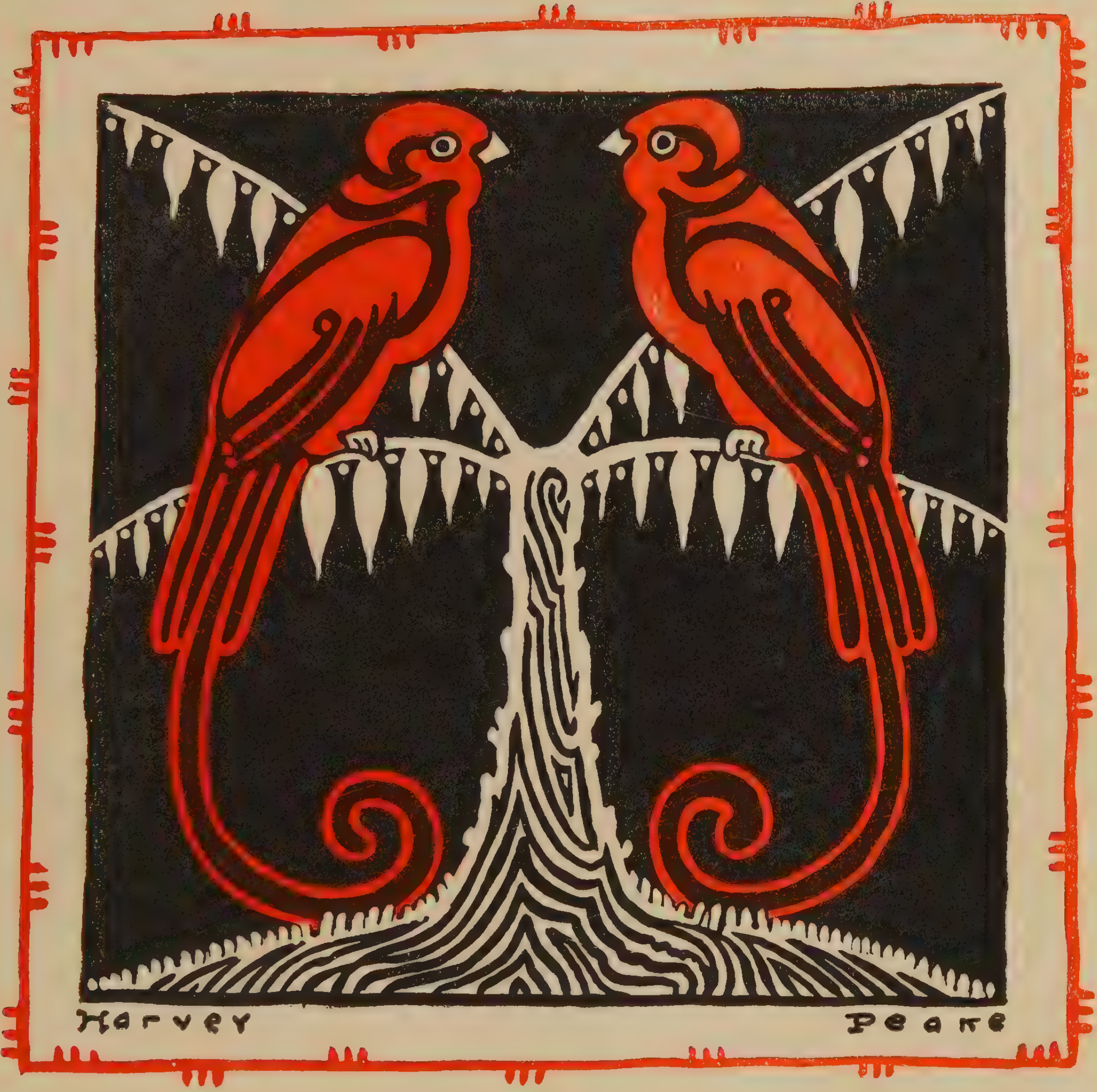
JACK RABBIT



THEY say Johnnie Rabbit
Once had a bad habit
Of staring at people he met;
But they all excused him
Because it amused him,
And he would be doing it yet,

But, as he grew older,
He also grew bolder
And used to play practical jokes;
Till Pa had to scold him
Because, as he told him,
He ought to respect other folks.

GEORGE CASSARD.



TWO WILLY-BIRDS sat in a dillywink tree;
They perched and they talked, but they couldn't agree.
"It's *I,*" said the One; said the Other, "It's *me*—
A-roost on a limb of the dillywink tree."

"It's *you* and it's *I* in the dillywink tree,"
Called the One; but the Other cried, "*You* and ME!"
Indeed, so he thought, why shouldn't it be? —
Now they're both out of breath; they've decided, "It's *WE!*"

A. M.

The Glass Prism

ONE day when Kittiwee was in the parlor playing with the lace curtains, she heard a lady say,

"What a beautiful white cat!"

"White! what's that?" said Kittiwee to herself. Then she sat down, curled her beautiful tail around her paws, and looked at it. "I'm white, am I? I'm just like the curtains; maybe they're white, too. Pr-r-r-r! I believe I've learned something."

Off she ran to the dining room and sprang at the tablecloth. She caught her claws in the cloth and swung and *swung* until it slipped from the table and fell all over Kittiwee.

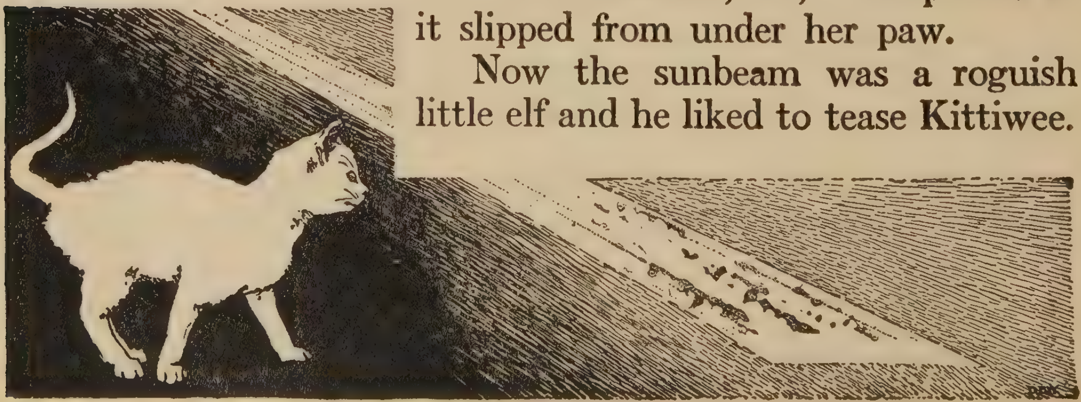
"You're white too, you are," murmured that gay little kitten as she scrambled from under the cloth.

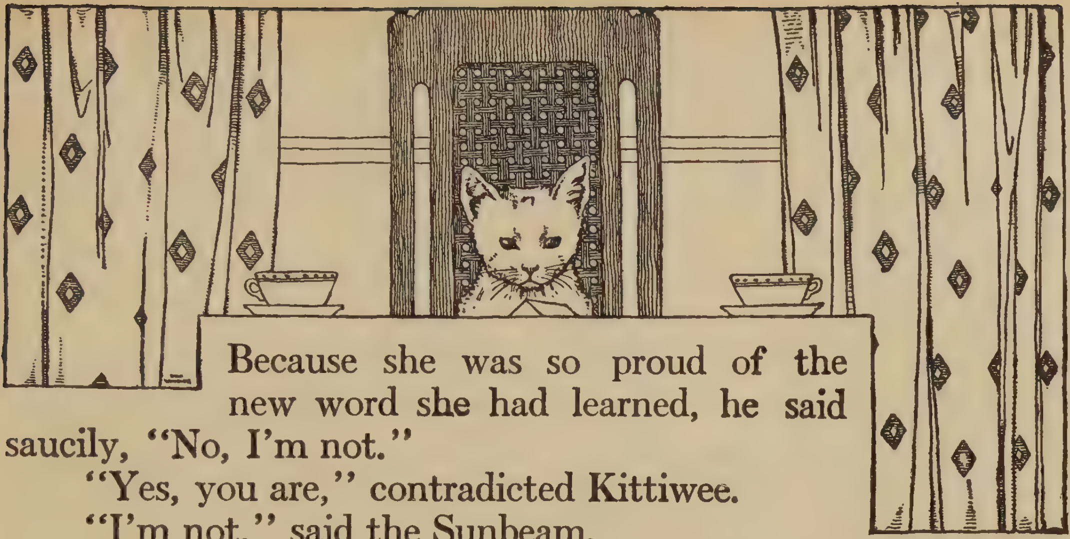
On the window-sill lay a letter that Mother had been reading.

"You're white," Kittiwee cried, as she sent it spinning to the floor with one flip of her paw. She was very proud of what she had learned. Suddenly she caught sight of a sunbeam dancing on the wall. In a second she had darted after it, playing peek-a-boo with it from behind a chair, and springing on it every now and then as if it were a mouse.

"You're white, *too*," she purred as it slipped from under her paw.

Now the sunbeam was a roguish little elf and he liked to tease Kittiwee.





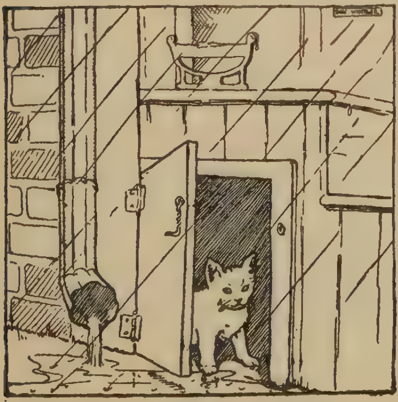
Because she was so proud of the new word she had learned, he said saucily, "No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are," contradicted Kittiwee.

"I'm not," said the Sunbeam.

"You are, too," Kittiwee insisted, beginning to feel afraid that maybe, after all, she was wrong and the sunbeam was not white. Still, she insisted that she knew all about it, and the sunbeam kept teasing her, until at last (I am very sorry to have to tell you), Kittiwee raised her little paw and struck the sunbeam very hard, with all her claws out, scratching him so that he ran away, for his feelings were hurt; so Kittiwee was left alone in a very naughty and angry mood.

There was no fun in playing any more, so she walked slowly out into the garden. The sun, who is Mother of all the sunbeams, had drawn a great cloud over her face, and her tears were gently falling on all the earth. It was raining. Now Kittiwee didn't like to be wet; she shook the rain drops from her fur and crept under the steps to keep dry and complained to the sun.



"What in the world are you crying about?"

"I am grieving," replied the sun, "because Kittiwee and my little sunbeam have been quarreling."

This made Kittiwee feel very uncomfortable. Very soon she stole back into the house. She peeped around the door to see if the sunbeam had come back. Yes, there he was on the wall, close down near the floor. Kittiwee went in purring and looking as sweet and cozy as she could look.

"I'm sorry," she said, touching Sunbeam very gently.

'I'm sorry, *too,*" said he, and then they kissed each other but *said* nothing more for quite a while.

"Maybe you *aren't* white," Kittiwee said timidly, "but you do look so."

"I know I do," answered Sunbeam, "and so I am, on the outside. I'll tell you just how it is. I'm only a Sunbeam BOX; all sunbeams are BOXES. If you will unlock me you will find the rainbow fairies inside. They are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet."

"But I can't unlock you, for I haven't the key," said Kittiwee.

"There it is on the table," replied the sunbeam. Kittiwee sprang up on the table and looked around. "There isn't anything here but this pretty piece of glass."

"That is the key," said Sunbeam.

Kittiwee pushed it off with her paw, jumping to the floor after it. She slid it along on the carpet until it lay in the light of the little Sunbeam.

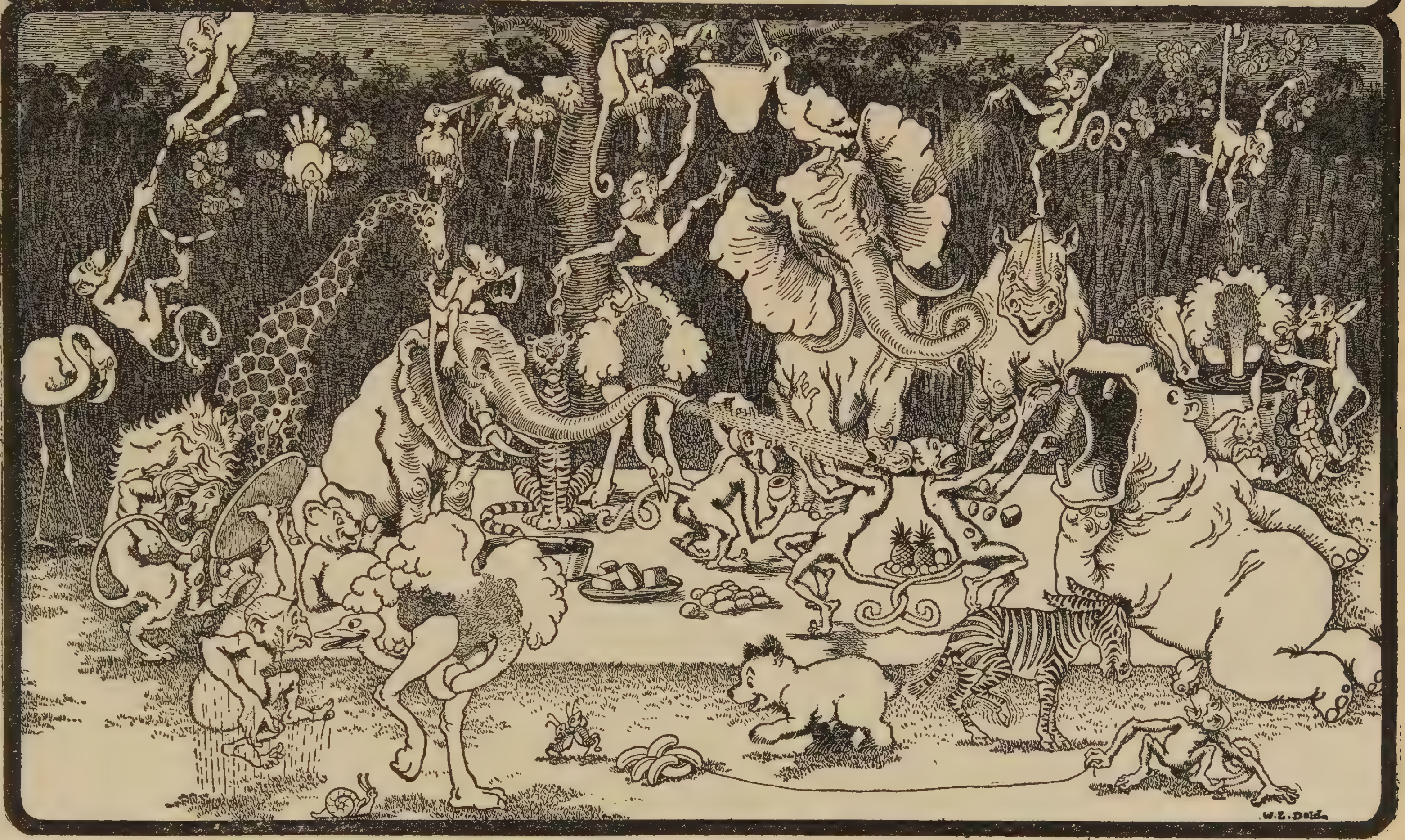
"There they go!" shouted he. "Look, Kittiwee, on the ceiling!"

Kittiwee looked up and saw seven lovely little fairies dancing on the ceiling, hand in hand. They were dressed just like their names, in red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet.

After a while Kittiwee drew the key out of the sunbeam and then the fairies all went back into the box, and Mother Sun put them to bed in their soft cloud beds. Kittiwee climbed into her own cozy box in the corner and fell asleep too. She was very glad that she had found a new playmate. Sunbeam was very proud to know such a beautiful Pussy as Kittiwee Puss.

AGNES C. RALPH.

A SOCIABLE TIME IN JUNGLE LAND



TALES
FROM
THE DAYS OF GOLD

by

Ruth R. Nelson

A PIRATE OF THE PACIFIC

FRANCIS DRAKE was an English lad who spent the early years of his life upon a houseboat. There he lived with his eleven brothers and sisters; there it was that he had his "first taste of the water" when he accidentally fell overboard one day.

Perhaps this early time spent upon the water was one reason for Francis' great love of the sea, for while he was still very young, he determined to be a sailor. He had heard of the wonderful voyages of Columbus. He knew about the great Southern Sea which had been discovered by Balboa, and into which the brave Magellan had soon after led his little fleet for the first journey around the world.

Francis was filled with a desire to see this great ocean which, because it was "peaceful," Magellan had named the Pacific. When he also learned about the voyage of Cabrillo, a Spaniard who was the first white man to explore the western coast of the new continent, Drake's ambition became a determination to sail upon this sea.

Francis Drake's first few voyages were fortunate, for at eighteen, he was already captain of a small ship. Then his cousin asked him to join an expedition to the New World in search of Spanish treasure.

At this time England and Spain were bitter enemies. Therefore every Englishman thought it perfectly right to attack Spanish ships or settle-

ments for the purpose of seizing their gold.

Francis Drake landed at Darien just as Balboa had done about sixty years before. He quickly learned from the Indians about the Spanish treasure trains which were being sent across the Isthmus from the mountains of Peru. He decided to capture one of them and, at the same time, have a look at the "Great Water" about which he had heard.

At the end of a twelve days' journey he found himself with his little band of followers at the foot of a high hill. From the top of a tall tree on the crest of this hill he had his first sight of the Southern Sea, the great Pacific.

Like every great adventurer who had been there before him, Drake's bold heart was thrilled by the sight. From that moment his every thought was a resolve to sail upon this sea and thus add glory and wealth to England. But he knew that, for such a journey, a great deal of money would be required. The first thing he did then was to capture a Spanish mule train which he learned was bearing bars of gold and other treasure. After many hardships Drake again reached the coast and in time arrived safely in England.

He was now very rich and a hero in the eyes of his countrymen. Queen Elizabeth sent for him. She listened to his adventures with sparkling interest and presented him with a beautiful sword.

Having now the Queen's permission, Drake soon had a fleet of five vessels outfitted for his new undertaking. He set out in November, 1577. After a long journey and many adventures, he found himself at the Straits of Magellan, through which he sailed and rounded Cape Horn. From there he slowly made his way up the coast as far as Oregon. Thus Francis Drake became the "first Englishman to sail on the back side of America."

But this part of the journey was made only by the "Golden Hind," which was Drake's own ship. The other four vessels had either been lost or had deserted. It is no wonder, perhaps, that Drake's men did not care to venture out upon the Pacific, for all the maps of this new ocean showed it dotted with terrible whirlpools, waterfalls, and dangers of every imaginable kind.

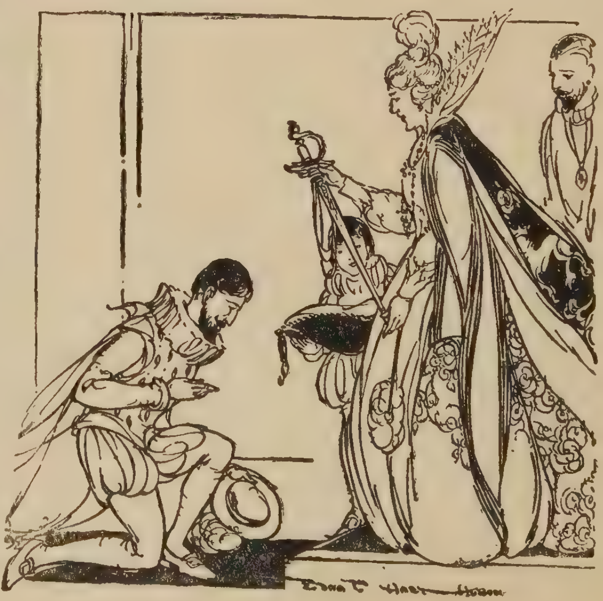
Drake and his men had a lively skirmish at every Spanish settlement on the west coast. He took all the gold and treasure he could find and helped himself to food or anything else that he and his men wanted. He was the first pirate of the Pacific.

Then he sailed on up the coast hoping to find a northern passage to the Atlantic. Bold and brave as he was, Drake did not wish to go back by the way that he had come, for he knew that every Spanish ship on the Atlantic would be on the watch for the "Golden Hind," which was now filled with Spanish gold.

On and on Drake sailed until the weather became so cold that he gave up all hope of going farther. The mountains near the coast were covered with snow and ice, and his men were in great distress. He turned back down the coast, looking for some sheltered inlet in which to anchor and repair his ship.

Thus he came into the bay which is now called for him Drake's Bay. As the ship entered this sheltered harbor Drake and his men could see Indians jumping the breakers and boys upon rafts riding through the surf. They had arrived in King Hioh's country.

The Indians plainly showed their astonishment, for never before had they dreamed of anything like the ship which they saw riding upon the waters of their bay. They were certain that beings from Heaven were coming to visit them. Word was quickly sent to King



Hioh whose heart was filled with gladness, for he believed these heavenly beings would drive away sickness and trouble from his people. He determined to give up his kingdom to them and to give them everything he had.

Early next morning King Hioh sent a basket of tobacco to the ship. His messenger made signs showing that the Indians wished to give obedience to the wishes of the visitors. He refused to accept any present for he thought it would not be right that the gods (as he believed the white men to be) pay for the offering. Drake was very thankful that the Indians were friendly, and he determined to make the most of their mistaken impression about him.

A fortified camp was built by the white men on the shore, and they set about the needed repairs for their ship. One morning, when they had been encamped only a few days, a messenger arrived with news that the King was on his way to visit the white men. A present was requested as a token of friendship. Drake gladly sent the gift and prepared to receive his royal visitor.

The procession soon arrived. First came the herald of the King, bearing a scepter of black wood from which hung two crowns and three long chains made of bone. The herald wore a robe of skins adorned with feathers. Close behind the herald walked King Hioh, clad in his robe of royalty made of rabbit skins. On his head was a crown of rich and beautiful feathers.

Next came the body-guard of the King. These courtiers wore robes of fur and feathers and chains of bone beads. Their bodies were painted with black and red stripes. Long lines of Indians followed solemnly after the courtiers. Some of them were nearly naked; others had garments made of ropes of feathers. All wore feathers in some way but not as they were worn by the body-guard.

Drake received the King with great ceremony. At the same time, he was on his guard, for the Indians far outnumbered his own little band of men. After the herald had made a speech of welcome, the visitors were entertained by a strange dance done to still stranger music.

King Hioh then asked Drake to sit down, and with many signs begged him to promise to remain and become their ruler. The Indians sang a song, and Hioh placed his crown upon Drake's head. He took off the chains about his neck and put them on Drake while all the Indians saluted and danced about the white captain. They were happy because they still believed that gods from Heaven were with them.

Drake could not refuse the present which Hioh had thus made to him. He accepted it for his Queen and because he wished to add to the glory of England. The Indians stayed at the camp all that day, happily watching the strangers.

Drake remained several weeks with Hioh and his people. Indian guides took him back among the hills where he saw herds of deer, wild hares, and conies, queer little animals something like squirrels.

At last the ship was again ready for her journey. King Hioh was very sad when he found that his new friends were going away.

Drake set up a great wooden post bearing a message which said that King Hioh had given this land to English rulers. Then he bade farewell to Hioh and his friendly people. The Indians built great fires upon the cliffs to light the sea for their friends. No doubt they were filled with hope that some day the Englishmen would come back. Then Hioh again became the sole ruler of his people.

And now that his story is nearly finished, it is best to tell you that this name, "Hioh," was given to the Indian king by Francis Drake while he was living there among the Indians.

Drake, himself, was to receive a new title very soon. After a long, long journey out across the unknown waters of the Pacific, he at last arrived safely in England. Queen Elizabeth was delighted with his new exploits and the "new kingdom" he brought to her. She bade Drake give her the sword which she had presented to him, and tapping him lightly upon the shoulder she commanded, "Arise, Sir Francis Drake."

RUTH R. NELSON

AN EASY WAY TO DRAW

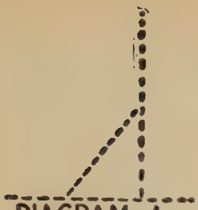
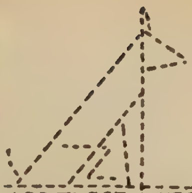


DIAGRAM 1


ADD THESE LINES

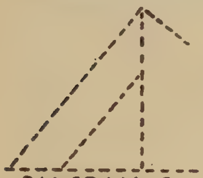
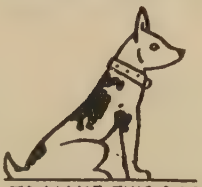


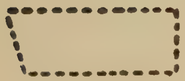
DIAGRAM 2

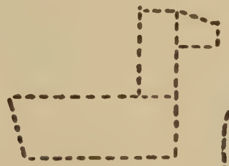

TO MAKE THIS DOG

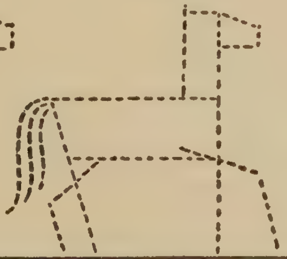
SOME persons might think that drawing a dog would be too hard a task for little boys and girls, but any one can do it who can draw a triangle of dotted lines like diagram 1. He may have a ruler to help him, too. Then we will draw another line running along to the top and standing out a little in front like diagram 2. Now look at the finished picture and round out the lines very carefully; then you may erase the dotted lines, put in an eye, set an ear at the very top, draw a perky little tail and a few black spots, and there is your dog!

When we want to draw a horse, we will make a box with one corner cut off like diagram 3. Then, to keep it from looking like a boat, we will stand a narrow box up on it and stick a little block out in front like diagram 4. Dear me, now it wants to be a duck! We must hurry and put on a real horse's tail with three curved lines, and a horse's legs with one straight line and three a bit crooked like the next diagram. Look carefully at the legs of the finished horse before you draw the lines which change your duck to a horse. Now let us fatten our lines very carefully and erase the dotted lines. A dot for an eye, a few marks on the neck for the mane, and two ears standing up in just the right place, and our horse is finished. It wasn't so hard, was it? Now see what other animals you can draw, using this same plan.

MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL







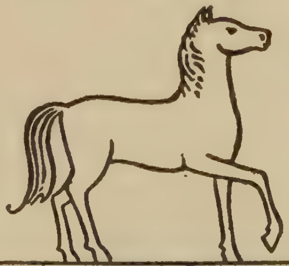
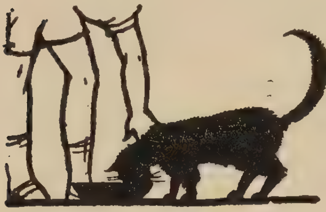


DIAGRAM 3 • • • DIAGRAM 4 • • • ADD THESE LINES ~ TO MAKE THIS HORSE

AT GRANDMOTHER'S

IT WAS summer time. The days were very hot in the city where David lived; so hot that, one day David's mother took him to the country to see his grandmother. She lived on a big farm where there were lots of trees and cool shade and soft winds. There were animals there, too. After dinner David went out to see them.

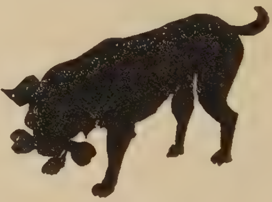


At the door the cat came and rubbed against his legs.

"Miaow!" she said; "I'm hungry."

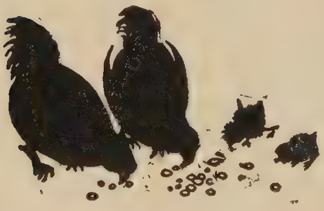
David gave her some milk, and she said, "Miaow, miaow." That meant "Thank you," and she drank it all up.

Then the dog came along wagging his tail.



"Bow-wow!" he said; "I'm hungry."

David gave him a bone, and he said, "Bow-wow, bow-wow." That meant "Thank you," and he chewed it all up.

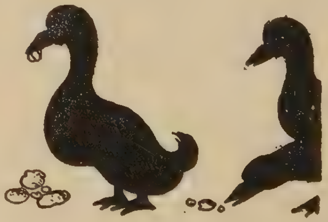


In the barnyard the chickens ran to him bobbing their heads.

"Cluck, cluck!" they said; "we're hungry."

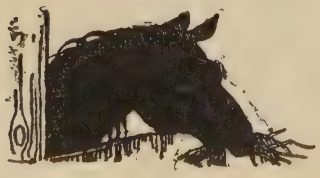
David threw them some meal, and they said, "Cluck, cluck. Cluck, cluck." That meant "Thank you," and they ate it all up.

Then came the ducks, waddling from side to side.



"Quack, quack!" they said; "we're hungry."

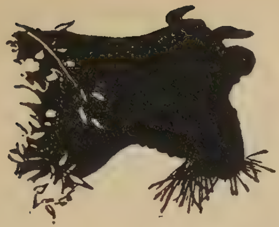
David gave them some good, soaked bread, and they said, "Quack, quack. Quack, quack." That meant "Thank you," and they ate it all up.



In the stable the horse neighed.

"Whi-hi-hin!" he said; "I'm hungry."

David gave him some hay, and he said, "Whi-hi-hin, whi-hi-hin." That meant "Thank you," and he ate it all up.

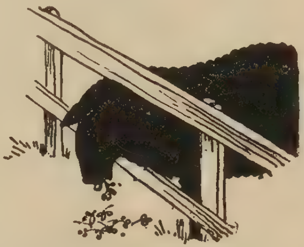


The cow in the field looked at him with her big, brown eyes.

"Moo-oo," she said; "I'm hungry."

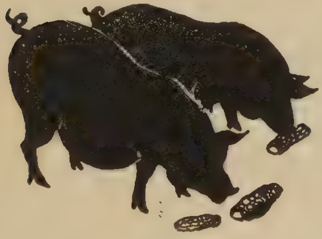
David gave her some fresh, green grass, and she said, "Moo-oo, Moo-oo." That meant "Thank you," and she ate it all up.

Then the sheep put their soft noses through the fence.



"Baa-aa!" they said; "we're hungry."

David gave them a big handful of clover, and they said, "Baa-aa, baa-aa." That meant "Thank you," and they ate it all up.

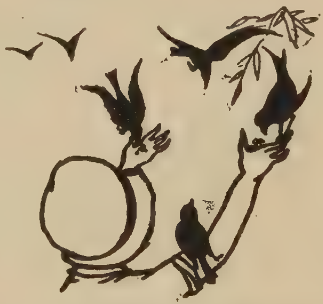


When the pigs saw him, they snuffed and grunted.

"Hgrrr!" they said; "we're hungry."

David gave them some corn, and they said, "Hgrrr, hgrrr." That meant "Thank you," and they ate it all up.

Then the birds came flying and hopping around him.



"Tweet, tweet!" they said; "we're hungry."

David gave them some crumbs, and they said, "Tweet, tweet. Tweet, tweet." That meant "Thank you," and they ate them all up.

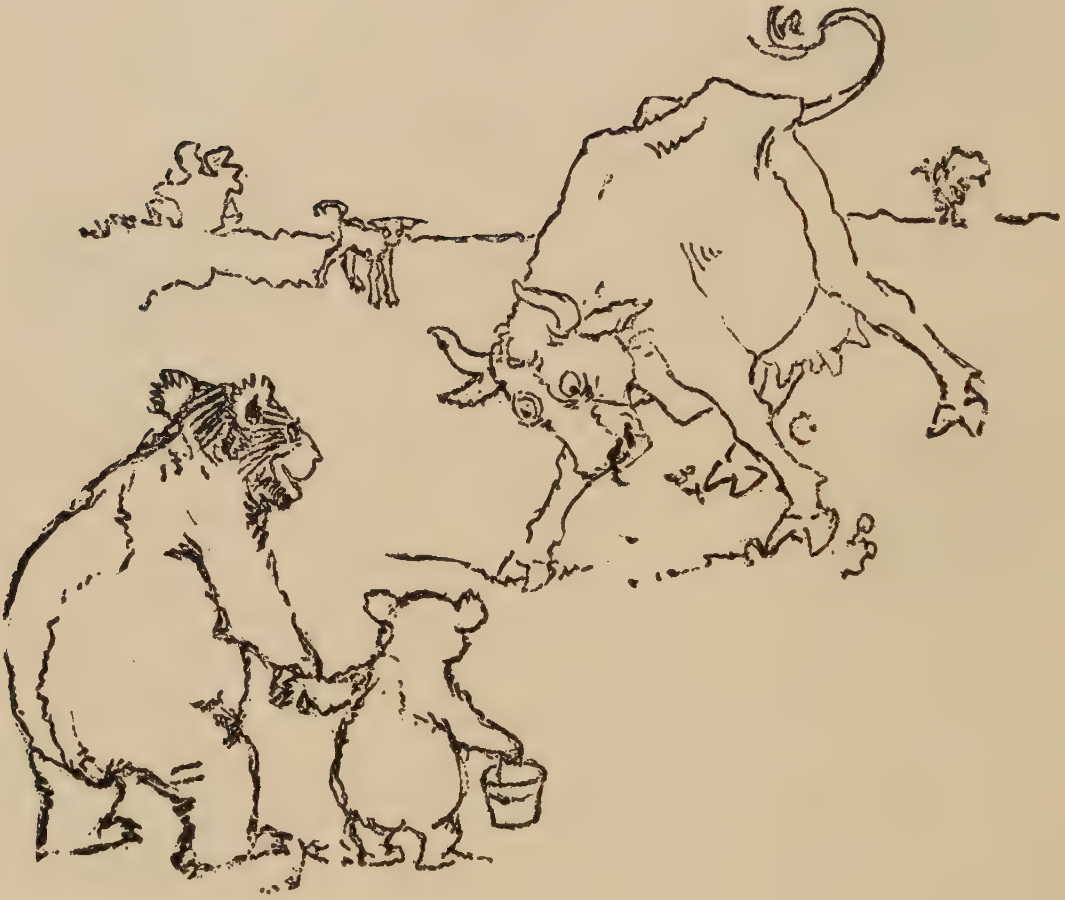
By this time David was thinking that he had better go back to his grandma's house.

"I think I know a little boy who is hungry now," said grandma when she saw him, and she gave him a big dish of bread and milk.

"M-m, that looks good!" said David. Then, remembering how polite all the animals had been, he smiled at his grandma and said, "Thank you," before he sat down to eat it all up.

ALEXANDRA PRESTON

STINGY MRS. COW



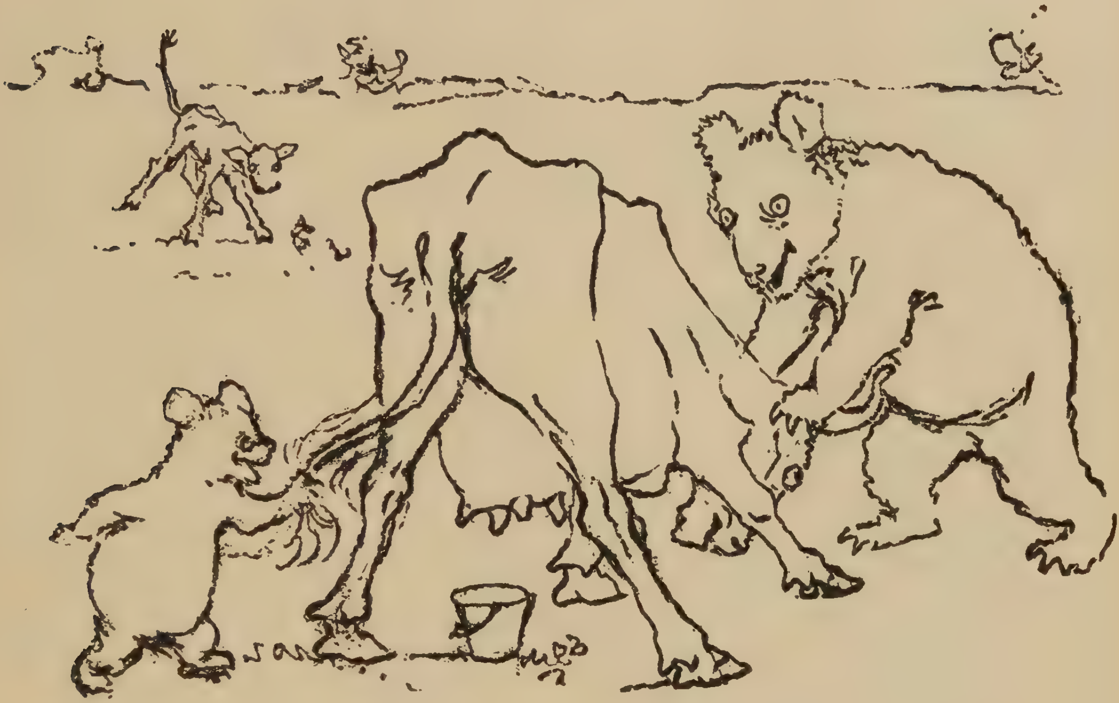
ONE day Mrs. Cow came across the meadow, quite near where Johnny Bear and his Daddy stood talking.

Johnny thought that he would like very much to get some of her nice fresh milk.

Little people always *love* to drink fresh milk.

so then—

as drawn and written—by FRANK VER BECK



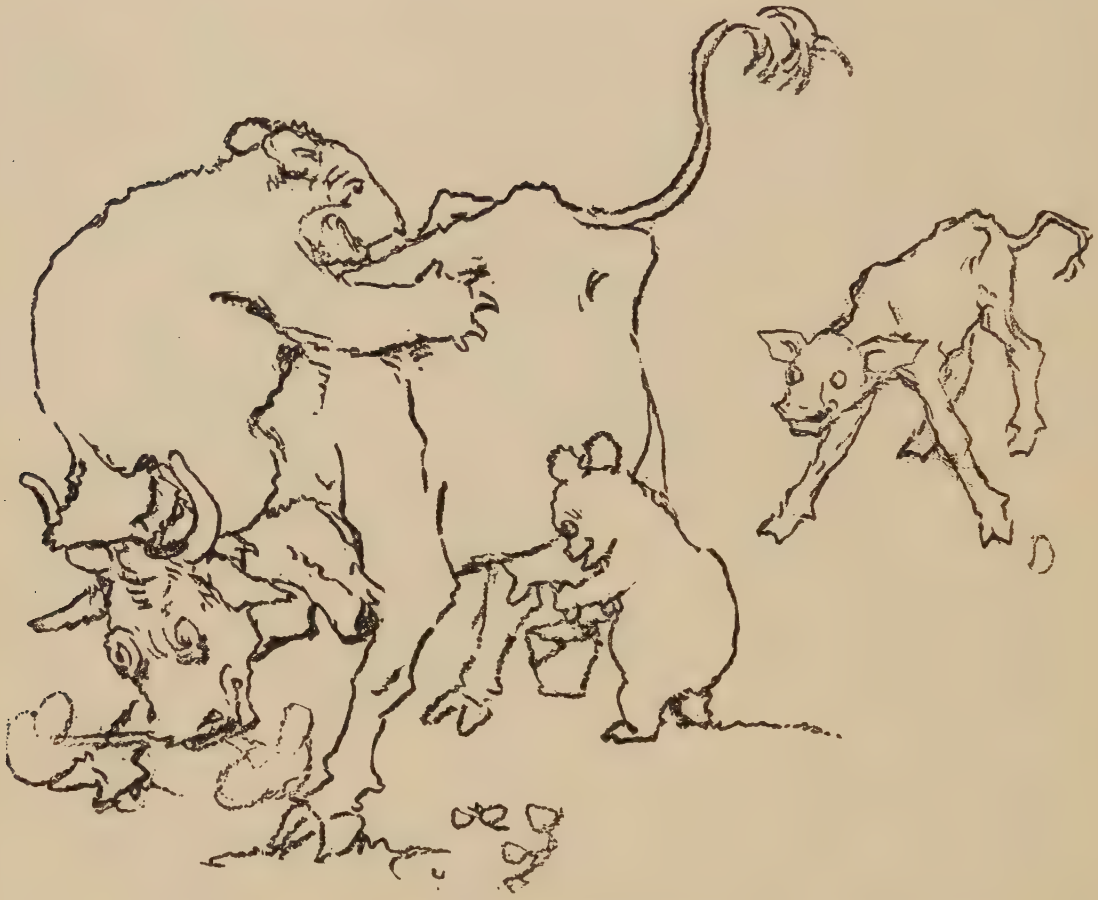
JOHNNY said,

"That's right, Daddy. Just hold Mrs. Cow's horns firmly and I will soon pump my pail full."

Johnny Bear thought Mrs. Cow's tail was a pump-handle. (Silly Johnny Bear!) So, it is no wonder that Mrs. Cow's feelings were ruffled.

turn over a page and—

and how JOHNNY BEAR *didn't get*———



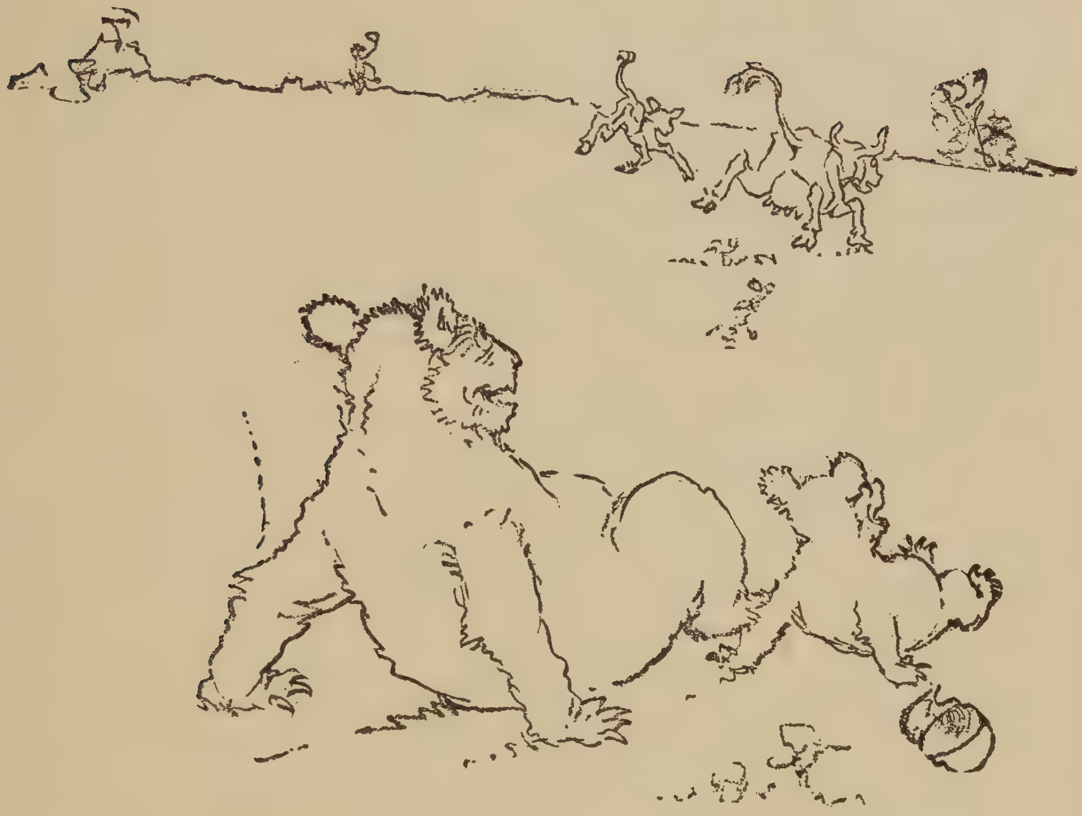
"JOHNNYKINS," said Daddy Bear, "you had better try to get her milk the same way the Milkman gets it. Now I will push her head down and scratch her back to make her happy."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted Johnny Bear, "I have one drop already," but Mrs. Cow said:—

"Mou-Ou-OOO-wo-O-O-O!!"

—and then—

a BUCKET *of* MILK



UP went Mrs. Cow's hind legs! *Off* tumbled Daddy Bear! Away ran Mrs. Cow!

"Well," said Daddy Bear, "if she's in such a hurry, let her keep her fresh milk. We don't need it as much as honey, anyway."

Then said Johnny Bear, "But, Daddy, don't you think she is a very *stingy* Mrs. Cow?"

"I *do,*" said Daddy Bear.

our two bears went honey hunting—

A STORM HOOD

ALMOST every summer outfit of boy or girl includes a large silk handkerchief or cotton bandanna. Two-thirds to three-quarters of a yard of canton flannel or woolen material will do as well to make the storm hood, which is much more protective and better looking than a handkerchief loosely tied over the head.

Spread the handkerchief flat on the table in front of you. Take hold of the two corners nearest you. Figure 1, ab. Do not let go of these corners until the storm hood is finished. This will help you remember what to do next.

Fold ab away from you to meet corners x and y at the back, making the fold across the middle at cd. Figure 2.

Keeping hold of corners ab, fold them back to cd. Do not let go of ab. Notice that there are three thicknesses of cloth at ac and bd. Figure 3.

Turn the handkerchief completely over, laying it down the other side up. Figure 4.

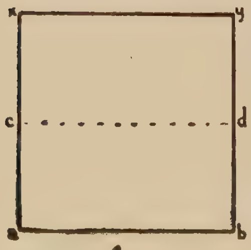
Still keeping hold of corners ac and bd, fold these corners down in a triangle toward the center. The lower edge of the fold should be parallel to xy, and the lines ac-e and bd-f should be vertical. Figure 5.

Keeping your fingers at ac and bd, use the thumbs to pick up the edge xy, and roll it over the corners ac and bd. Roll it over three or four times.

Still keeping hold of the corners—so you will not turn the hood upside down—place the hood on the head and tie the ends under the chin.

There is a tradition that when the early New England fishermen were caught in a storm, their neckerchief was converted into a storm hood in this way, and that this is the origin of the sailor tie worn by our navy boys.

GRACE MARIAN SMITH



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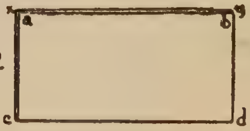

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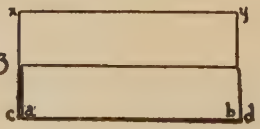

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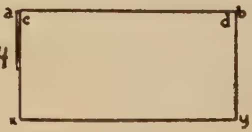

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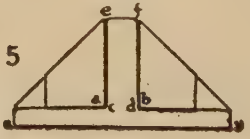

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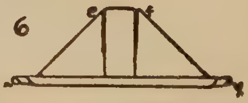
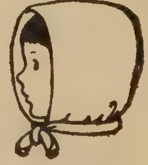
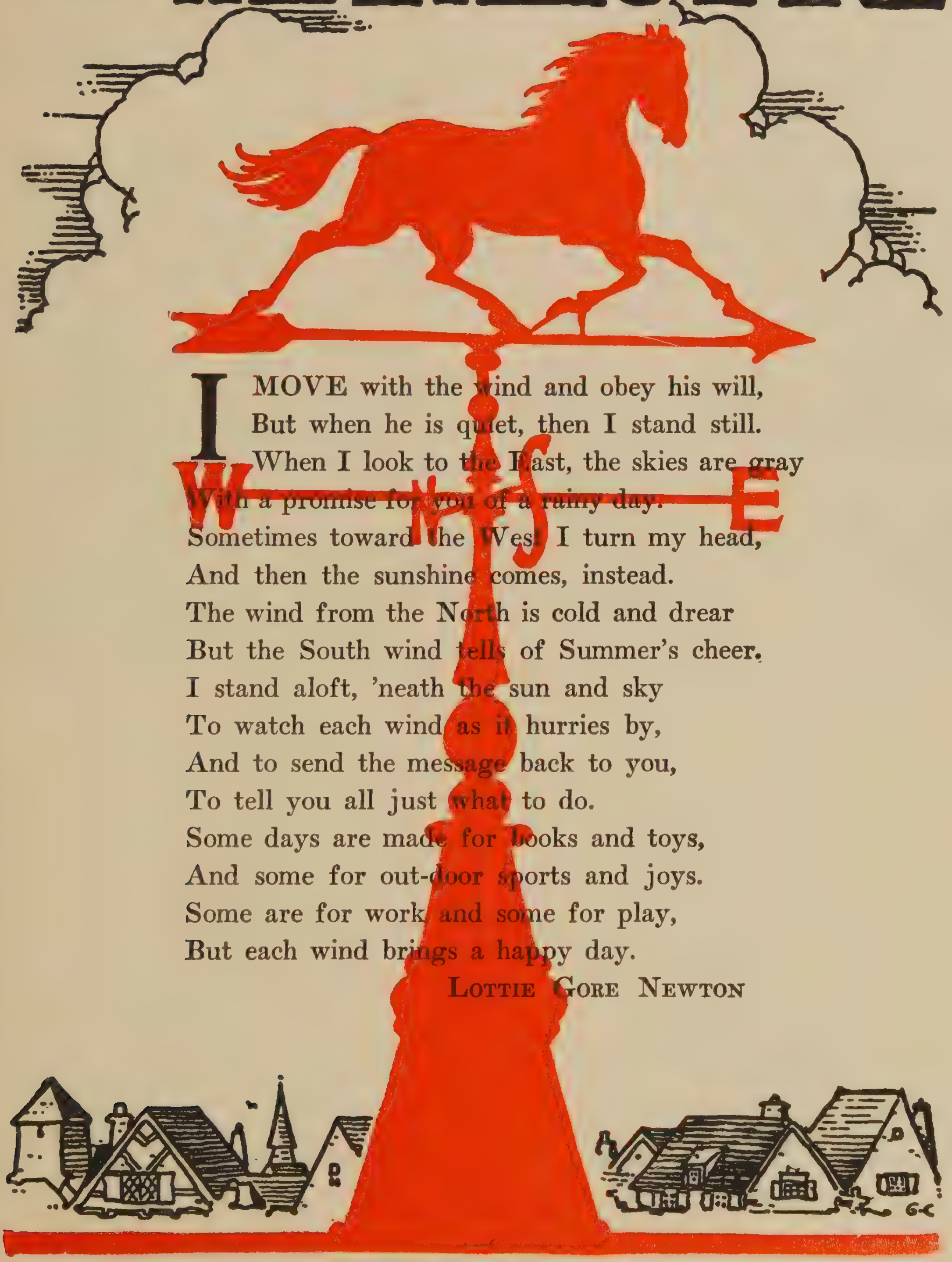


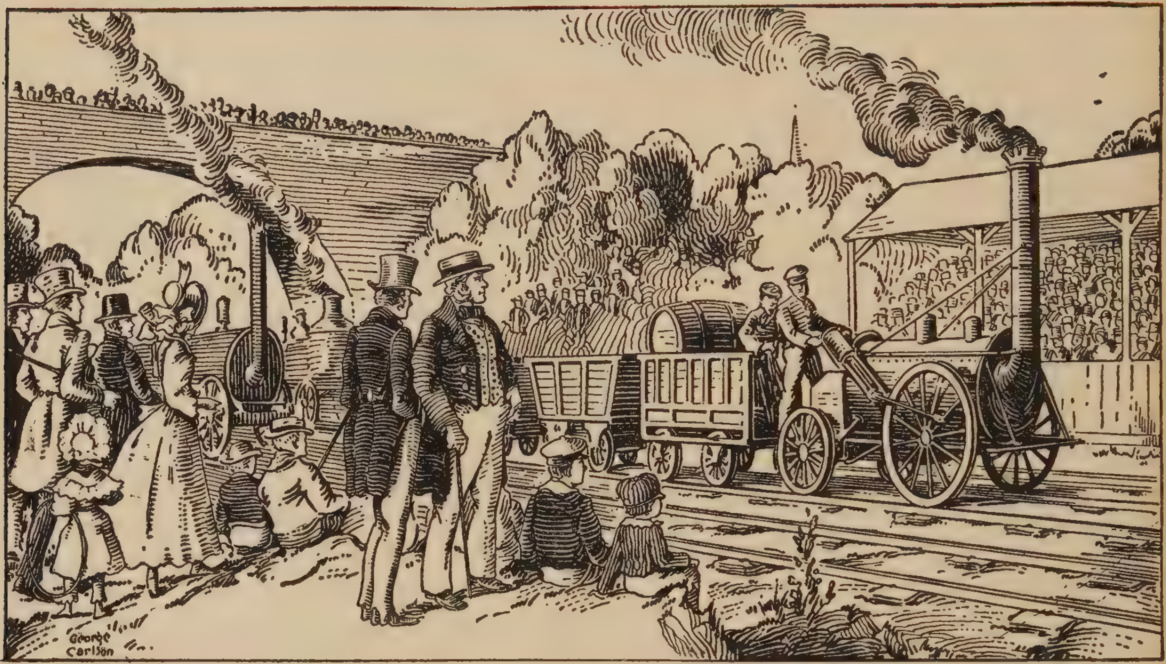


The WEATHER VANE



I MOVE with the wind and obey his will,
But when he is quiet, then I stand still.
When I look to the East, the skies are gray
With a promise for you of a rainy day.
Sometimes toward the West I turn my head,
And then the sunshine comes, instead.
The wind from the North is cold and drear
But the South wind tells of Summer's cheer.
I stand aloft, 'neath the sun and sky
To watch each wind as it hurries by,
And to send the message back to you,
To tell you all just what to do.
Some days are made for books and toys,
And some for out-door sports and joys.
Some are for work and some for play,
But each wind brings a happy day.

LOTTIE GORE NEWTON

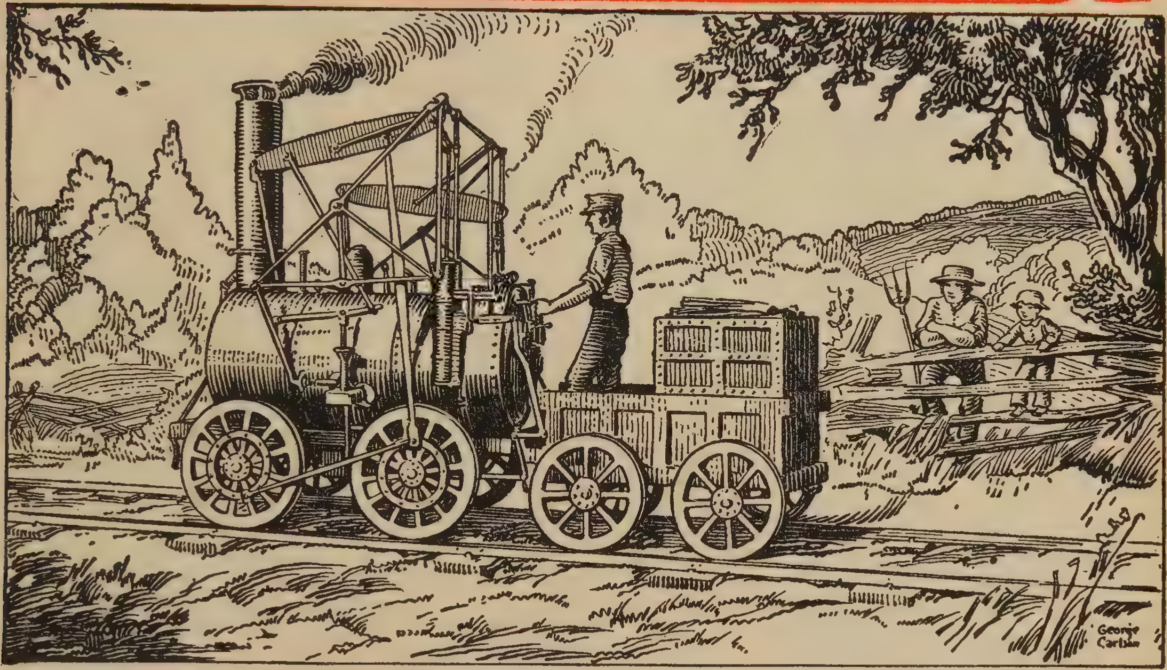


THE "ROCKET," STEPHENSON'S PRIZE WINNING LOCOMOTIVE—1829

THE first really important events in railroad history took place in England. The most famous of the early inventors and builders of locomotives was George Stephenson. Of poor and humble birth, his early life was a hard and constant struggle. First employed as a cowherd and later in a colliery at New Castle, he took great interest in the crude steam engines then in use. He soon showed his cleverness in making improvements upon them, and a short time afterwards he began experiments on engines to travel on rails. It was not long before his skill was recognized and several of his engines began to be used.

In 1829 the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened, and a prize was offered for the best engine. In October of the same year the contest took place at Rainhill and three engines were entered, one of which was Stephenson's "Rocket". This did all that was required to win the prize, and the award of £500 went to Stephenson. The "Rocket" drew a load of thirteen tons at a speed up to 29 miles an hour.

Many people at this time opposed the building of railroads and many silly objections were raised against it. In spite of all this, Stephenson continued his successful work, and before he died, in 1848, he saw his early ambition fulfilled.

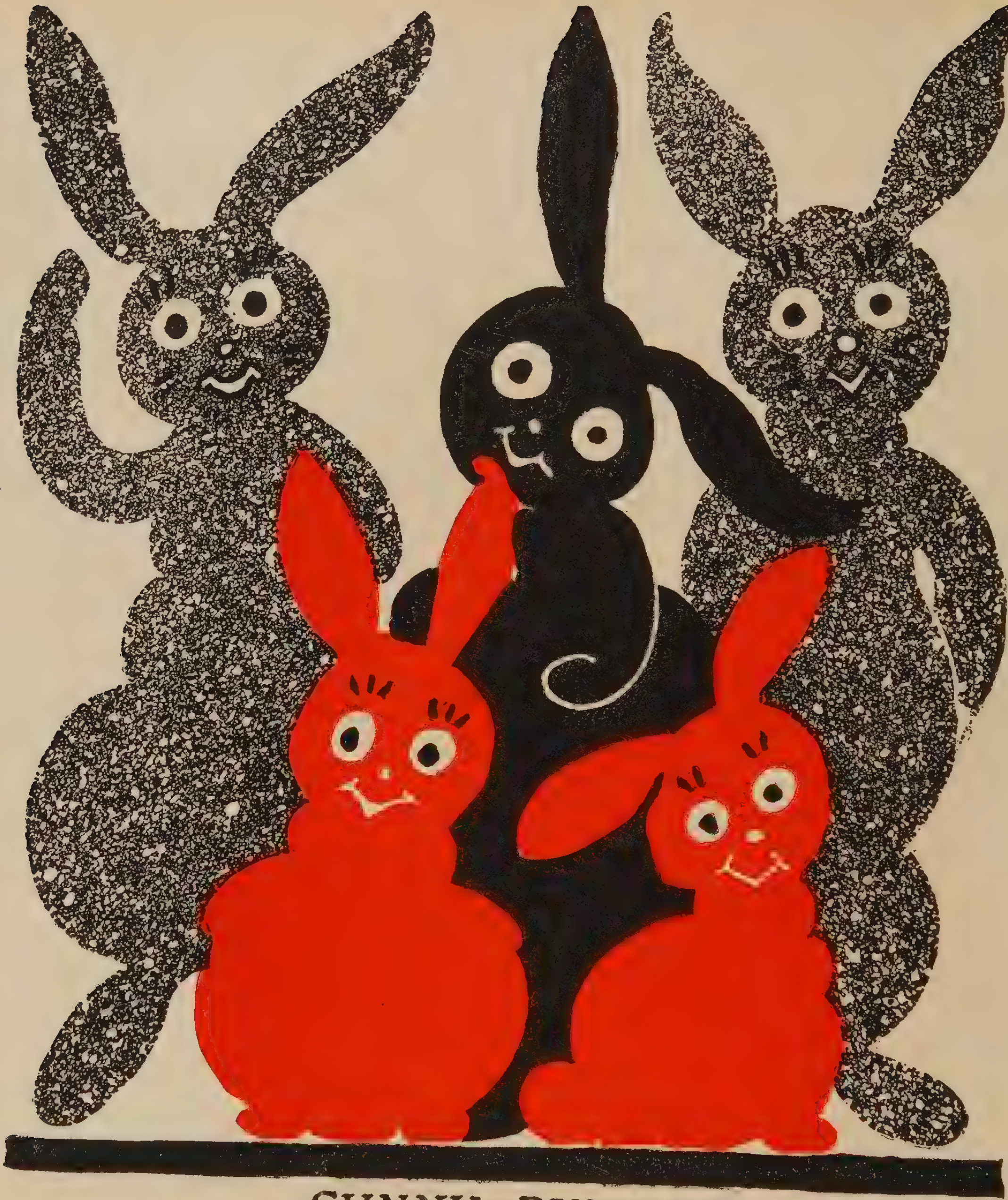


THE "STOURBRIDGE LION," AMERICA'S FIRST PRACTICAL LOCOMOTIVE—1829

WHEN word of Stephenson's success came to America, the officials of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company sent Horatio Allen, a celebrated engineer of that time, to England to study the possibilities of using locomotives on their newly built railroad.

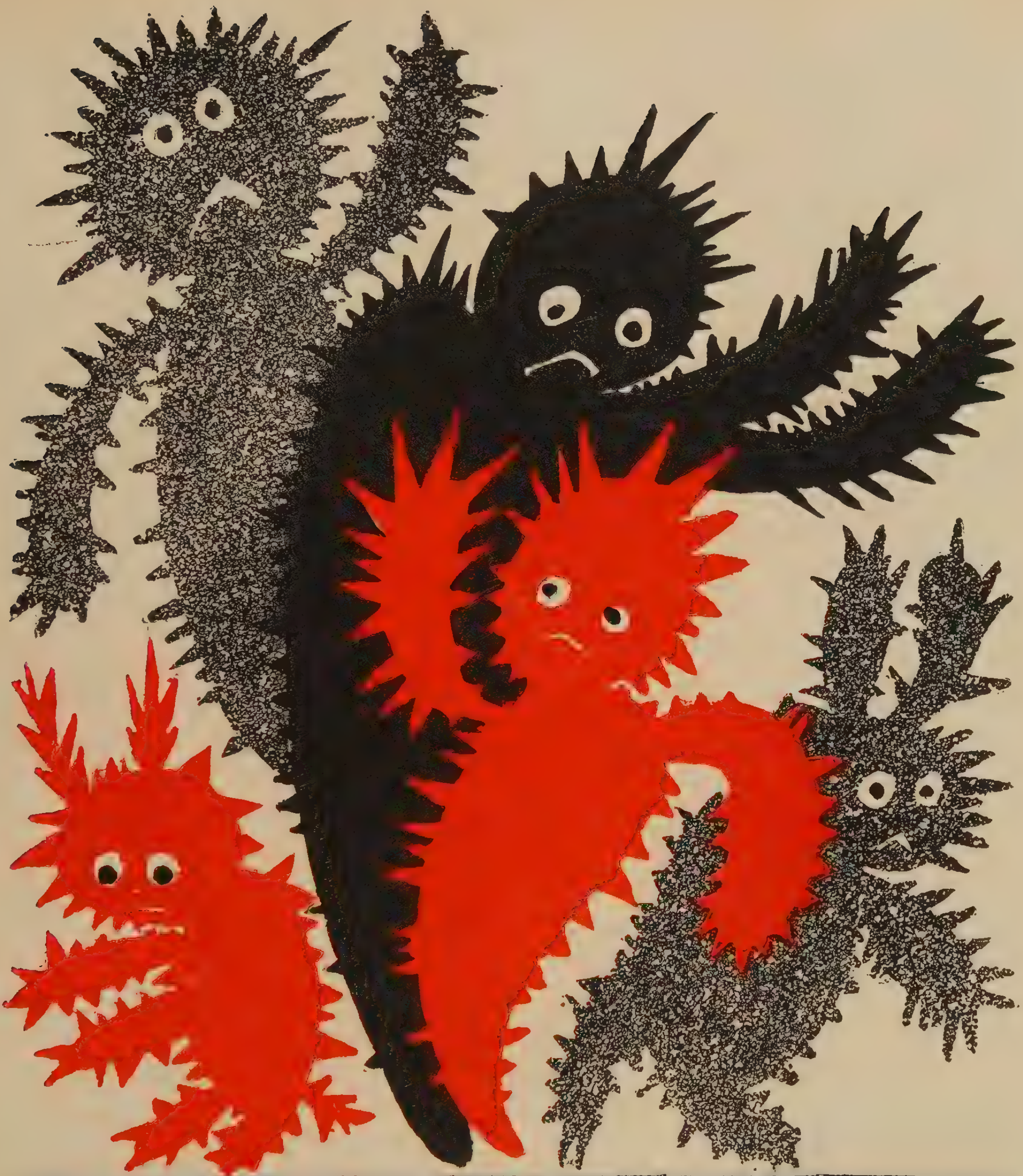
This road, known as the Carbondale Railroad, connected the coal mines with the canal at Honesdale, Pa. The engine selected by Mr. Allen and named the "Stourbridge Lion" arrived from England in 1829. This was the first practical locomotive to be run in America. It weighed 7 tons and was of the vertical cylinder type. A locomotive at this time was a novelty for Americans and regarded as a freak. The "Stourbridge Lion" was an object of great interest on its arrival. The trial trip took place from Honesdale on August 9th, 1829. It was said by many that it would be bravery indeed to ride behind it. Not wishing to needlessly endanger life, Mr. Allen undertook to drive it alone and successfully did so through three miles of the Pennsylvania woods.

The engine was reported by him to be too heavy for the frail trestles, and after a very short career was laid away and gradually taken apart. In 1905 the "Lion" was put together again and, with a few new pieces to replace missing parts, made up the complete engine. It was then sent, as an exhibit, to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.



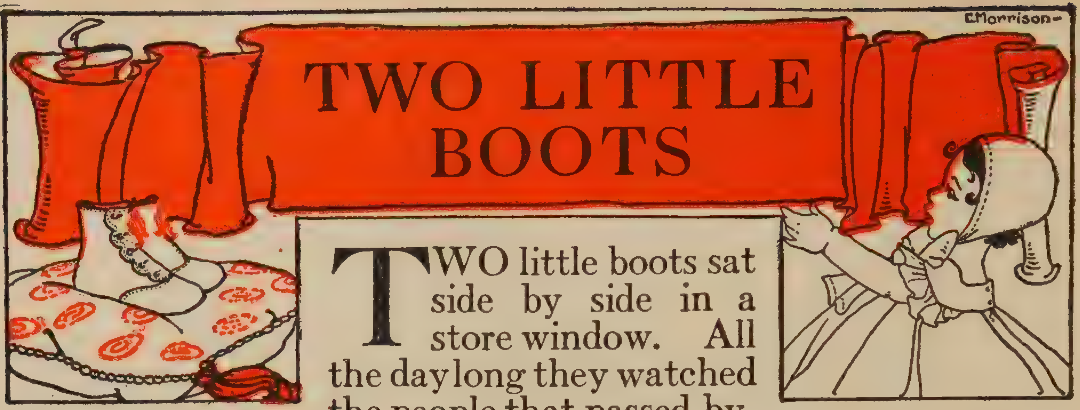
SUNNY-BUNNIES

YES, we are Sunny-Bunnies,
And do not ever doubt
That sunny hearts can always turn
The sunshine inside out.



PRICKER-STICKERS

YES, *we* are Pricker-Stickers
Who fuss and sulk about.
Yes, we are Pricker-Stickers, who
Just whine and kick and pout.



TWO LITTLE BOOTS

TWO little boots sat side by side in a store window. All the day long they watched the people that passed by. Many stopped to gaze into the window and admire the little boots, for they were made of fine kid with red tops and beautiful silk tassels.

One day a mother and her baby stopped before the window. The baby laughed and stretched out his chubby hands toward the boots. When his mother saw that he wanted them, she went into the store and bought them.

When they reached home, the baby put on his new boots, and ran to show them to every one in the house. Now the boots had felt very proud sitting in the window and being so much admired, so when they were taken out and carried away they thought they must be going to do something very wonderful indeed. But when they were put on the baby's little feet and they felt themselves being scuffed over the floor and stubbed against the back steps and kicked against the door, they felt very much abused.

"To think," said the left boot to the right one, "that we should be treated in such a way as this! It is outrageous."

"Indeed it is," said the right boot, "and I'm not going to stand it."

"Neither am I," said the first boot. "Let's pinch baby's feet."

So the boots became sulky and held themselves so stiff that baby's feet grew tired and began to ache. He sat and tugged at them; he tried to pull them off, saying

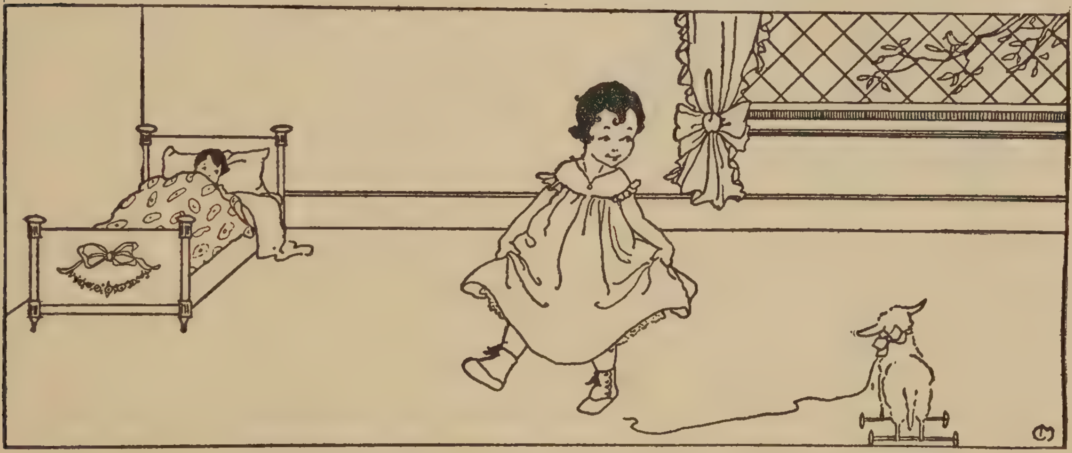
in a sweet sorry voice, "Hurts baby's foot, hurts baby's foot."

Then the boots were taken off and set away in a corner and his old shoes were put on again, and baby was happy once more. By and by it grew dark and the baby was put to sleep and laid in his little bed for the night. It grew so still that the little boots felt very lonely.

"Why is he so still?" asked the left boot.

"He is asleep," answered the right boot. "To-morrow he will romp and play again."

'How lonely it is," continued the left boot. "I'd rather be kicked and scuffed than to sit in a corner like this all the time."

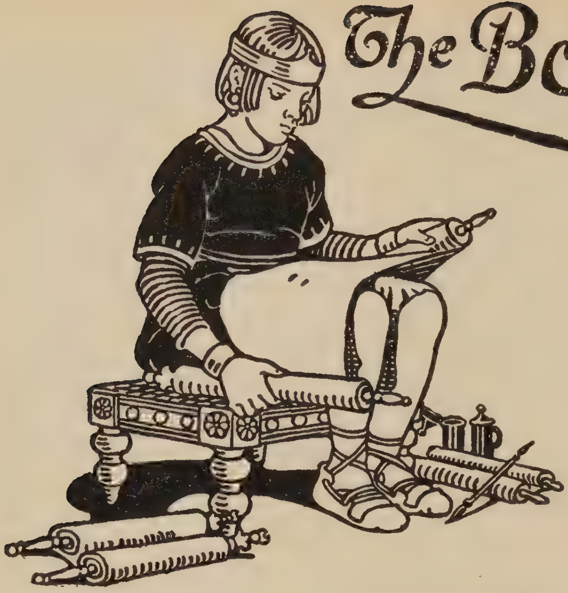


"So would I," said the right boot. "And do you know, I've been thinking that we really lived a very stupid life in that store-window. It would be much better to romp and run with the baby than to sit still anywhere."

"Oh yes, I'm sure it would be," said the left boot. "And I never will pinch his little foot again."

"Nor I," said the other. "His foot was so tiny, and soft, and tender that I am ashamed to think I ever pinched it." And the two little boots hung their red tassels in a limp and shame-faced manner; but when morning came and the baby wanted to wear the new boots again they were very happy, and received his little feet into their depths with such a gentle, tender clasp that he never again complained of them. They had learned the best of lessons—that the truest happiness comes from loving service.

LAURA WILLIAMSON BROWN



The Boy Solomon

FROM little boyhood, Prince Solomon, son of David, knew that he would be king some day. His father, the king, was spending his life trying to please the heavenly Father and make the kingdom stronger and better. "I shall try to be like my father," thought the young prince. He studied with all his might to improve his mind; for, he told himself, "I shall need all the learning I can get when I am king."

The heart of David was set on building a temple for God. There had never yet been a temple. The place of worship was a tent tabernacle. They had made it beautiful, it is true, but King David thought it not beautiful enough. "I live in a house," he said. "Our place of worship is only a tent. I shall make God a house of cedar and marble."

"No, David," God said to him, "I am glad it is in your heart to build me a temple, but you have had a busy life of many wars. The building of the temple is not for you. It is for your son, Solomon. He will come to the throne in a time of peace, and he shall build the temple."

King David could not build the temple, though he could help get ready for it. With the great architects of the kingdom he drew plans for a vast and magnificent building. He spent much time gathering together materials with which to build and furnish it.

He gave generously from his own wealth. Then he said to the people, "I have given of my gold, my silver, and brass. I have given many precious stones and much marble. Who is willing to follow my example? Prince Solomon will build the temple, but he is young and needs our help."

The people were glad to give. The king collected a great wealth of gold, silver, brass and all manner of precious stones, marble, and other valuable material.

Just before King David died, he said to the young prince, "Do all the great things you have in mind to do; falter not at any task; God will help you. Show yourself a man."

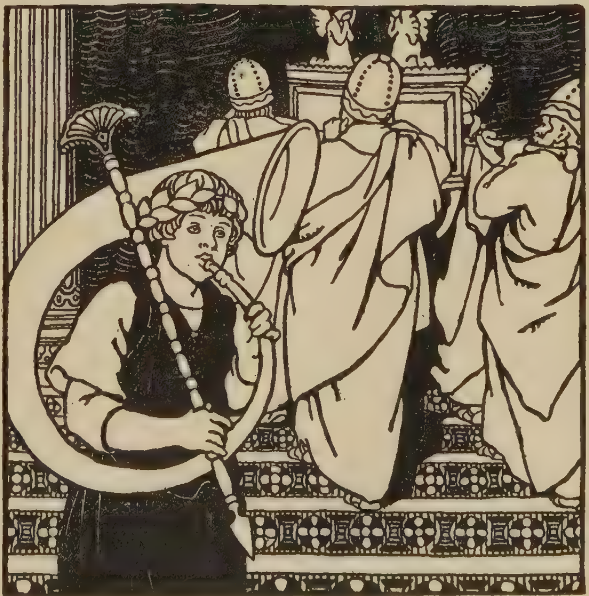
When his father had left him for the heavenly home, Solomon felt the great weight of the kingdom on his young shoulders. He went for help to the heavenly Father, who said, "Ask and I shall give you." "I am but a child," said the young king. "I know not how to govern; give me wisdom to be a good king."

"Only keep your heart right," counseled God, "and I will give you not only wisdom, but also riches, honor, and power."

With this promise in his heart Solomon began his rule.

One of the greatest things King Solomon did was to build the temple. His father left much material for it, but Solomon needed more. He spent vast sums of money until he had collected enough. For the fir and cedar trees he sent to his father's friend, King Hiram of Tyre. Some of King Hiram's skilful men came and helped Solomon.

The temple was to stand on Moriah in Jerusalem, but it was part of Solomon's plan that none of the material should be made ready there. He put a multitude at work on the material, the most skilful workmen and the humblest. There was work for all. They worked in various parts of the city, the kingdom, and the world. There was no sound of hammer nor axe heard on Mount Moriah all the while the building was being set up. Every part was complete when it was brought there. It was only necessary to set each piece in its place. Even the holes had been made ready for the gold nails that were used.



Never before had there been such a temple. All the beams, the posts, the walls, and doors were overlaid with gold. Pictures of angels and flowers were carved on the walls and ceilings. All the woodwork was carved with flowers. All curtains and draperies were embroidered with flowers. There were sparkling, precious stones everywhere. The most beautiful room was called the Holy of Holies. There the ark of the Lord was to stand. Two golden angels with wings outspread were made to bend above it. The gold, silver, and brass dishes, the rich furnishings were all set in their places.

King Solomon sent priests to bring the ark from the old tabernacle to its new home. He set a day for the dedication. On that day, a mighty throng of happy people gathered on Mount Moriah. The priests stood with the ark ready to carry it into the Holy of Holies and place it beneath the wings of the angels.

Amid songs of praise and music of many instruments, the priests entered the temple with the ark. Into the Holy of Holies they went, where none but they could go, and set the ark in its beautiful home. When they returned to the people, a cloud filled the temple. The glory of the Lord was there.

A sacrifice was waiting on the altar. The young king kneeled before all the congregation, spread forth his hands toward heaven and prayed for himself and for the people. When he finished the prayer, fire fell from heaven and burned the offering that lay on the altar, and again the glory of the Lord filled the house.

There was great joy among the people. They knew that God accepted the temple and was pleased with them for building it. The place of worship was no longer a tent, but the most beautiful temple in the world. Solomon's fame spread all over the world. All the kings of the earth came to see him and to learn of him.

Solomon did great things better because all his life he wanted to be useful in the service of God. There are children who say, "I am going to do this or that great thing when I am grown." They do not remember, as Solomon did, that the time for them to get ready to do great things is while they are young. If they remembered, when the opportunity came they would always be prepared, as Solomon was.

NELLIE HURST

The CONSCIENCE BIRDS

ONCE upon a time there was a young lady who was five years old. This young lady was named Janie. She had curly hair, brown eyes, and a nose that turned up.

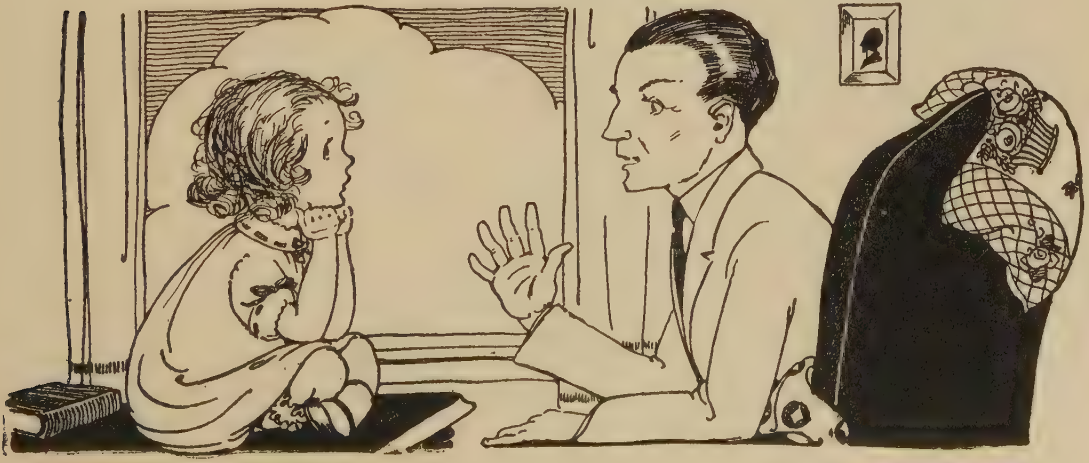
Her daddy used to say that this turned-up nose made her ask questions. Anyway, she was always asking them. Perhaps it was because she wanted to find out about things.

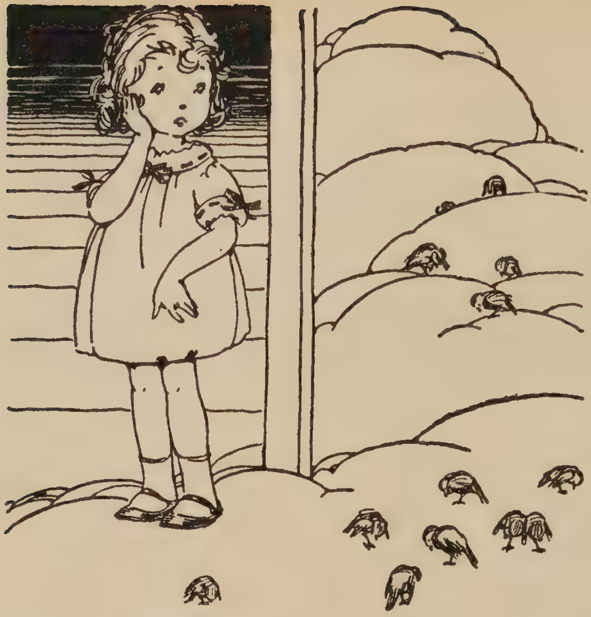
One day, she asked her daddy what the word *conscience* meant. Her daddy scratched his head (he called it his Think-Box) because he did not know how to explain in a way to make Janie understand.

All at once a bright idea popped out of his Think-Box! He decided to explain the word by telling Janie a story. This is what he said:

"All boys and girls, big and little, own flocks of small birds. We don't always know our birds when we see them flying about. Just the same, somewhere the pretty creatures, which belong to us and which we must care for, are flitting around.

"They are called *Conscience Birds.* It isn't necessary to feed them,





but they must always be kept warm. If the little birds grow cold, they all shrivel up and stand shivering on one leg. Then, if their little owner doesn't warm them in a hurry, they all lie down huddled up and as weak as anything. If warmth is delayed still longer, they turn over on their backs and stick up their feet, all cold and stiff.

"The little birds grow cold only when the little boy or girl to whom they belong is naughty. Their most severe attacks of freezing occur when their small master or mistress tells what isn't true."

After Janie's daddy had told her about the little birds, he went off to a bothersome place he called his office. Janie wanted to go out to play. Janie's mother said, "All right, but you mustn't go over to Johnny's house."

Janie went out. Before long Johnny came along and they began to play. After a while, Johnny said, "Let's go over to my house and get some cookies." Now Janie knew she had been told not to go, but she did like cookies!

She thought, "If I go nobody will see me."

When she came home, her mother asked her where she had been. She answered, "Oh, just around the yard." Her mother said nothing more, and Janie thought that would be the end of it. You see, Janie had forgotten all about her little birds.

After a time her daddy came home. He said, "Janie, let's go up to the attic and see how your little birds are."

They went up. When they got there, they found a secret door. Janie opened it and looked in. There was a bird house and all the little birds were shrivelled up, shivering and standing miserably on one leg.

Janie knew what was the matter. But she did not like to admit that she had told a fib. She thought her mother might punish her by keeping her in the house and not letting her go out to play. She decided she would wait, and maybe her birds would get warm again.

After lunch Janie went up to the attic alone. She peeped into the bird house. There she saw a terrible sight. Her little birds were just huddled heaps of lifeless feathers. She had a dreadful fright for fear they would soon become perfectly cold and stiff and turn over on their poor little backs with their feet sticking straight up in the air.

She rushed down stairs to her mother. It was very hard to tell about her fib. She felt so queer that she stood on one foot and rubbed her leg with the other. But Janie was badly scared about her little birds, and she said:

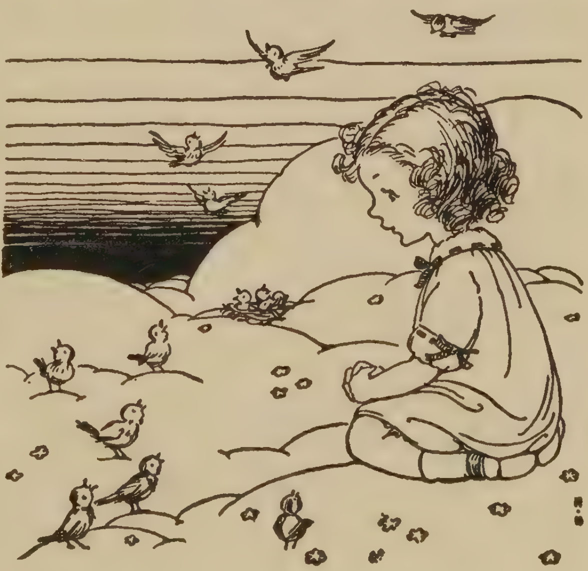
"Mother, I went to Johnny's house this morning after you told me I mustn't." Then she began to cry. Her mother picked her up and hugged and kissed her. She said, "I'm so glad my little girl has told me the truth."

Then Janie ran joyfully up the stairs again. She found her flock of birds in a perfect hubbub of happy singing, flitting about as lively as could be!

After that, Janie sometimes told a fib before she thought about her birds, but as soon as she remembered how cold they must be, she always ran to her mother and told her the truth. By and by, she found that the naughty fibs did not slip out any more.

Janie never could find the secret door in the attic after that, but she was happy. She knew her dear little birds never had chills any more but were all hopping about and chirping gaily. In bird language they were each saying:

"My Janie always tells the truth!"



Elwyn Eggleston Seelye

THE PORRIDGE POT OF ZURICH

A GERMAN LEGEND

ONE day, many years ago, all the councilmen of the city of Zurich, in Switzerland, were assembled in the courthouse. They were expecting a letter from Strassburg, whither they had sent a messenger bearing a note suggesting that an alliance be formed between the two cities. By means of this proposed alliance they hoped to be able to defeat a common enemy.

Now the people of Zurich were noted far and wide for their friendliness and warm-heartedness, while the people of Strassburg had always been considered quite cold and unyielding. For this reason the councilmen awaited, with some anxiety, the answer to their appeal.

At last the messenger came in. He carried a letter from Strassburg which he handed to the president of the council. The latter arose and read the message aloud to the members of the council. It said:

> *"Honored sirs,*
>
> *We do not desire to form an alliance with Zurich, for the reason that it is entirely too far away from Strassburg to be of any assistance in time of need."*

When the president had finished reading the letter, there were frowns upon the faces of all the men. They began to discuss with one another what they should do, but were unable to make a decision.

Then the youngest member of the council, a man named Schaeffer, spoke up. He had not said a word since the letter was read, but he had been doing a great deal of rapid thinking.

"Gentlemen," he said, "if you will leave the matter to me, I think I can promise you an entirely different answer from Strassburg. I am going to give the Strassburgers a warm answer to this very cold letter of theirs."

The men agreed to leave the matter to him, and he hastened homeward as fast as he could go. Once there he ran into the kitchen and called out to his wife.

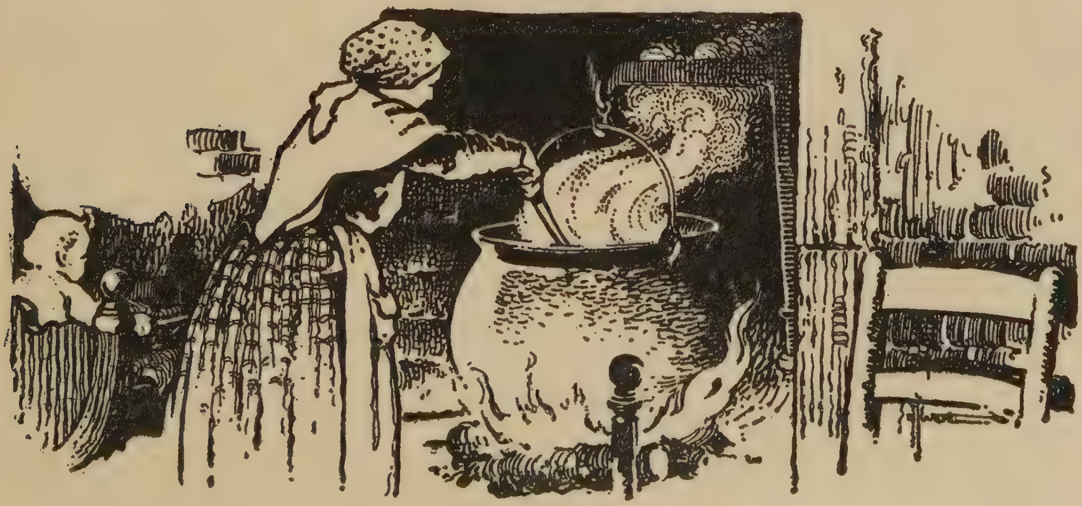
"My dear!" he cried. "Will you please have our very largest pot made full of porridge just as quickly as possible?"

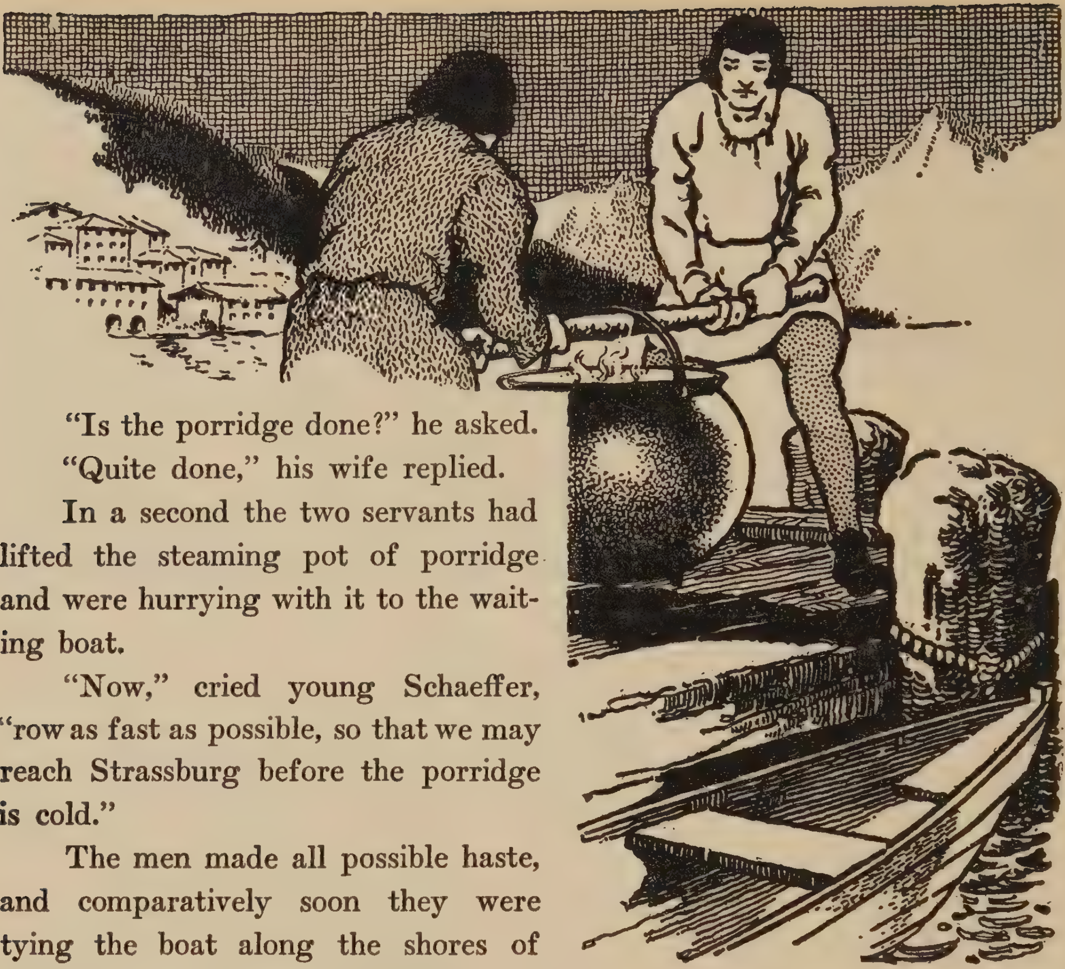
His wife bade the cook build a huge fire and set upon it the pot filled with water. As soon as the water boiled she stirred in the meal, and in a short time the porridge was cooked.

While she was doing this, young Schaeffer had hastened down to the banks of the Limmat River, which flows into the Aar, and from that into the Rhine, and upon which it was necessary to travel in order to reach Strassburg. He had his men bring out his best boat and have it in all readiness for a trip to that city.

"I shall be ready to go just as soon as I fetch something from my kitchen," he told them.

Taking two strong men with him, he hurried back to the house.





"Is the porridge done?" he asked.

"Quite done," his wife replied.

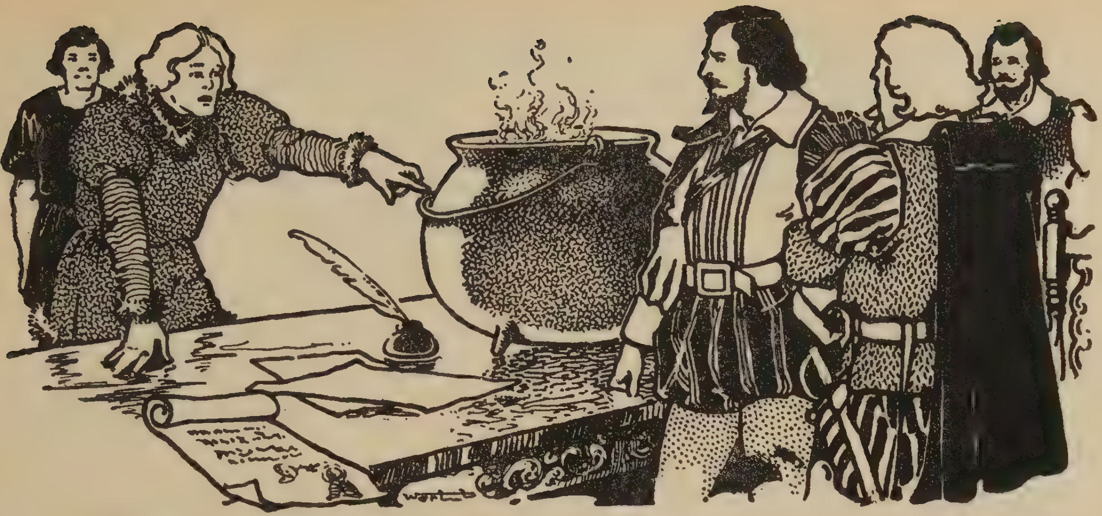
In a second the two servants had lifted the steaming pot of porridge and were hurrying with it to the waiting boat.

"Now," cried young Schaeffer, "row as fast as possible, so that we may reach Strassburg before the porridge is cold."

The men made all possible haste, and comparatively soon they were tying the boat along the shores of Strassburg. Young Schaeffer, followed by the two servants with the pot of porridge, hurried up the street and into the courthouse. The councilmen were all sitting around a huge table. At a sign from their master, the servants lifted the pot and placed it right in the center of it. Schaeffer, after bowing to each man in turn, spoke very solemnly, saying:

"My dear sirs, you would not agree to an alliance between Strassburg and Zurich because you believed that they were too far apart to exchange help in time of need. However, you are wrong. This pot of porridge was cooked in my kitchen at Zurich, and see, it is still quite warm enough to eat."

The Strassburgers looked at the steaming pot of porridge and they felt ashamed of their very cold letter to Zurich. The president arose and said:



"Friend, you are right. We shall form the alliance immediately."

They set to work and wrote an entirely different letter to Zurich, begging young Schaeffer to deliver it. As he started to leave they called him back.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Councilman," they said, "let us first eat the porridge together."

They had dishes and spoons brought in, and the porridge was served to all. It was still so hot that some of the Strassburgers burned their mouths on it. They have kept the porridge pot to this very day in memory of the alliance between Strassburg and Zurich.

Translated by **Helen J. Heide**

THE END

A footnote on this legend says—

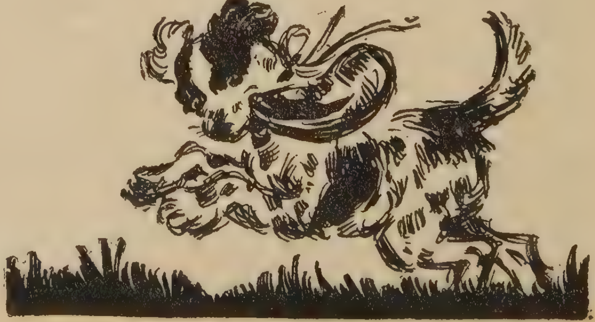
"Zurich, a city in Switzerland, is situated at the point where the Limmat flows out of the Lake of Zurich. The Limmat is a tributary of the Aar, which flows into the Rhine. The rowers mentioned in this story were experts, and consequently were able to make a record trip. The huge kettle mentioned in the story is still preserved as a curiosity in Strassburg."

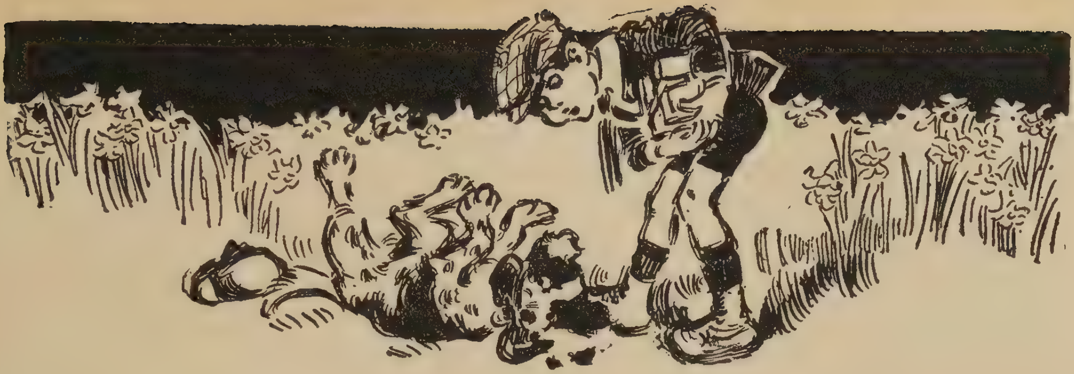
RUBBERS

FOR a moment, Powie lay stretched full length upon the front lawn. His little black nose was stuck down through the brand-new grass against the moist earth. He was sniff-sniffing the beautiful smells. At the same time, Powie was thinking a thought. It must have been quite a mixed-up thought, full of sunshine and warm, sweet-smelling breezes and four legs that needed exercise. For the very next instant, he was racing about the yard at his best speed, a little black and white streak. When he suddenly halted before the steps of the porch, he was almost out of breath, and his funny little whiskers were a-quiver.

As he stood there, Powie's glance fell upon two shiny black things lying together beside the front door. In a twinkling, he was on the porch and nosing them inquiringly. They had a very strange odor, he thought. Not very pleasant. But wait! Here was another odor. Rather faint, to be sure, but very beautiful! It was the same scent that one always found in the tracks of John Tom. Powie loved anything that reminded him of John Tom.

His tail made joyous circles. Taking one of the queer things in his mouth, he ran down the steps. He romped about the yard with it. He shook it violently. He bit a huge bite out of it. He almost turned a somersault. Powie was having a glorious time. Presently, he fetched the other black thing from the porch. Feeling a little tired then, he lay down on the grass and chewed and chewed. Powie was very happy. He loved





the warm spring weather. He loved shiny black things that seemed made to be chewed by puppies. He loved all the world. He almost loved that conceited yellow cat next door!

And then a terrible thing happened! It should have been a very delightful thing; but just wait and see! The front door opened and John Tom, the Wonderful, came out. He had his cap on his head and his books under his arm and a just-washed look about his face. Powie could tell that John Tom was going to school. He went on chewing just as if he didn't care if John Tom did go to school. He could easily catch up later, when nobody was looking.

"Good-bye, Mother," said John Tom.

"Good-bye, Son!" called his mother. "Be sure to wear your rubbers. The streets are still muddy."

After that, things happened very quickly. Powie was discovered with his newly-found treasures. They were snatched away from him, and Powie was spanked. Not very hard—just hard enough.

"That will teach you not to carry rubbers away and chew them!" said Mother.

She put the rags that were left of the dear black things back on the porch near the door. "Rubbers belong right here," she told Powie.

Well, John Tom went to school without his rubbers. It really didn't worry him much.

As for Powie, he was in disgrace. It was not the spanking that he minded. It was the hurt to his pride. And right before John Tom! After the excitement was over, he lay on the steps and forgot about the beautiful smells and the happy spring feeling.

"Shiny black things belong on the front porch," he said to himself, and looked at them out of the corner of his eye, without turning his head in their direction.

The day wore on very slowly.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty! Here, Pumpkin!"

Now, that was the lady next door. Powie pricked up his ears. He didn't like her. She chased dogs away from her yard. And she was always petting that yellow cat! Queer taste.

Just then, a yellow streak crossed the lawn. That was Pumpkin. A black and white streak followed immediately. That was Powie.

"You horrid, ugly cur!" said the lady next door. "Go right home, this instant! My darling little Pumpkin, come down from that tree!"

Powie went back to his own yard and watched. He was not a cur. He was mostly Llewellyn Setter, which is very fine. His name was not "Cur," either. It was Powhatan; but people usually called him Powie.

After a while, the yellow cat came down from his high perch and went into the house with his mistress. Powie was watching all the time. As soon as the door was closed, he went back into Pumpkin's yard. He sniffed about the tree which Pumpkin had climbed and then tracked him to the door.

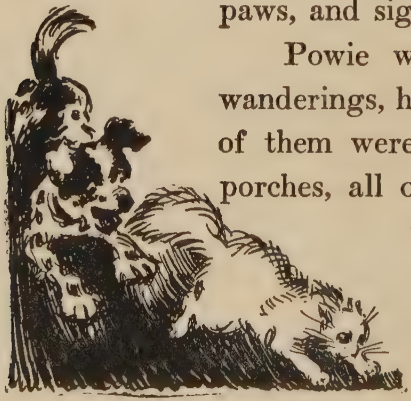
Right there, Powie forgot all about the yellow cat. For his nose bumped squarely into two familiar black things! Rubbers! Of all the nerve! Powie bristled with indignation. Didn't that woman know that rubbers belonged on John Tom's mother's front porch? Shame on her!

Powie saw his duty quite clearly. He took one rubber and then the other, carrying each carefully home. He put them safely down beside the ragged ones that were John Tom's. He lay down, rested his head on his paws, and sighed. Such heavy duties!

Powie worked very hard that afternoon. In his wanderings, he found so many rubbers out of place! Some of them were on back porches and some were on front porches, all over the neighborhood. But he knew where they belonged!

When John Tom came home from school, Powie had a surprise for him.

"Jumping crickets!" John Tom ex-



claimed, and whistled a long note. "O, Mom! What are you going to do with all the rubbers?"

Mother came and took one astonished look. Then she and John Tom laughed and laughed. Powie wondered at that; but he frisked about and joined in as well as he could.

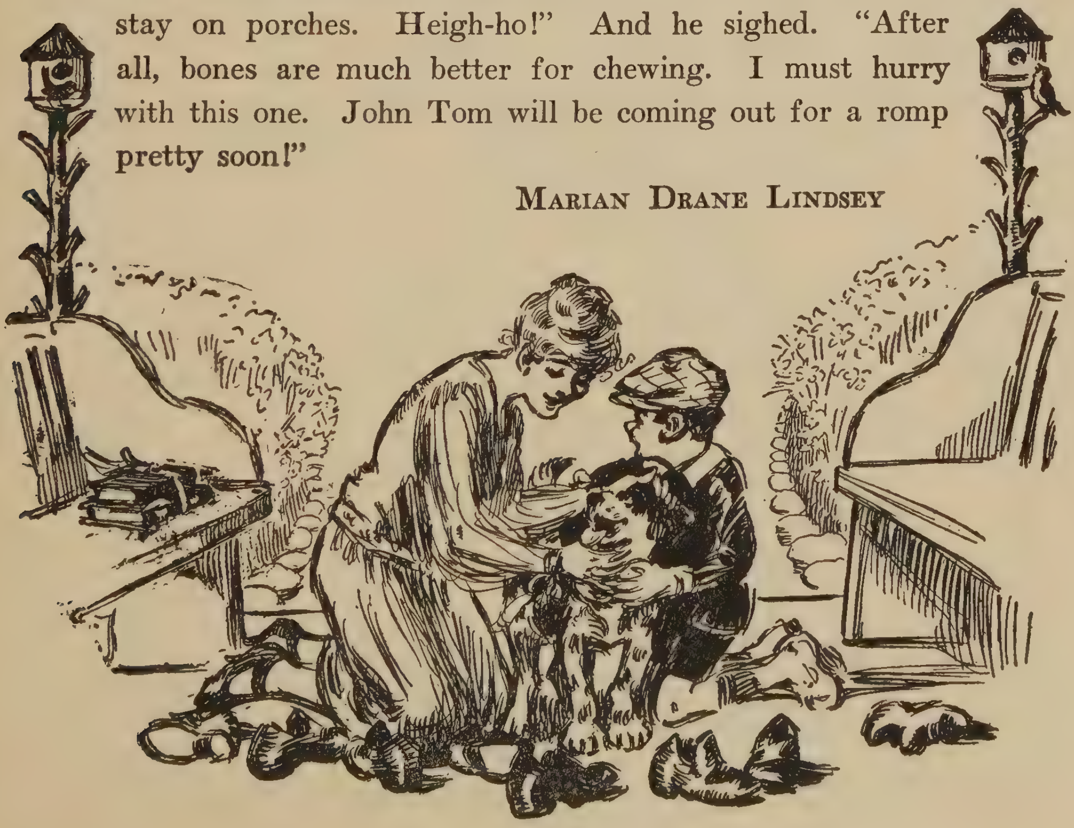
"You're a good dog," said the wonderful John Tom.

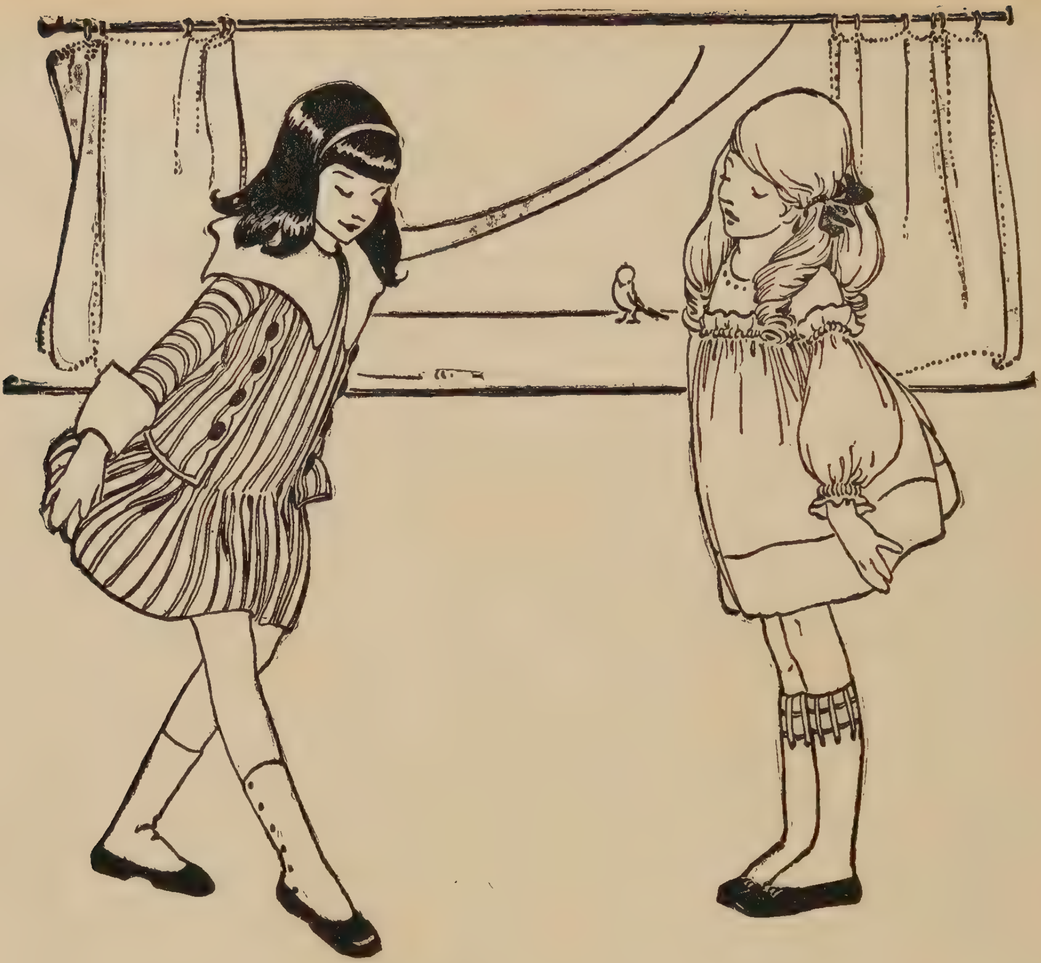
"Bless his heart," said Mother, and stroked his head for a long time. "Poor fellow! He has been trying so hard to make up for being naughty this morning," she said to John Tom. "But he doesn't know yet that other people are permitted to own rubbers! You must find where all these came from. Take Powie with you and let him smell each pair and see it in its proper place. He will understand."

While the boy and his mother and daddy were at dinner that evening, Powhatan lay on the front lawn and chewed a bone. It was an unusually fine bone, especially helpful to thought.

"Rubbers belong wherever you find them," Powie was thinking. "Rubbers are not for dogs; they are only for folks, and they always stay on porches. Heigh-ho!" And he sighed. "After all, bones are much better for chewing. I must hurry with this one. John Tom will be coming out for a romp pretty soon!"

Marian Drane Lindsey

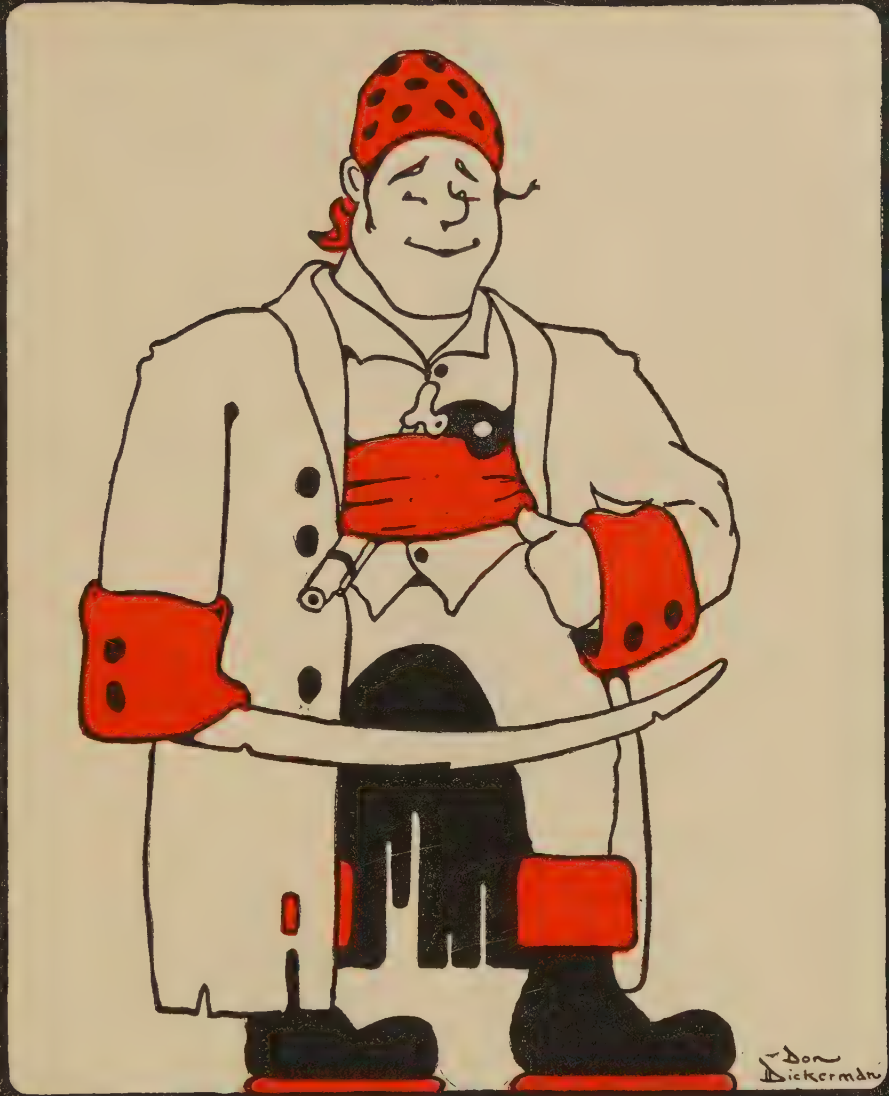




—BEST OF ALL—

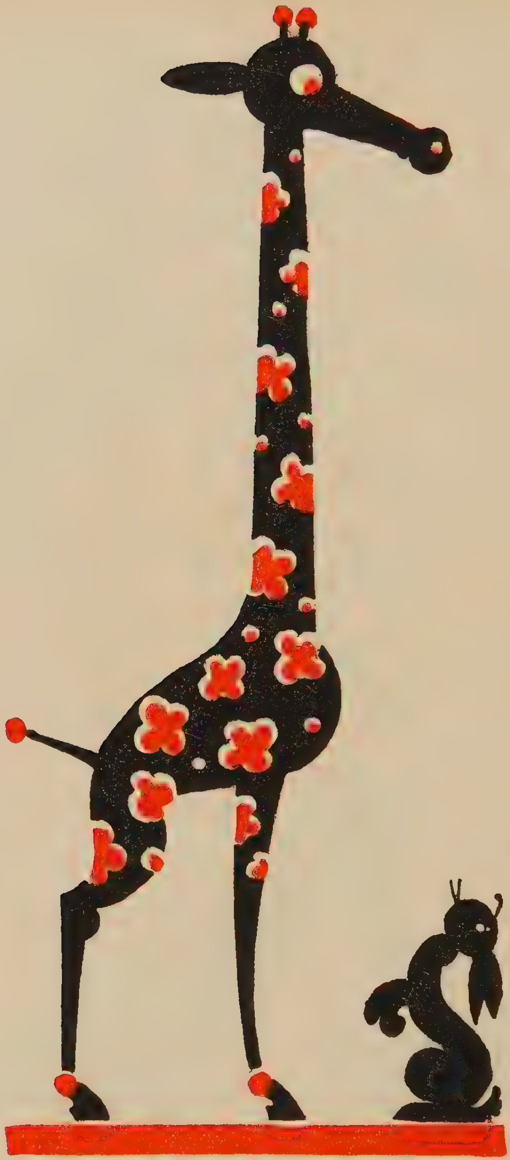
A PRETTY dress is very nice;
  And pretty is a shoe;
And pretty ribbons in the hair
  Are very pretty, too.

Nice manners are most sweet to have,
  They make sweet ways completer.
But MODESTY is best of all;
  It makes the sweet still sweeter.

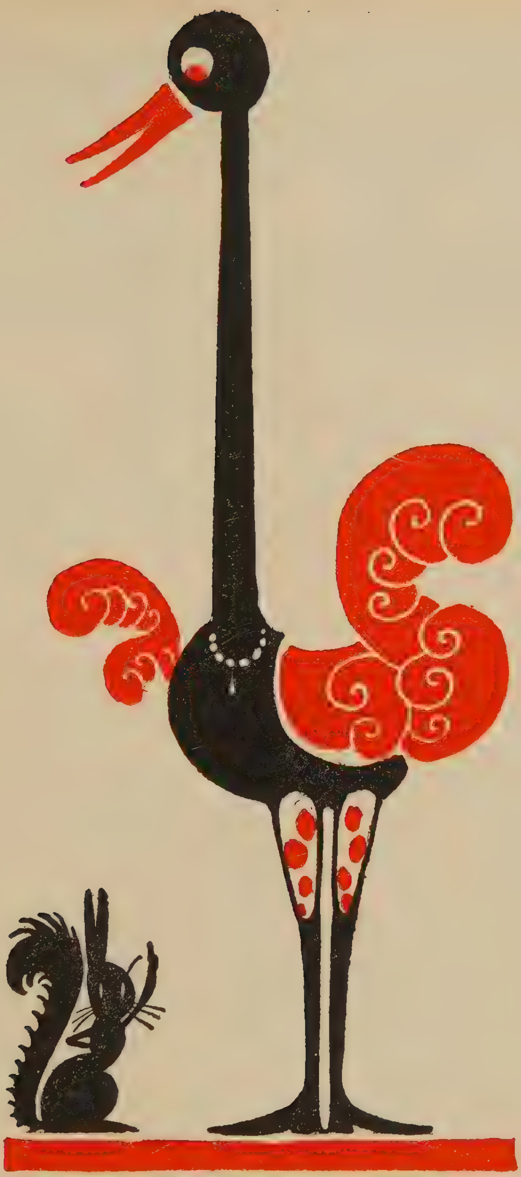


HERCULES HOGHEAVER

THIS is Hercules Hogheaver.
See his sword. How did he nick it?
Fencing with a fencepost—*yessir,*
Next door to an iron picket.
No one minds this harmless pirate.
Wink one eye, be kind, then smile and
Make believe he is "John Silver"
Pirating on "Treasure Island."



A lean and lanky
zebra beast
Remarked (so I have heard)
"Oh, Mister Ostrich,
I must say
You are a funny bird."



"Indeed," said Mister
Ostrich, not
Embarrassed in the least,
"Ha, ha! Giraffe
You make me laugh
You're such a funny beast."

A BRAVE RESCUE

(A Story from LORNA DOONE)

IT happened upon a November evening when I, John Ridd, was about fifteen years old and my sister Annie being turned thirteen, that the ducks in the yard made a terrible quacking, instead of marching off to their pen one behind another. Thereupon Annie and I ran out to see what might be the sense of it. There were thirteen ducks, ten lily-white and three brown-striped ones. As to their color they cared little, however, but all quacked most movingly.

They pushed their golden bills here and there, and jumped on the triangles of their feet, giving forth strange sounds from their nostrils. Some of the most excited ones ran along low on the ground, quacking grievously, with their bills snapping and bending, the roof of the mouth plainly showing. The reason for such behavior must be serious indeed!

Annie began to cry, "Dilly, dilly, einy, einy, ducksey!" according to a tune they accepted as the duck's national anthem; but instead of being soothed by it, they only quacked three times as hard and ran around until we were giddy. Then shaking their tails together and looking very grave, they went round and round again.

Now, I am uncommonly fond of ducks, whether roystering, roosting or roasted, and it is a fine sight to behold them walk, poddling one after the other, with their toes out, like soldiers drilling, their little eyes cocked all ways at once. And the way that they dib with their bills, and dabble and throw up their heads and enjoy something, telling the others about it.

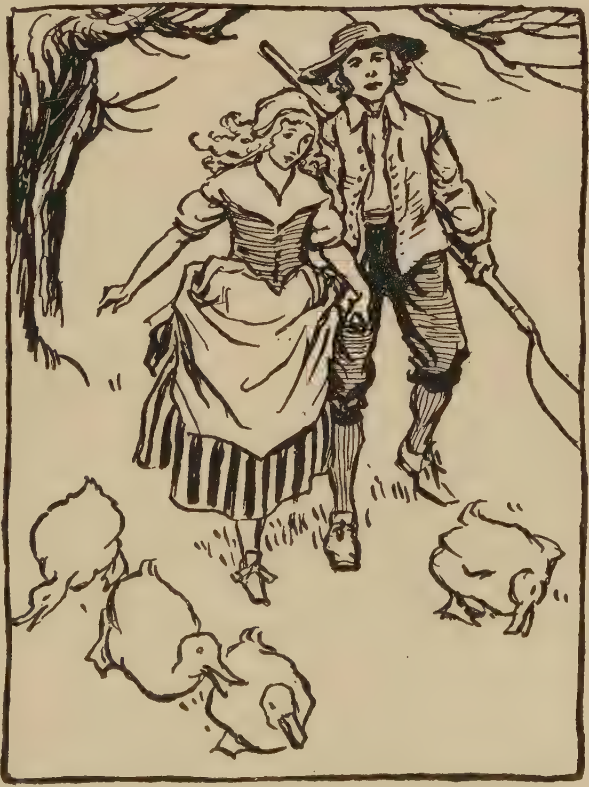
Therefore I knew at once, by the way they were carrying on, that there must be something or other gone wholly amiss in the duck-world. Sister Annie noted this, too, but with greater quickness; for she counted them like a good duck-wife, and could only tell thirteen when she knew there ought to be fourteen.

And so we began to search about, the ducks running ahead to lead us aright (for they had come that far to fetch us). We got down to the foot of the courtyard, where two great ash trees stand beside the water. There we found good reason for the urgence and melancholy of the duck-birds.

Lo, the old white drake, the father of all, a bird of high manners and great chivalry, always the last to help himself from the pan of barley meal and the first to show fight to a dog or cock intruding upon his family,—a fine fellow and the pillar of his duck-bird state! There he was in sad trouble, yet quacking very stoutly.

The brook, wherewith he had been familiar from his featherless childhood, was swollen into a great and whirling torrent of angry waters. He could not know it to be the same stream wherein he was wont to quest for water newts and tadpoles and caddis worms and other game that ducks are sure to hunt for. An angry brook was now coming down in a great, brown flood, as if the banks never belonged to it. The foaming of it, and the noise, and the cresting of the corners, and the up and down, like the wave of the sea. All this was enough to frighten any duck, though bred upon stormy waters (which our ducks never had been).

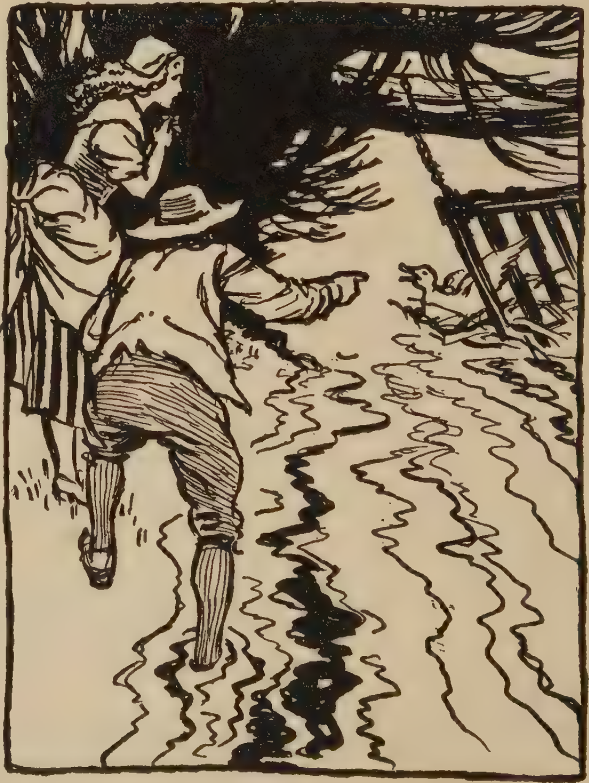
There is always a hurdle, nine feet long and four and a half in depth, swung by a chain at either end from an oak laid across the channel of the stream.



The use of this hurdle is to keep our cattle at milking time from straying away, and to fence out stranger kine from coming along the brook unknown to us, to steal our substance in the way of garden vegetables and such like. But now this hurdle, which hung in the less stormy summer days a full foot above the trickle of the stream, would have been dipped more than two feet beneath the rushing waters but for the power that rushed against it. Indeed, the torrent came down so fiercely that the chain at full stretch was creaking and the hurdle buffeted almost flat; and, strewn with drift-stuff, it was going see-saw with a splash on the dirty red comb of the waters.

But saddest to see among the drift-stuff that cluttered the hurdle was our venerable drake, jammed in by the joint of his shoulder, and speaking aloud as he rose and fell, with his top-knot full of water, unable to comprehend this rough business. And alas, his proud tail was being washed flat and his brave voice silenced as he was harshly ducked against his will with the up and down thrashing of the hurdle.

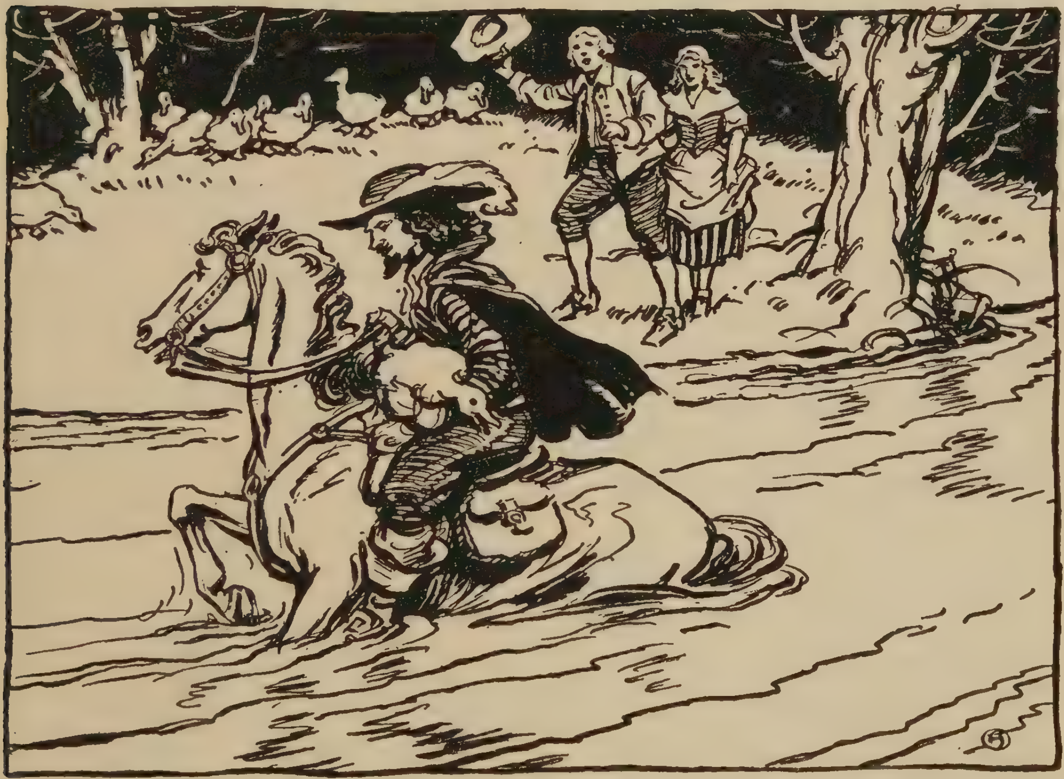
For a moment I could scarce help laughing, because, being borne up high and dry by the tumult of the torrent, he gave me a look from his one little eye (having lost one in a fight with the turkey-cock). The gaze of it was of appealing sorrow, and then a loud quack seconded it. But the quack came out of time, I suppose, for his throat got filled with water as the hurdle carried him under again. Then there was scarcely the screw of his tail to be seen until he swung up again, leaving small doubt, by the way he sputtered and failed to quack and hung his poor crest, but that drown he must in another minute and let the frogs triumph over his body.



Annie was crying and wringing her hands, and I was about to rush into the water,—although I liked not the look of it,—when a man on horseback came suddenly round the corner of the great ash hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

"Ho, there!" he cried; "get thee back, boy! The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee, and no trouble."

With that he leaned forward and spoke to his mare. She was just the tint of a strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful. She arched her neck, as if misliking the job; yet, trusting the man, would attempt it. She entered the flood, with her dainty fore-legs sloped further and further in front of her, and her delicate ears forward and the size of her great eyes increasing, but he kept her straight in the wild rush by the pressure of his knee on her. Then she looked back and wondered at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on. On she went, the waters foaming up over her shoulder. Then did she toss up her lip; for now her courage was waking.



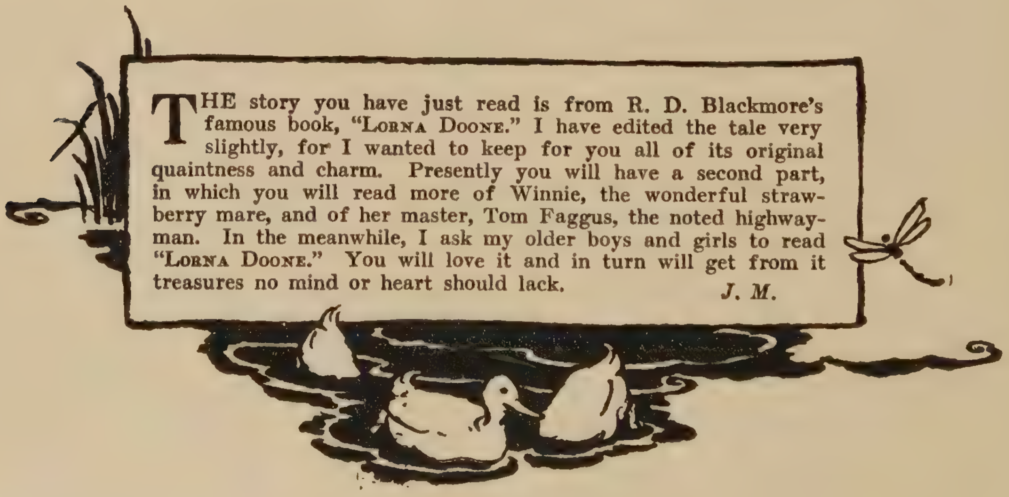
As the rush of the waters carried her away, she striking with her fore-feet down the stream, the man leaned from his saddle, in a manner I never could have thought possible, and caught up our old Tom drake with his left hand, setting him between his holsters; and he smiled at Tom's faint quack of gratitude. In a moment all three were carried down-stream. The rider lay flat on his horse and tossed the hurdle above his head and clear from him, and then made for the bed of clear water.

They landed some thirty or forty yards lower, in the midst of our kitchen garden, where the winter cabbage was. Though Annie and I crept in through the hedge and were full of thanks and admiring him, the horseman would answer us never a word until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole matter to her.

"Sweet thing, I know thou couldst have leaped it!" he said, patting her cheek (being on the ground by this time). She was nudging up to him, with the water pattering off from her. "Yes, I had good reason, Winnie, my dear, for making thee go through it."

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes, and sniffed at him very lovingly, and they understood one another. Then he took from his waistcoat two pepper corns, making the old duck swallow them, and then he tried him softly on his legs. Old Tom stood up quite bravely and slapped his wings, shaking the wet from his tail feathers. Then away he went into the courtyard, where his family gathered around him. And they all made a noise in their throats, and stood up, putting their bills together, to thank God for this great deliverance.

R. D. Blackmore



THE story you have just read is from R. D. Blackmore's famous book, "Lorna Doone." I have edited the tale very slightly, for I wanted to keep for you all of its original quaintness and charm. Presently you will have a second part, in which you will read more of Winnie, the wonderful strawberry mare, and of her master, Tom Faggus, the noted highwayman. In the meanwhile, I ask my older boys and girls to read "Lorna Doone." You will love it and in turn will get from it treasures no mind or heart should lack. *J. M.*

A·ROUGH·RIDE

(A Story from LORNA DOONE)

CHILDREN, you have read in *"A Brave Rescue"* how that a man and a strawberry mare braved a rushing water to dip a helpless and soaking drake out of the flood. The drake, in his draggled state at the finish of that, was grateful enough to betake him, through the nearest gap in the hedge, out of the picture. But of the man and the strawberry mare you shall see more herewith:

Having taken all this trouble about speaking to his mare, and watched the end of that adventure with the drake, the gentleman turned to us. He had a pleasant smile on his face, as if he were amused with himself; we came up and looked at him. He was rather short but very strongly built and springy, as his gait at every step showed plainly. His legs were bowed with much riding, and he looked as if he lived on horseback.

To a boy like me he seemed very old, being over twenty and well-found in beard. But he was not more than four-and-twenty, fresh and ruddy-looking, with a short nose, and keen blue eyes, and a merry waggish jerk about him, as if the world were not in earnest. Yet he had a sharp, stern way, like the crack of a pistol, if anything displeased him. We knew (for children see such things) that it was safer to tickle than tackle him.

"Well, young ones, what be gaping at?" He gave pretty Annie a chuck on the chin, and took me all in without winking.

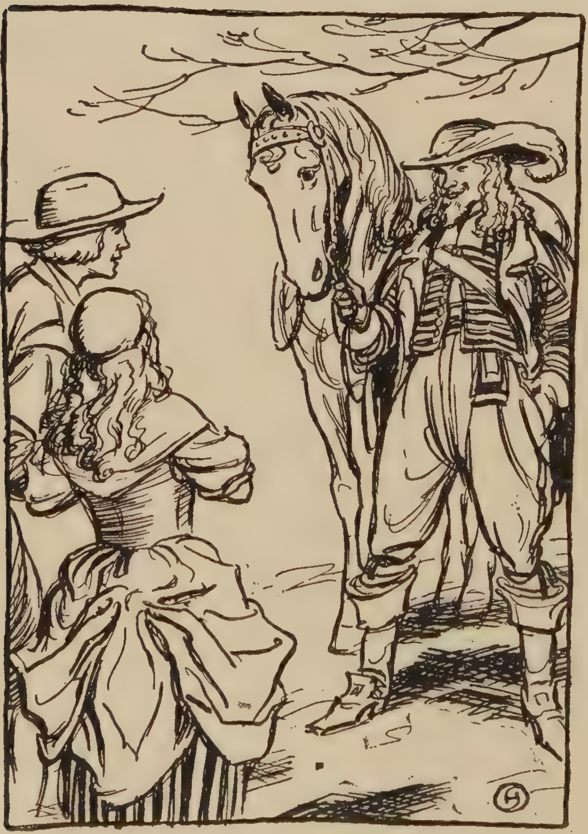
"Your mare," said I, standing stoutly up, being a tall boy now; "I never saw such a beauty, sir. Will you let me have a ride on her?"

"Think thou couldst ride her, lad? She will have no burden but mine. Thou couldst never ride her. Tut! I would be loth to have her kill thee."

"Ride her!" I cried with bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle, "there never was horse upon Exmoor, but I could tackle in half an hour. Only I never ride upon saddle. Take the leathers off of her."

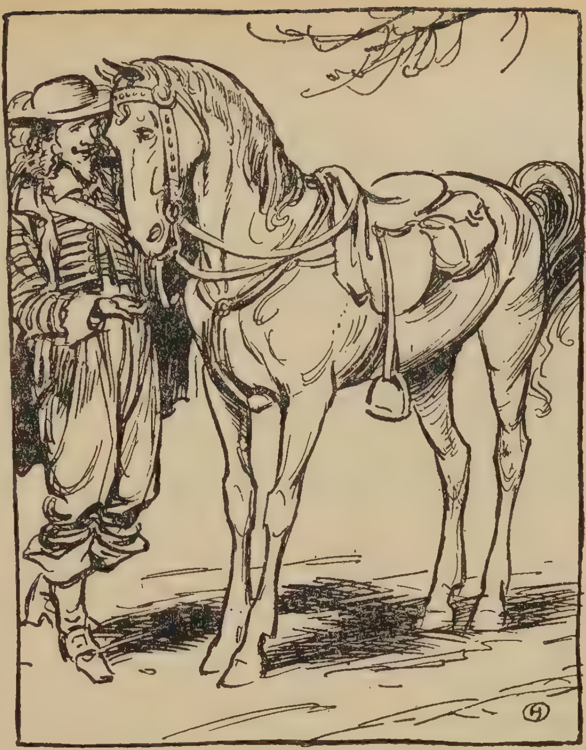
He looked at me, with a dry little whistle, and thrust his hands into his breeches-pockets, and so grinned that I could not stand it. And Annie laid hold of me, in such a way that I was almost mad with her. And he laughed, and approved her for doing so. The worst of all was—he said nothing.

"Get away, Annie, will you? Do you think I am a fool, good sir? Only trust me with her, and I will not over-ride her."



"For that I will go bail, my son. She is liker to over-ride thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon, after all this rain. Now come out into the yard, young man, for the sake of your mother's cabbages. The mellow straw-bed will be softer for thee, since pride must have its fall. I am thy mother's cousin, boy, and am going up to house. Tom Faggus is my name, and this is my young mare, Winnie."

What a fool I must have been not to know it at once! Tom Faggus, the great highwayman, and his young thoroughbred, the strawberry! Already her fame was noised abroad, nearly as much as her master's. My longing to ride her grew tenfold, but fear came at the back of it. Not that I had the smallest fear of what the mare could do to me, by fair play and horse-trickery; but that the glory of sitting upon her seemed to be too great for me, especially as there were rumours abroad that she was not a mare after all, but a witch.



She was wonderfully beautiful, with her supple stride, and soft slope of shoulder, and glossy coat beaded with water, and prominent eyes, full of love or fire. What led to that bright strawberry tint is certainly more than I can decide, being chiefly acquainted with farm-horses. These come of any colour and form; you are lucky to get four legs to them.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink, and she walked demurely after him. She was a bright young thing, flowing over with life, yet dropping her soul to a higher one, and led by love to anything. Then Winnie trod lightly upon the straw, because it had soft muck under it, and her delicate feet came back again.

"Up for it still, boy, be ye?" Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped there; and they looked at me provokingly.

"Is she able to leap, sir? There is good take-off on this side of the brook."

Mr. Faggus laughed very quietly, turning round to Winnie, so that she might enter into it. And she, for her part, seemed to know exactly where the joke was.

"Good *tumble-off,* you mean, my boy. Well, there can be small harm to thee. I am akin to thy family, and know the thickness of their skulls."

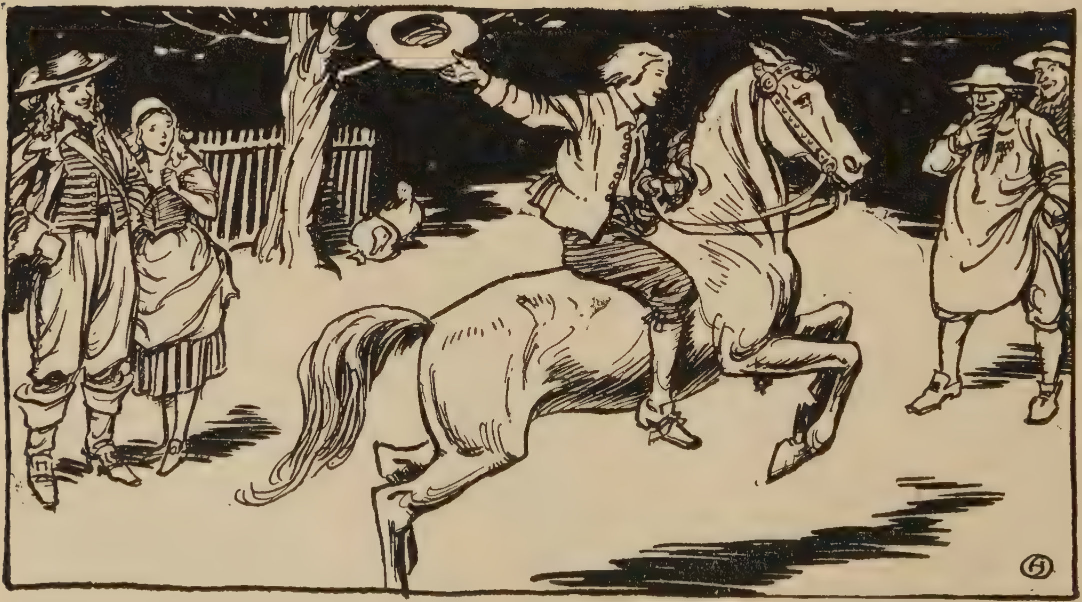
"Let me get up," said I, waxing wroth; "take off your saddle-bag things. I will not try to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me."

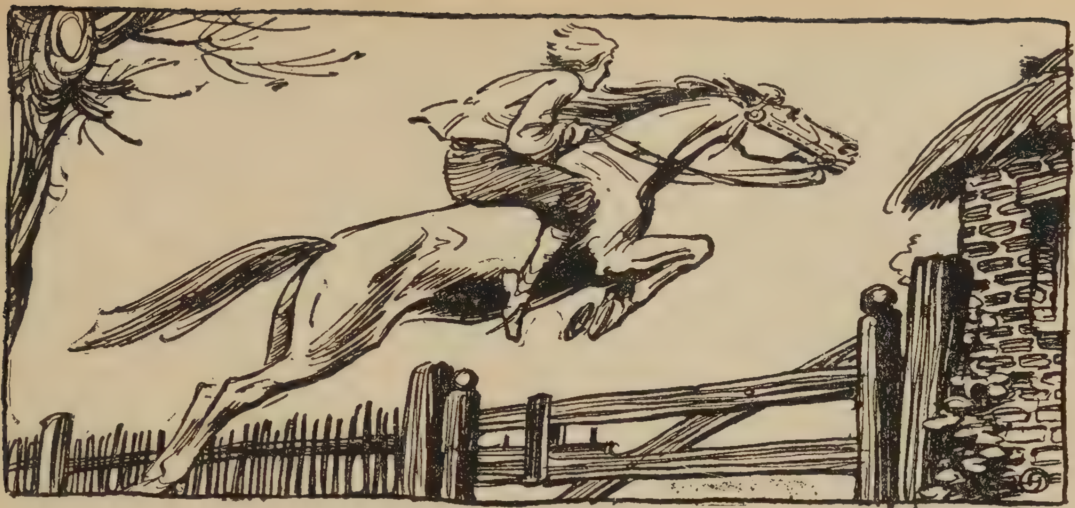
Then Mr. Faggus was upon his mettle, at this proud speech of mine. He gave one glance around at those looking on, and then dropped all regard for me. The high repute of his mare was at stake, and what was I compared to it? Through my defiance, and stupid ways, here was I in a dispute, and my legs not come to their strength yet, and my arms as limp as a herring.

Something of this occurred to him, even in his wrath with me, for he spoke very softly to the filly. She drew in her nostrils, and breathed to his breath, and did all she could to answer him.

"Not too hard, my dear," he said; "let him gently down. That will be quite enough." Then he turned the saddle off, and I was up in a moment.

She began at first so easily, and pricked her ears so lovingly, and minced about as if pleased to find so light a weight on her, that I thought she knew I could ride a little, and feared to show any capers. "Gee wugg, Polly!" cried I, for all the men were now looking on; "Gee wugg, Polly, and show what thou be'est made of." With that I plugged my heels into her.





Nevertheless, she outraged not, though her eyes were frightening Annie; but she curbed to and fro, with her strong fore-arms rising, like springs, waiting and quivering, and beginning to sweat about it. Then her master gave a shrill clear whistle, when her ears were bent towards him. I felt her form beneath me gathering up like a whalebone, and her hind-legs coming under her, and I knew that I was in for it.

First she reared upright in the air, and struck me full on the nose with her comb, till I bled. Then down with her fore-feet in the straw, and her hind-feet going to heaven. Finding me stick to her still like wax (for my mettle was up as hers was), away she flew with me, swifter than ever I went before or since. She drove full at the cobwall—"Oh, Jack, slip off!" screamed Annie—then she turned like light, when I thought to crush her, and ground my left knee against the wall.

"Mux me," I cried, for my breeches were broken, and short words went the furthest—"if you kill me, you shall die with me." Then she took the court-yard gate at a leap, knocking my words between my teeth; then right over a quickset hedge, as if the sky were a breath to her; and away for the water-meadows, while I lay on her neck like a child, and wished I had never been born.

Straight away, even in the front of the wind, and scattering clouds around her! All I knew of the speed we made was the frightful flash of her shoulders, and her mane like trees in a tempest. I felt the earth under us rushing away, and the air left far behind us. My breath came and went, and I prayed to God, and was sorry to be so late about it.

All the long swift while, I clung to her crest and shoulders, and dug my nails into her creases, and my toes into her flank-part. I was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then in her fury at feeling me still, she leaped the wide water-trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. The hazel-boughs took me too hard in the face, and the tall dog-briars got hold of me, and the ache of my back was like crimping a fish.

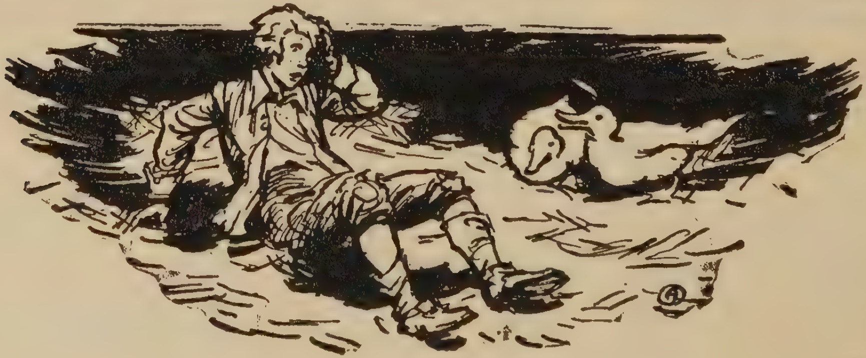
I was longing to give up when there came a shrill whistle from up the home-hill, where people had hurried to watch us. The mare stopped as if with a bullet; then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, but going smoothly and silently. I never had dreamed of such delicate motion, flowing and graceful, soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lightning.

I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time left to recover it. At last, as she rose over our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the straw.

"Well done, lad!" Mr. Faggus said, good naturedly. All were now gathered round me, as I rose from the ground somewhat tottering, miry, and crestfallen, but otherwise none the worse. (I happened to have fallen upon my head, which is of uncommon substance.) Nevertheless, John Fry was laughing so that I longed to clout his ears for him.

"Not at all bad work, my boy; we may teach you to ride by and by, I see; I thought not to see you stick on so long". . .

R. D. Blackmore



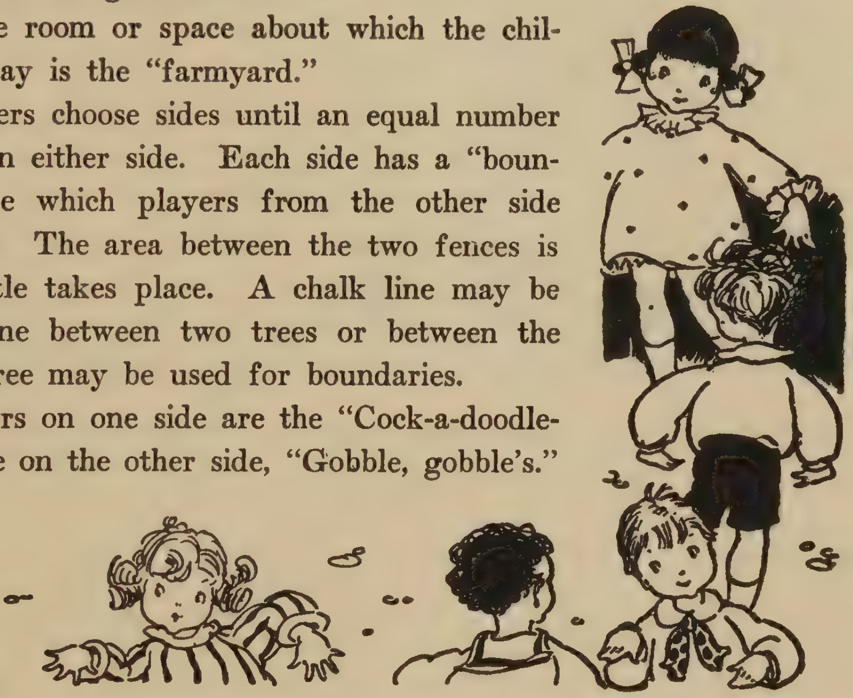
FARMYARD FROLIC

THIS game is usually hailed with delight by little boys, but girls like it, too.

The room or space about which the children are to play is the "farmyard."

Two players choose sides until an equal number are lined up on either side. Each side has a "boundary" or fence which players from the other side may not cross. The area between the two fences is where the battle takes place. A chalk line may be drawn or a line between two trees or between the house and a tree may be used for boundaries.

The players on one side are the "Cock-a-doodle-do's" and those on the other side, "Gobble, gobble's."

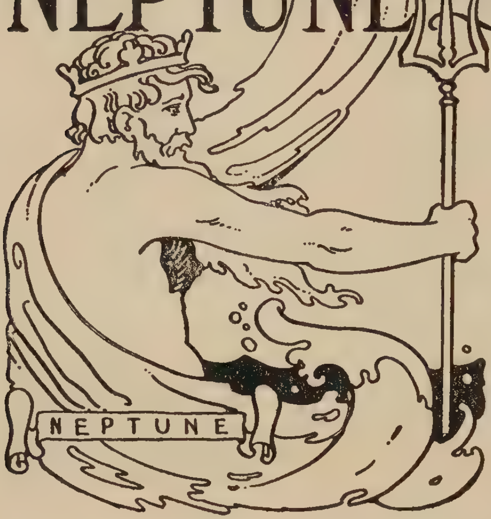


When the game begins, all the players fold their arms behind them and stand only upon the right foot. Then the choosers cry "charge." The object of the game is for the players from one side to cause their opponents to lose their positions or fall. Pushing is allowed and expected, but the only words either side may use are "cock-a-doodle-do" and "gobble, gobble, gobble." A player who loses his balance or who uses other words than those belonging to his side is "captured" by the opponent that caused his downfall.

The side wins that gets all the players.

When players are behind "boundaries," they must not lose "position," but are free from attack while they remain there. MAUDE DAY BALTZELL

NEPTUNE and AMPHITRITE



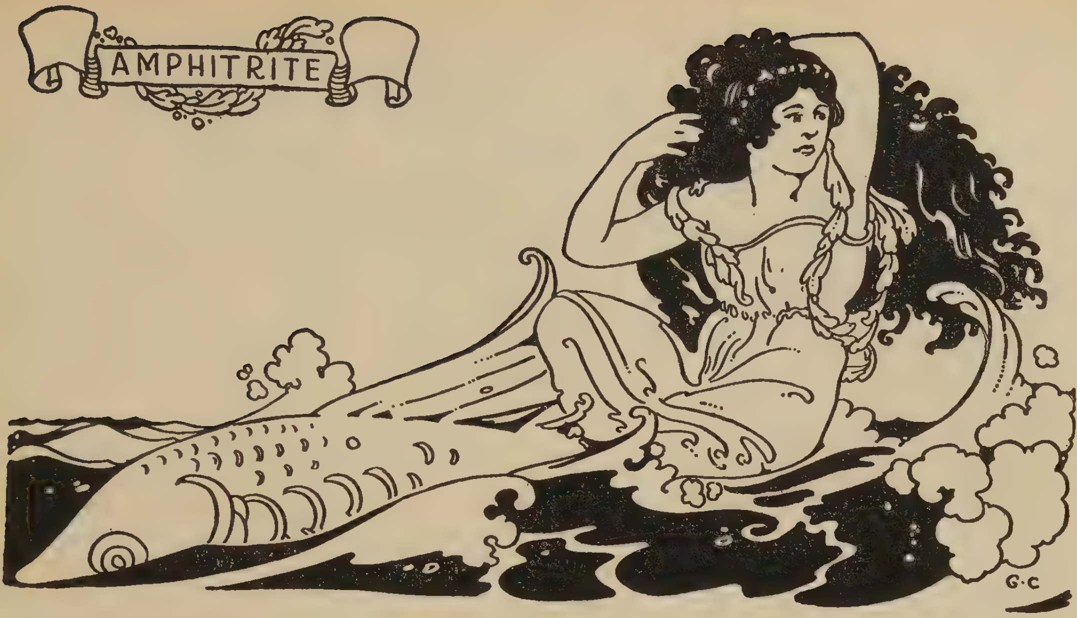
DEEP down in the gloomy caverns of the ocean lived Neptune, the father of waters. As Jupiter was king of the heavens and Pluto of the underworld, so Neptune ruled the sea.

He rode over the waters in a beautiful chariot drawn by horses with golden manes and glistening hoofs, and he carried a trident (a three-pronged spear) in his hand, with which he caused the earth to tremble, or rolled the great waves out upon the beach. All the terrible monsters of the deep sea feared him and obeyed him, and went gamboling about his chariot as he moved.

Sometimes, when this god was in good humor, he would rest calmly in his place under the sea for days, and the waters would lie placid and blue and beautiful, as some of you have seen them, no doubt, under a summer sky. But sometimes he would waken in an awful rage, and fill the sea and shore with the howling of his voice. He would overthrow great ships and engulf the mariners, and all monsters would fly before him in his terrible anger.

Sometimes a mystic light would shine across the sea at evening, and the waters would change to a living green, streaked with purple near the shore where the rocks showed close to the surface. Then the nereids (the ocean nymphs) would venture forth and play, pelting each other with seaweed, and dancing along the shore until the crimson sun had set in the misty clouds of the west.

Among the nerieds who thus played, the most beautiful was Amphitrite. One day Neptune saw her sporting with her sisters, the daughters of Nereus, and he loved her. He called about him all his servants and the monsters of the sea and went to win the nymph, riding in state upon a dolphin. The nereid soon became the wife of this powerful god and went to dwell with him in his ocean palace. Neptune, everjoyed at his suc-



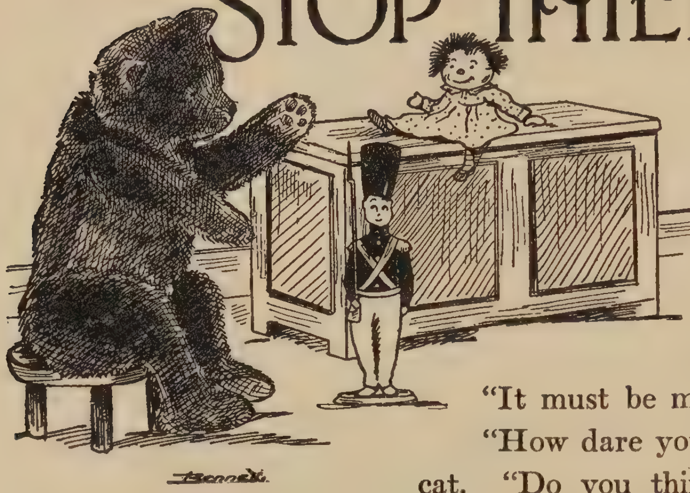
cess in winning so beautiful a bride, placed in the heavens the creature that had borne him upon his prosperous journey, and there you may see the dolphin, perhaps, this very night shining among the stars.

Neptune and Amphitrite reigned long and happily over their watery kingdom, and often rode forth in state surrounded by their followers. Their son's name was Triton, and he it was who always went about blowing upon a wide-mouthed shell. Wherever the god and goddess passed, their son would go before with a long train of sea creatures blowing upon conch shells, making a strange, low, monotonous music like distant thunder or the far-off rumbling of waves.

And even to this day, when the mist of twilight lies softly upon the sea, and the waves are making music, the Poet, standing upon the shore, half believes he hears the sounding of Triton's horn, and sees these deities gamboling once more upon the distant waters. And yet he knows it is not so, for they have been lost for centuries among the dusty memories of old Greece.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

STOP THIEF!



SOMEBODY is stealing nuts out of our attic," said the teddy bear to the toy soldier.

"It must be mice," said the toy soldier.

"How dare you say so?" cried the white cat. "Do you think that I would let one come near the house? I hope I am not so lazy." The white cat was angry. She growled, and her tail grew big.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Cat, of course it cannot be mice," apologized the toy soldier.

"Who can it be?" asked the teddy bear. "Grace and George put a big pile of nuts up in the attic. Half of them have been stolen."

"There is only one way to find out," declared the white cat. "To-day, all of us must stay in the attic. We will watch for the thief. We shall be sure to catch him." That afternoon they all went to the attic.

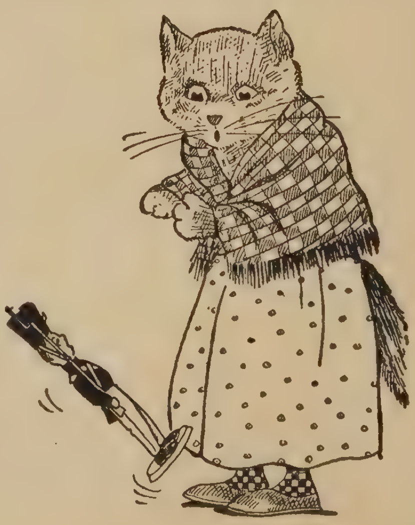
"If the thief comes up the stairs, we shall be the ones to catch him," said the white cat and her three kittens, sitting down on the top step. The white cat was not entirely white. She had one black spot on her back.

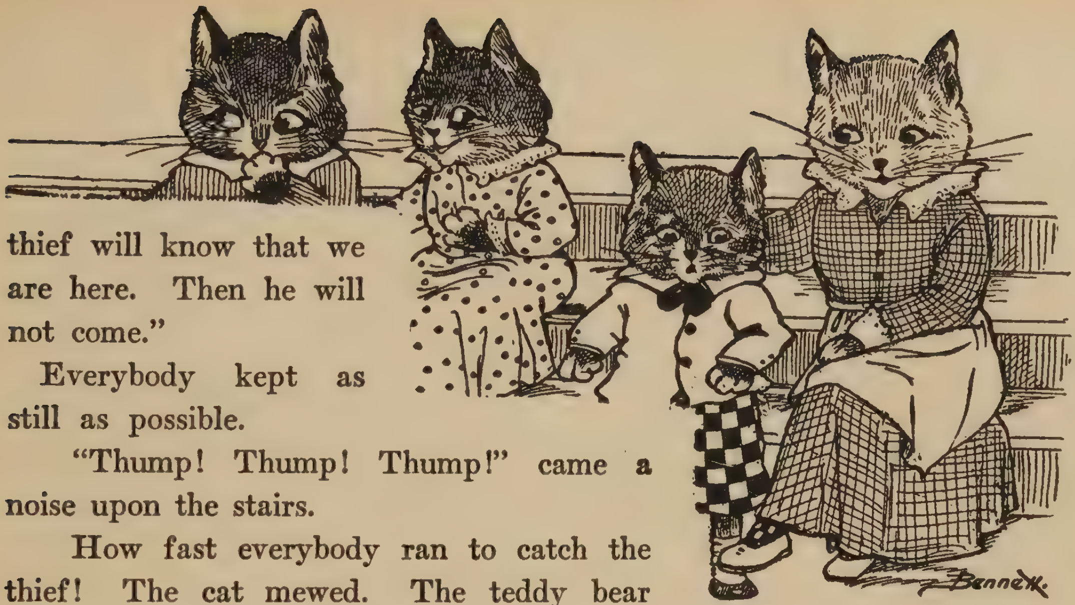
The teddy bear stood under one window. The toy soldier stood in front of the other window. The windows were open.

"If he comes through the windows, we will seize him," they shouted bravely.

The rag doll watched one door. The toy drum was at the other door. The toy engine stood near the chimney.

"Everybody must keep still," whispered the teddy bear. "If we make any noise, the





thief will know that we are here. Then he will not come."

Everybody kept as still as possible.

"Thump! Thump! Thump!" came a noise upon the stairs.

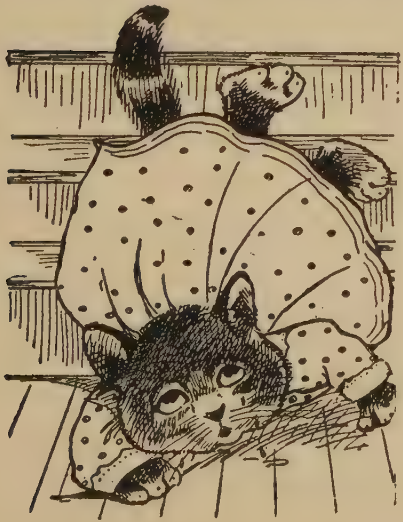
How fast everybody ran to catch the thief! The cat mewed. The teddy bear growled. The toy soldier shot off his gun. The rag doll screamed. The toy drum beat loudly. The toy engine blew its whistle.

The teddy bear caught the rag doll. The rag doll caught the toy soldier. The toy soldier caught the toy engine. The toy engine caught the white cat. The white cat caught the toy drum. The toy drum caught the teddy bear.

Each of them thought he was catching the thief, but they were really catching each other.

"Let me go!" screamed the teddy bear. "I am not the thief!"

"Let me go! I am not the thief!" screamed everybody else.

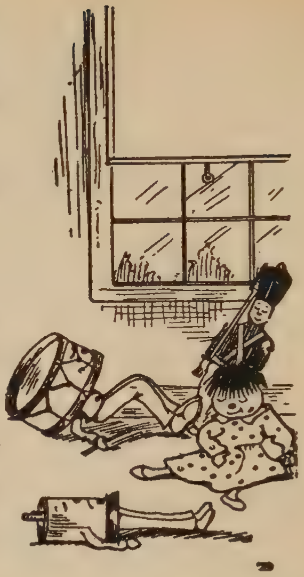


"Where is the thief?" they all asked.

But it was not a thief at all. It was the gray kitten. She was sleepy and had fallen downstairs.

Everybody went back to their places. It was very still. They heard soft footsteps upon the roof.

"Pat! Pat! Pat!" came the footsteps. They drew nearer and nearer. The thief was just about to come through the window. Just then the teddy bear gave a great sneeze. The thief ran away very quickly.



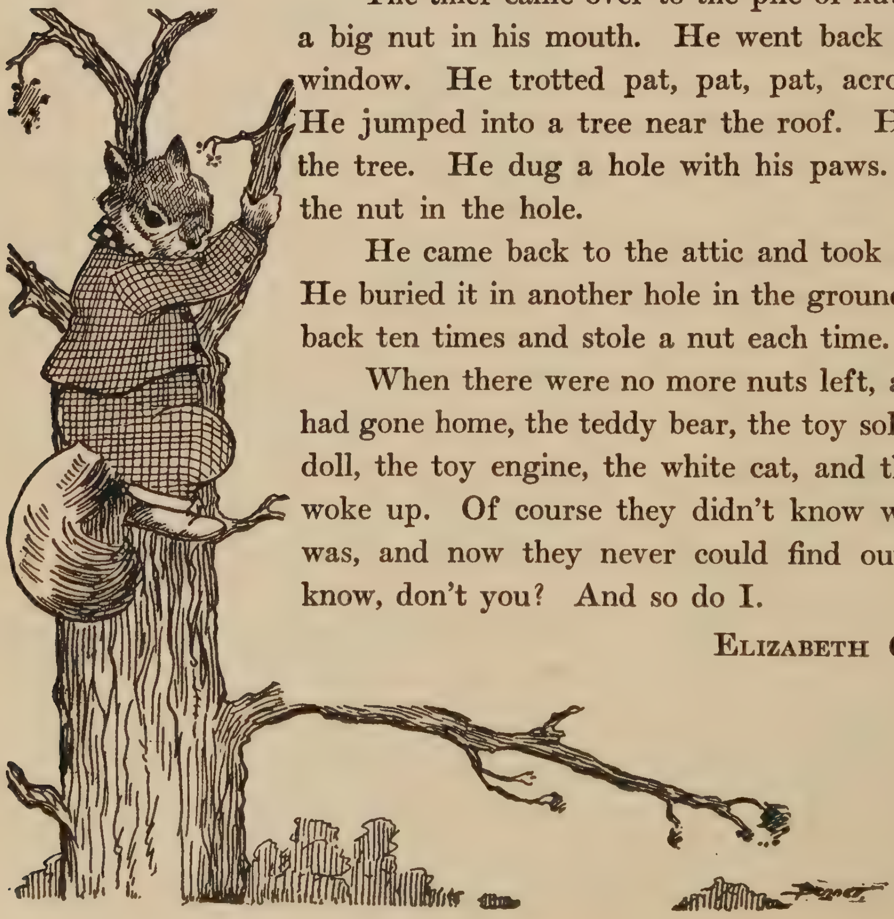
"It is your fault!" cried the rag doll. "We should have caught the thief in another moment."

"I am sorry," replied the teddy bear. "My nose tickled, and I really could not help sneezing."

"Hold your nose and rub your upper lip. Then you can help sneezing," advised the toy engine.

It was very warm and drowsy in the attic. It was so warm and still that everybody fell sound asleep. They did not hear the thief when he came the second time.

"Pat! Pat! Pat!" came the footsteps across the roof. The thief sat on the window sill and looked into the attic. He saw that every one was sound asleep. He smiled.



The thief came over to the pile of nuts. He took a big nut in his mouth. He went back through the window. He trotted pat, pat, pat, across the roof. He jumped into a tree near the roof. He ran down the tree. He dug a hole with his paws. He buried the nut in the hole.

He came back to the attic and took another nut. He buried it in another hole in the ground. He came back ten times and stole a nut each time.

When there were no more nuts left, and the thief had gone home, the teddy bear, the toy soldier, the rag doll, the toy engine, the white cat, and the toy drum woke up. Of course they didn't know who the thief was, and now they never could find out. But you know, don't you? And so do I.

Elizabeth Gurney

JUST JOY

THERE is a merry stirring in our hearts like many wings a-flutter.

There are hosts of little nests not big enough to hold our crowding thoughts and wishes. There are sunny longings in our hearts.

Smiles chase themselves across our lips and tumble into a tangle of laughter.

And, oh, such busy fingers and such restless hands! Oh, so many racing feet that cannot stop their running.

Oh, such a tumult of voices rising to the sky and the sun. Such endless racing to and fro.

The little brooks join in the laughter and the running. The birds and all little living things add songs and many merry noises to our laughter and song.

Over all, in all, and through all this bubbling life and joyful expectation, there beams God's loving Presence. No wonder that great gladness fills the world.

God's Love lives in the Heaven of our hearts. God's Presence makes Heaven here to-day on the earth about us.

We are the children of God's Heart! We are the Joy of Life! The hours and the days cannot change the Joy within us.

Oh, come-
let us be joyful together!

The Roses of

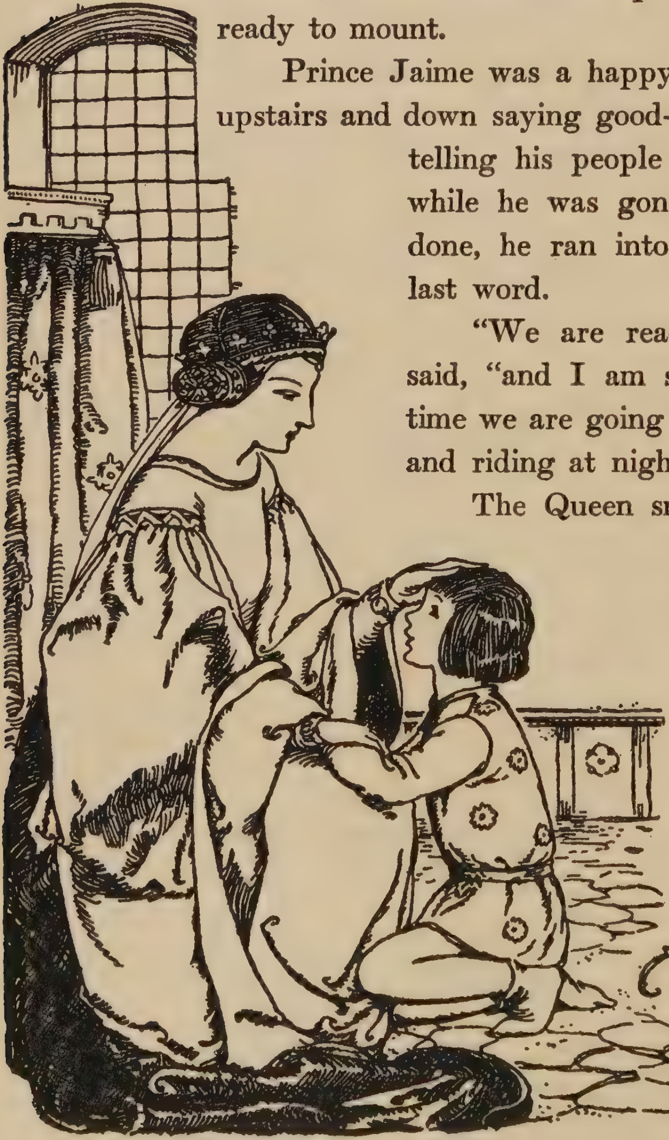
LITTLE Prince Jaime was going on his first long journey, a visit to his uncle's kingdom, many miles away across the river. Even now his brothers and cousins were gathered outside in the courtyard preparing to start, while his own brown pony was saddled and bridled ready to mount.

Prince Jaime was a happy little boy as he clattered upstairs and down saying good-bye to his playthings, and telling his people how to care for his pets while he was gone. When everything was done, he ran into his mother's room for a last word.

"We are ready to start, Mother," he said, "and I am so excited. What a good time we are going to have, crossing the river and riding at night! It will be wonderful."

The Queen smiled at him and brushed his hair with her thin white hands.

"Have a good time, little Prince," she said, "and go carefully. I wonder if you could remember to bring me something when you come home?"

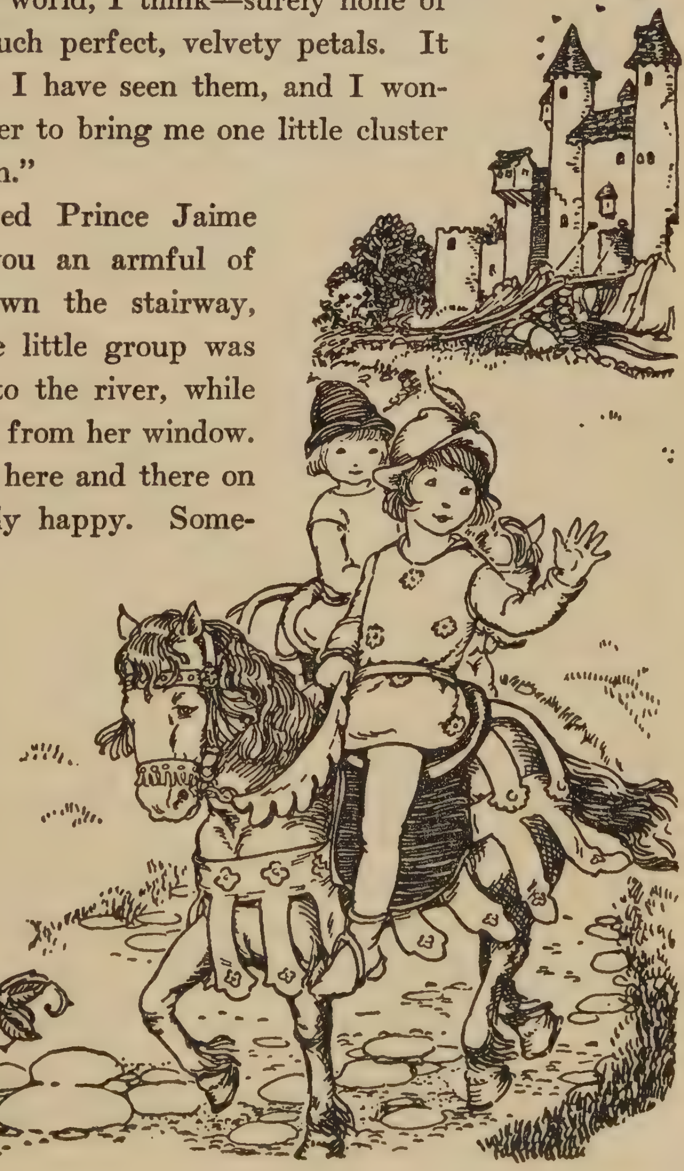


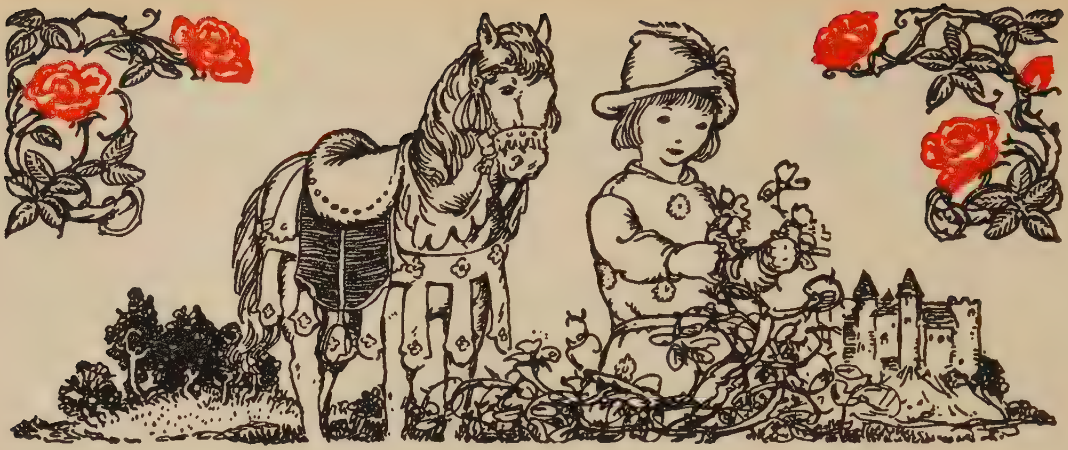
"Of course, Mother," agreed Prince Jaime readily. "What is it?"

"When I was a little girl and lived at Glenncarlyn," said his mother, "we had the most wonderful roses. There were none like them in the world, I think—surely none of so deep a red, and with such perfect, velvety petals. It has been a long time since I have seen them, and I wondered if you could remember to bring me one little cluster of the roses of Glenncarlyn."

"But surely," answered Prince Jaime happily. "I will bring you an armful of roses." Then he ran down the stairway, mounted his pony, and the little group was soon on the road leading to the river, while the Queen Mother watched from her window.

Prince Jaime, dashing here and there on his brown pony, was wildly happy. Sometimes he and his smaller cousins rode ahead, and sometimes they lagged behind. They saw strange birds in the trees, and curious wild flowers and many other wonders that older eyes seemed to miss.





The party travelled on late into the night, until they reached the river. Then they pitched their tent, and Prince Jaime slept with the song of the waters in his ears.

The next day they reached the kingdom of Glenncarlyn, and all the days that followed were packed full and brimming over with surprises and good times.

It was not until they were well on the homeward journey that Prince Jaime remembered the promise to his mother.

"Oh, never mind," he said carelessly. "I'll find some roses that will do just as well." Later he stopped at a scraggly bush growing by the roadside, and picked half a dozen faded pink roses with worm-eaten petals and ragged dusty leaves.

When they got home he ran up to his mother's room, and tossed the tattered roses into her lap.

"Here are your flowers," he said, "and we have had such a good time, Mother. You can't imagine."

Then he stopped. There were tears in his mother's eyes as she bent over the blossoms. "Even the roses of Glenncarlyn are changed," she said and put the flowers away out of her sight.

Prince Jaime tramped slowly down the stairs. His pets gathered around him, and every one wanted to ask about his journey. The boy tried to talk, but at last he made an excuse and slipped away to his room. Poor little Prince!

It was not light the next morning when he saddled the brown pony, and led him into the road.

"We must go back, Brownie," said Prince Jaime. "Just as fast as we can go. How could I be so mean?" he asked himself, sadly.

The sun was hot and the road was long and lonesome. Prince Jaime and the pony were both a little frightened, for they had never travelled alone before. But they went on as fast as they could and even rode part of the night before they lay down to rest. When they reached Glenncarlyn, all the people rushed out in surprise.

"Why, what is the matter?" they asked. "Did you forget something?"

"Yes, I forgot something," answered Prince Jaime, and went at once to the south wall where the roses grew crimson and green on the grey stones.

Prince Jaime gathered an armful of the most perfect buds he could find, and the old gardener, who seemed to understand, packed them carefully in damp moss so that they would stay fresh.

"The Queen, your mother, loved these flowers when she was a little child like you," said the gardener. "She used to come to the south wall and talk to them by the hour."

Prince Jaime nodded. There was a lump in his throat when he thought of his mother and the ragged pink roses. These were so deep a crimson as to be almost black, and the petals were soft as velvet. "There are none like the roses of Glenncarlyn," said the old gardener.

The road home did not seem so long nor so hot, and the brown pony trotted the miles away rapidly. When the last mile was ended, Prince Jaime unpacked his roses and carried them tenderly to his mother's room.

"Here are real roses from Glenncarlyn," he said to her, humbly laying the flowers in her lap. "Those others I picked from a poor bush by the roadside. But I went all the way back to get you the real ones I had promised you."

His mother looked up from her armful of blossoms with contented eyes. "They are just as I remembered them. And you went back all the way alone? What a brave little Prince!"

Then Prince Jaime laughed, and ran out to play with his pets and his playthings, a happy boy again.

Alice Cary Dunn

TREASURE

WHEN things don't go exactly right,
And happy smiles are slow to come;
When, somehow, spirits are not bright
And satisfied with home—
If we but do a kindly deed,
Or lift some little weight of care,
Or try to serve some one in need,
Our pot of gold is there.

When disappointment *hurts* and we
Think joy will never come again,
When blues are blue as blue can be,
And ache just like a pain—
If we will think of all the *good*
God gives His children everywhere,
And fill our hearts with gratitude,
Our pot of gold is there.

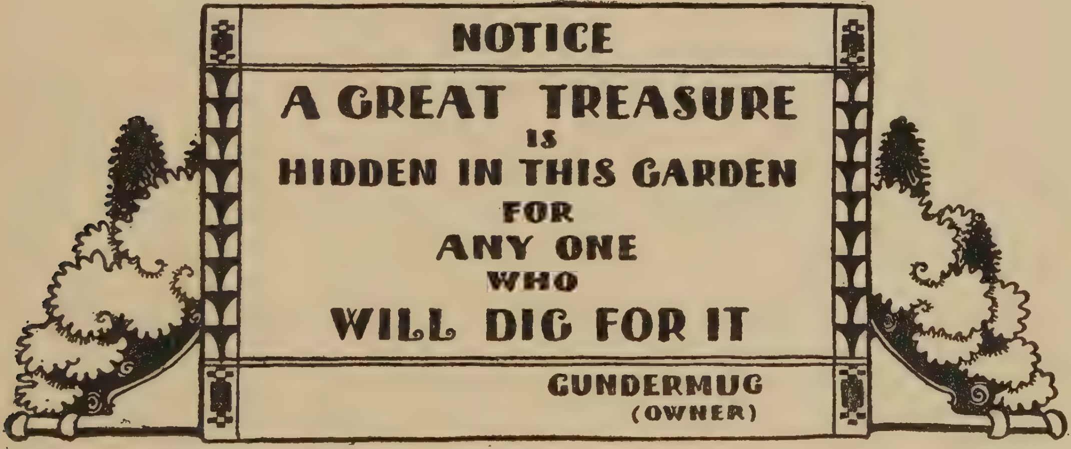
The rainbow is an emblem of
Good hope, and we can all depend
Upon God's never-failing love
Down at the rainbow's end.
So, let a rainbow leave the glow
Of treasure in the *heart,* for where
God's promise is, we surely know
Our pot of gold is there.

JOHN MARTIN

GUNDERMUG'S TREASURE

ONCE upon a time there lived a good giant named Gundermug who loved to be kind to people and help them. He had a great pity for the poor and needy and especially loved little children, and it grieved him when they could not have the things they needed.

He thought and thought how he might help both young and old. When he had solved the problem, he went and hid a great treasure in a garden and placed the garden in an ugly bare place in the part of a city where many of the poor people lived. Then over the gate of the garden he placed a sign like this:



NOTICE

A GREAT TREASURE
IS
HIDDEN IN THIS GARDEN
FOR
ANY ONE
WHO
WILL DIG FOR IT

GUNDERMUG
(OWNER)

Now you may be sure that all who passed the garden next day, stopped to read this sign. Most of the people, young and old, who read it, went running back home again for spades or hoes or anything with which they might dig for the great treasure. The garden was soon crowded with people, big and little, young and old, all digging up the earth.

Among those who came passed the garden was Little Soup, a poor newsboy. He was called "Little Soup" by the other boys because he was so thin and little. His cap was very ragged, and his coat was much too big for him and quite old and worn. It had been his father's, but his father had long been dead.

When Little Soup read the sign, his eyes grew big and round, and his heart went thumpety-thump right up in his throat. Here was a chance for him! If he could only find the great treasure, his mother would not have to bend over the wash-tub and work all day long, and he, himself, might go to school and have some good warm clothes to wear.

Little Soup ran home as fast as he could and told his mother about the sign and the garden. She went to the cupboard and took down the old teapot which served as their bank and emptied the last pennies from it so that Little Soup might buy a spade and dig for the treasure.

When he reached the garden with his spade, he found it so crowded that there was scarcely room for another inside, but because he was so small he managed to creep in and find a corner where he could dig.

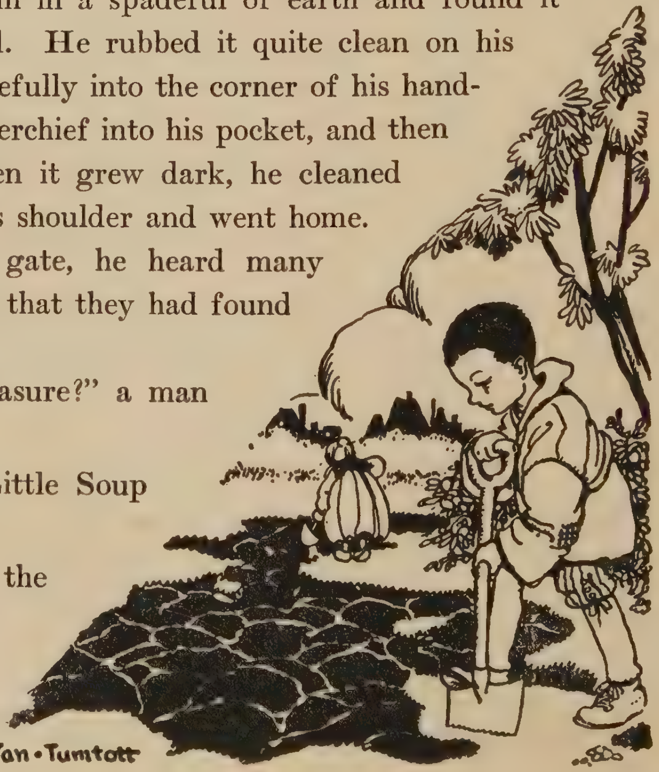
For a long time he dug up nothing but earth, but towards evening he saw something gleam in a spadeful of earth and found it to be a tiny nugget of gold. He rubbed it quite clean on his ragged sleeve and put it carefully into the corner of his handkerchief. He put the handkerchief into his pocket, and then began digging again. When it grew dark, he cleaned his spade and put it over his shoulder and went home. As he passed out of the gate, he heard many grumbling and complaining that they had found no treasure.

"Did you find any treasure?" a man asked him gruffly.

"Yes, sir," answered Little Soup timidly.

"Let's see it," said the man eagerly.

When Little Soup had fumbled a great deal in his pocket, he found



the tiny nugget of gold and showed it to the man, who broke into a great laugh.

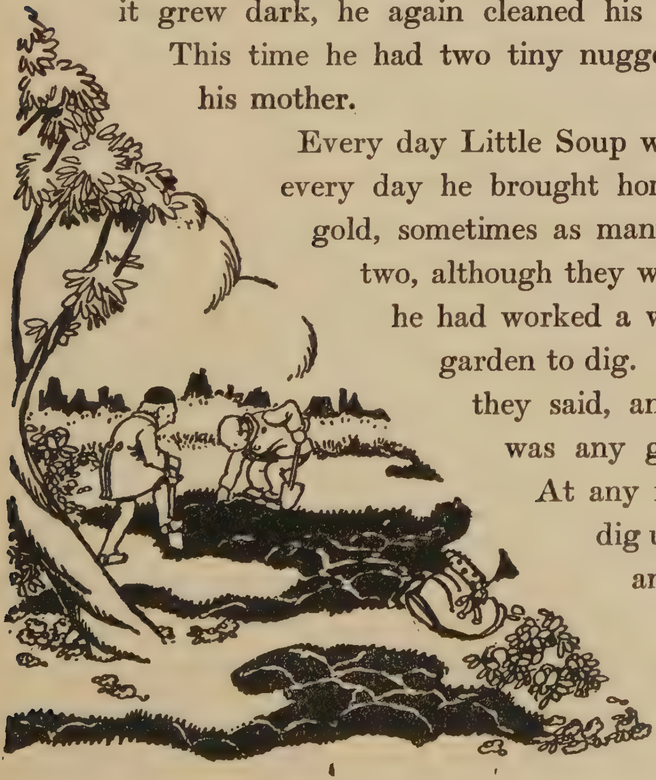
"Is that all?" he exclaimed. "Why, that is of no use. It is too little. I found some of those, too, but did not trouble to pick them up. The sign says '*a great treasure.*' No one but a fool would spend his time working for anything so trifling as that," and the man went away and did not come back to dig any more.

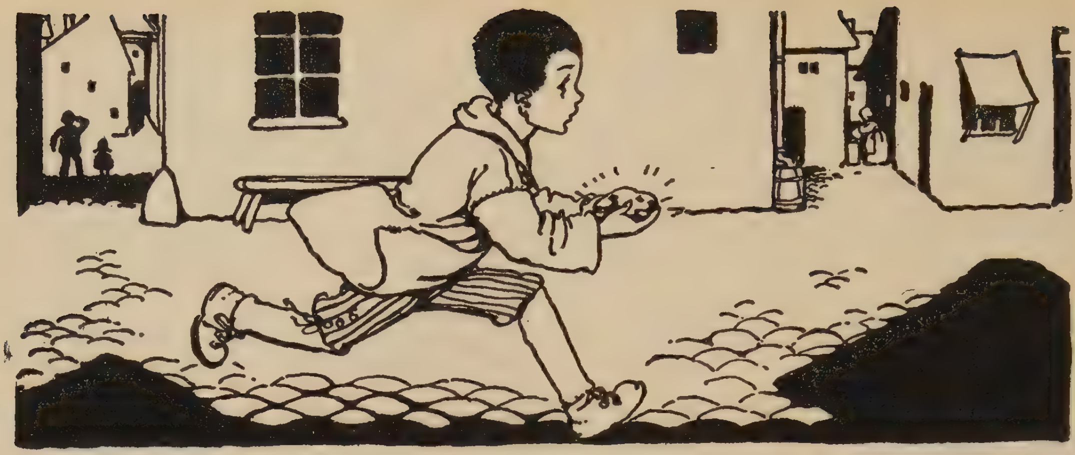
Little Soup wondered if it had really been foolish of him to dig so long for such a tiny reward, but when he showed his mother what he had found, she said that he had done well. She put the nugget in the old teapot where the money had been and told him that he should go and dig again the next day.

The next morning Little Soup was the first to arrive and began digging in Gundermug's garden. By and by others came until the garden was quite full of people but not so crowded as it had been the day before. All day long the people kept grumbling and leaving because they could find no great treasure. Before night there was plenty of room in the garden, and Little Soup might dig where he pleased. As it grew dark, he again cleaned his spade and went back home. This time he had two tiny nuggets of gold in his pocket for his mother.

Every day Little Soup went to dig in the garden, and every day he brought home to his mother nuggets of gold, sometimes as many as four and always one or two, although they were always very small. After he had worked a week, no one else came to the garden to dig. Old Gundermug was a fraud, they said, and they did not believe there was any great treasure in the garden. At any rate it was too much work to dig up such tiny pieces of treasure, and they would go where the reward was greater.

When Little Soup had worked a year and a month and a day in





the garden, something happened. He suddenly threw up a very large nugget of gold with his spade. He became so excited when he saw it that he forgot everything, even his spade, and ran quickly home to his mother with his treasure. It was the day before Christmas. His mother was preparing a surprise for him and was just hanging up a wreath of holly in the window. When she saw him come running down the street, she went to the door to meet him.

"What is the matter that you come home so early, my son?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, Mother, to-day I found a big nugget of gold, and I could not wait to bring it to you," and Little Soup's eyes sparkled brighter than the gold as he placed it in her hand.

"It is a Christmas gift from Gundermug," said his mother. "I wish we might see him and thank him. And now I, too, have made a surprise for you," and his mother led him into the little kitchen where the table was all laid with a white cloth and in the center of it was a beautiful Christmas cake frosted like snow with a Christmas fairy, made of candy and sparkling with sugar crystals, standing on the top of it. Little Soup clapped his hands with joy, and his mother laid the nugget beside the cake and went to make the tea.

In order to make the tea, she had to use the teapot. She took it down from the cupboard and found it was full of gold, although she had taken some out to buy the things for the Christmas supper. She poured the gold out into a bag, and when Little Soup saw how much there was, he thought they must be rich and asked if he might not take some of it and buy a pair of crutches for Frank who lived across the street and could not go out because he was crippled.

"I am glad," said his mother, "that you want to do some good to others with the gold you have worked so hard to gain. When our supper is over, we will go to the shops and buy gifts for Frank and his mother and all of our neighbors who need things for their comfort."

"See how the nugget glows," said Little Soup, looking at the big nugget on the table. "I think it must be like the Star of Bethlehem the Three Wise Men followed." And truly the nugget shone as no other gold ever shone before, and seemed indeed like a star fallen down from the sky to Little Soup and his mother.

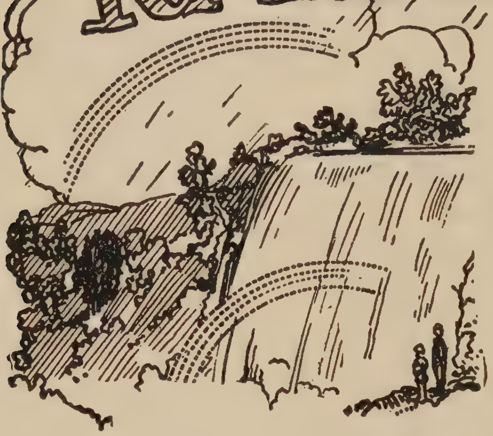
When the tea was made and his mother went to pour it, what do you suppose happened? She poured not tea but a stream of gold out of the spout! Whenever she tried to pour tea, she poured only gold, until all the cups in the house were filled with it. Little Soup clapped his hands. "Oh, now I know what Gundermug meant by the great treasure. Mother, I dug up the treasure after all."

Little Soup was so excited that he could scarcely eat any supper. When they had finished, they took the gold and went to the shops as his mother had promised, and they bought many gifts for their neighbors and friends and made it the merriest Christmas Little Soup had ever known.

When Christmas was passed, they moved into a new home where his mother did not have to work so hard, and Little Soup had good warm clothes and went to school and grew up to be a good and wise man. He always kept the old teapot, and it ever after poured out gold for him whenever he made tea in it, but he never forgot to be kind to those around him and to divide his good fortune with others.

LENNA WILLIAMSON

RAINBOWS



DADDY was just in time. He dashed upon the porch just as the huge drops began to splash on the walk, and he and Tommy watched the downpour from the large front window. How it rained! They watched the gutters run full, brimming full, and the street become a river. They saw the gravel driveway begin to wash, and gradually a deep, jagged rut appeared. The drain pipes became clogged with stones and dirt, and when the rain stopped, the yard, the sidewalk, and street were all under a foot of muddy water.

"I'm going to put on my boots and poke the sewer pipe open with a pole," said Tommy as he rushed upstairs for his boots. He found a strong pole and poked and poked at the clogged basin. Soon a swirl of water began to pour into the pipe and almost drew him in.

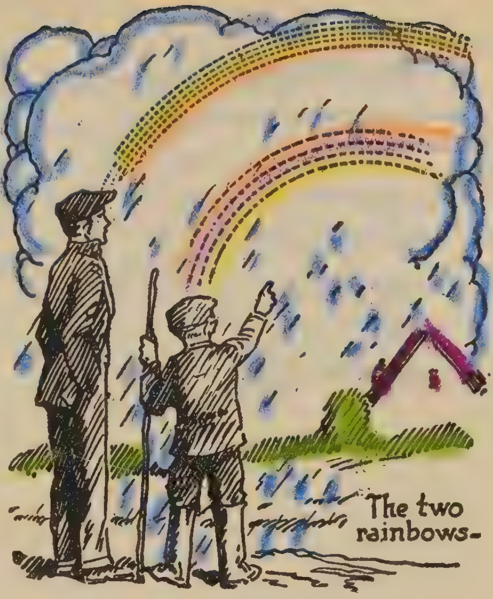
"I'll have to gather up our driveway, to-morrow. It's washed all the way down the street," Tommy said as he came up on the porch.

"That'll be a good job," Daddy replied. "Look!" Daddy was pointing to a beautiful rainbow in the sky.

Tommy whirled around.

"A rainbow! Two of them!" They were gorgeous ones. "What is a rainbow, Daddy?"

"Rainbows," replied Daddy, "are caused by the rays of the sun striking the drops of water in the air. Do you remember the glass spangles on the big light fixture in Grandmother's parlor? Each of those glass pieces has several flat sides. Such a piece of glass is called a 'p-r-i-s-m,' and when the sunshine strikes it, the glass breaks the sunshine up into many different colors. We watched these little rainbows on the wall in grandmother's parlor—remember?


The two rainbows-

"A drop of water splits up the sunshine just as the glass did, breaks it up into different colors which form the rainbow. Sometimes rainbows can be seen in mists over waterfalls and in the cloud of fine spray thrown up by a lawn sprinkler.

"Professor Brooks in 'Why the Weather?' says that a rainbow is really a great big circle, but we can see only a part of it because the other part, which we do not see, is below the horizon. The rainbow always appears on a cloud of raindrops opposite the sun, and it is made up of seven bands, each of a different color.

"Usually there are two rainbows. One is called the first, or 'primary.' This one is usually smaller, and its colors are the brightest. The second and larger bow is fainter and is called the 'secondary.' In the first rainbow the outer or highest part is red, and the inner band is violet or blue. In the second rainbow, the outer or highest band is violet-colored, and the inner part is red. The colors of rainbow bands are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. Just how red the red part is, or how green the green part, depends upon the size of the rain drops. The larger the rain drops, the brighter the colors.

"The rainbows that we see occur only when the sun is not overhead; that is, in the morning or evening when the sun's rays are not straight up and down, but slanting. As sunset approaches, or soon after sunrise in the morning, if there is a rainbow, it will be high in the sky. Late in the morning or early in the afternoon only a small part of a rainbow can be seen."

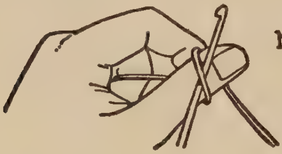
"I wonder if Mother is seeing this," said Tommy, rushing into the house.

When he returned, what do you think happened? The two rainbows could be seen for a moment quite clearly, but suddenly they were gone, and the sun had sunk "behind the purple hills."

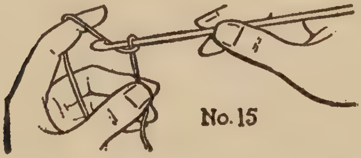
DALE S. COLE

How to Crochet & To Chain Stitch

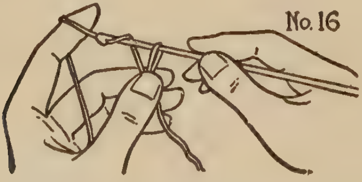
First, wrap your yarn around your left thumb.


No. 14

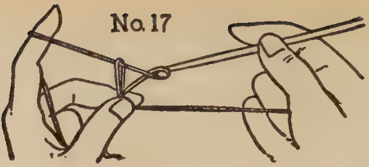
Lift off with crochet needle.


No. 15

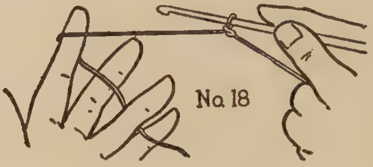
With left thumb and finger hold point where yarn crosses. Wrap yarn around hook by slipping hook under yarn, away from you.


No. 16

Pull it through the loop on hook.


No. 17

It will look like this. Make other stitches in the same way.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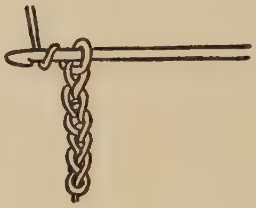
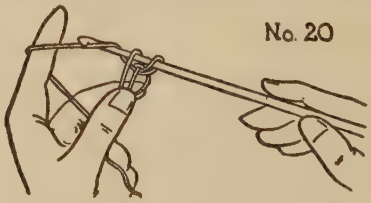

No. 19

Single Crochet

Make a chain of 12 stitches. Put your hook through the second from the last chain stitch you made (skipping one stitch).

Wrap and pull yarn through that stitch making two loops on hook.


No. 20

Wrap and pull yarn through both loops, finishing one single crochet stitch.

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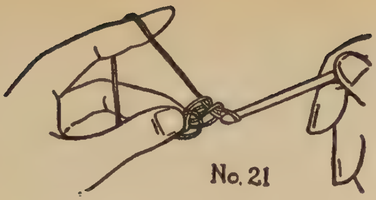
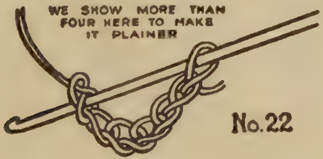


No. 21

Crochet into each chain stitch all the way across. At the end, before turning, make one chain stitch. Turn, single crochet into each stitch, putting hook through *both* threads at the top of each stitch that you have just made. By this method you make a flat, straight piece of work.

To make a disk or mat or button cover

Chain 4. Draw first stitch made through last stitch made.


WE SHOW MORE THAN FOUR HERE TO MAKE IT PLAINER

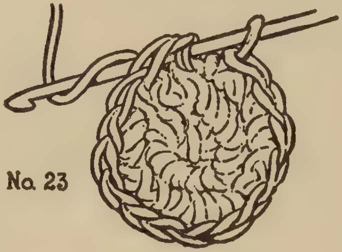
No. 22

You have a ring. Crochet into that ring 10 single crochet stitches, or enough to make your work flat.

To keep it flat, as you go on to next row, make one single crochet stitch into the even numbered stitches, and two into the odd numbered stitches.

In making a button cover, when your plaque is large enough for the top begin to narrow by making a single crochet into each stitch for one row.

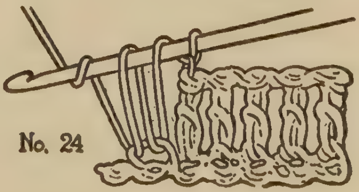
Next row, into every other stitch until the button is entirely covered. Draw your yarn up and fasten it carefully.



No. 23

Double Crochet

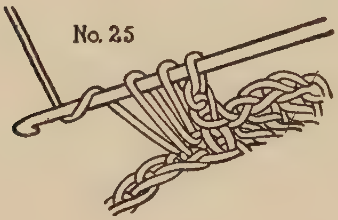
After you know single crochet, double is easy. Make chain of 12 stitches as before. Wrap, put hook through *third* from last stitch you made (skipping 2 stitches). Draw yarn through chain stitch. Wrap, pull through two loops on hook. Wrap again, pull through last two loops on hook, making one double stitch.



No. 24

To make a shell or scallop

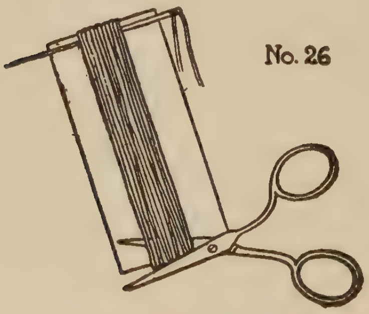
Make a single crochet stitch. Chain 2. Make three double crochet stitches in the same place in which you put the single crochet stitch. Skipping two chain stitches, make a single crochet in third. That finishes one scallop and begins another.


No. 25

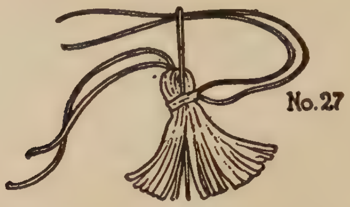
To make tassels and balls

Around a card two inches wide or around two fingers wind a yarn strand eight or ten times.

With double yarn in darning needle, thread under wrapped yarn at top and tie. Cut yarn through at bottom.

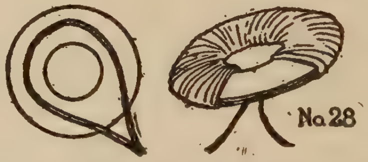

No. 26

Tie around tassel and draw ends through.


No. 27

Draw first tie strands through tassel, making loop. Snip off even.

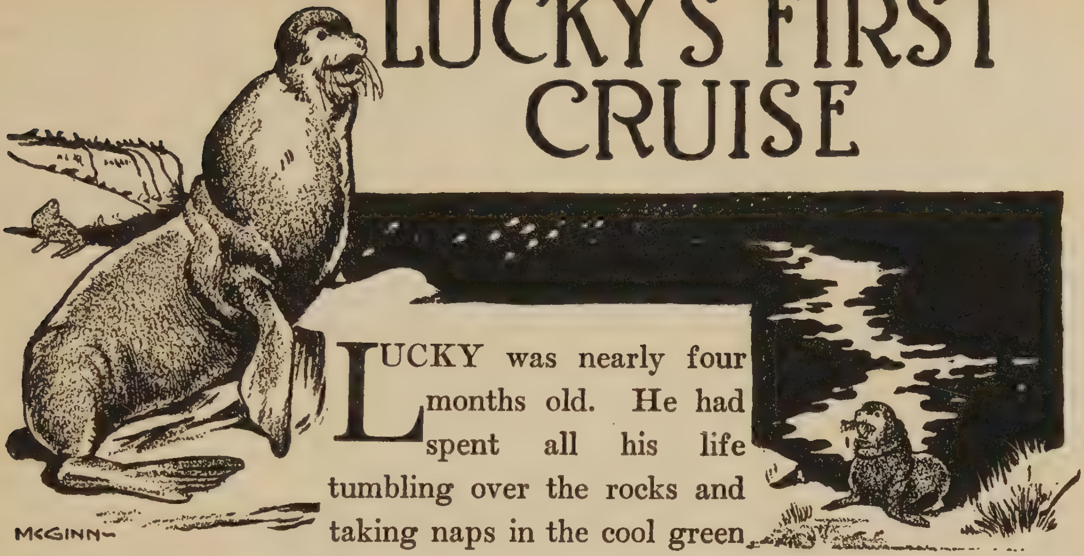
A large ball is easier to make first. On pasteboard trace around a silver dollar twice, making two disks. Trace around a dime in the middle of each, cutting out the center. Lay a double strand of yarn on one disk, letting ends project in like this:


No. 28

Lay second disk on top of first and hold together. Measure off two yards of yarn and thread into large-eyed darning needle, pulling ends even. Wind cardboard evenly all around, threading into the center, around and in again until yarn is all wound.

Put point of scissors between cardboards and clip yarn all around. Pull up projecting ends and tie tightly. Take out cardboards and clip around ball until it is even. HELEN WALDO

LUCKY'S FIRST CRUISE



LUCKY was nearly four months old. He had spent all his life tumbling over the rocks and taking naps in the cool green grass on St. Paul Island, one of the Pribilof group of islands in the Behring Sea. There were lots of other young sea-bears on the island for Lucky to play with, and he would have been happy there for a long time. But one day when he was playing hide-and-seek on a slippery rock he tumbled right down and went splash! into the sea.

Now, if you had suddenly found yourself in the ocean when you were four months old, I wonder if you would have done what Lucky did. Before his mother could reach him, swimming as fast as ever she could, Lucky's triangular fore flippers struck out in a nice even paddle, and the little sea-bear found himself floating comfortably on the surface of the water, just as he had often seen Mother Sea-bear do. He hadn't been able to use these black, hairless and clawless fore flippers very well on land, but in the water he found that they made the best of little swimming arms.

You see, Lucky's real name is *Callotaria ursina,* and he belongs to the *Otariidae* family. That means that Lucky is really a baby sea-lion; but because his family is smaller and prettier than other sea-lions, and because they have bear-like teeth, they are often called sea-bears. Some people call them little-eared fur seals.

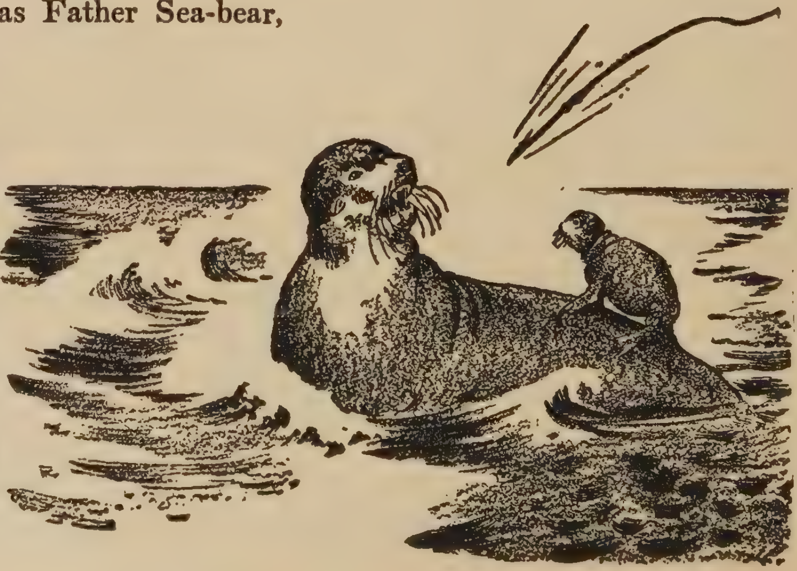
Lucky the Sea-bear, Barker the Sea-lion, Tubby the Seal (who wears hair instead of fur), and Fatty the Walrus are really cousins. They all belong to the *Pinnipedia,* or Fin-foots, and they look very much alike. But Lucky's hind legs, or flippers, turn forward, while Tubby's turn backward; and Lucky has useful little ears, while Tubby has to hear through tiny slits in his head. You can tell them apart quite easily if you are close enough to see that Lucky wears a fur coat, and Tubby a hair one.

My, but wasn't Mother Sea-bear proud of Lucky when she saw him swimming so easily through the water! Of course, he didn't learn right away to go wherever he wanted to. It was several days before he could use his web-toed hind flippers for a rudder as his mother did. But he was the youngest baby on the grounds to learn to swim, and he soon liked the water better than the rocks and cool grass on the island.

Lucky went swimming with Mother Sea-bear every day, and when they came out of the water she rubbed him all over with her broad nose and tickled his sharp ears with her fuzzy whiskers. Then she dug clams for him. She was beginning to let him eat clams and squid and little fish now, and Lucky liked to help her find them. How good they were!

Already Lucky weighed twenty-five pounds; but he would have to eat a great deal before he weighed as much as Mother Sea-bear; and he would have to eat a great deal more to grow as large as Father Sea-bear, who weighed three hundred pounds.

Sometimes Lucky and Mother Sea-bear went far out to sea, and when he was tired he rode on her back, just as his young cousin, Fatty Walrus, did when

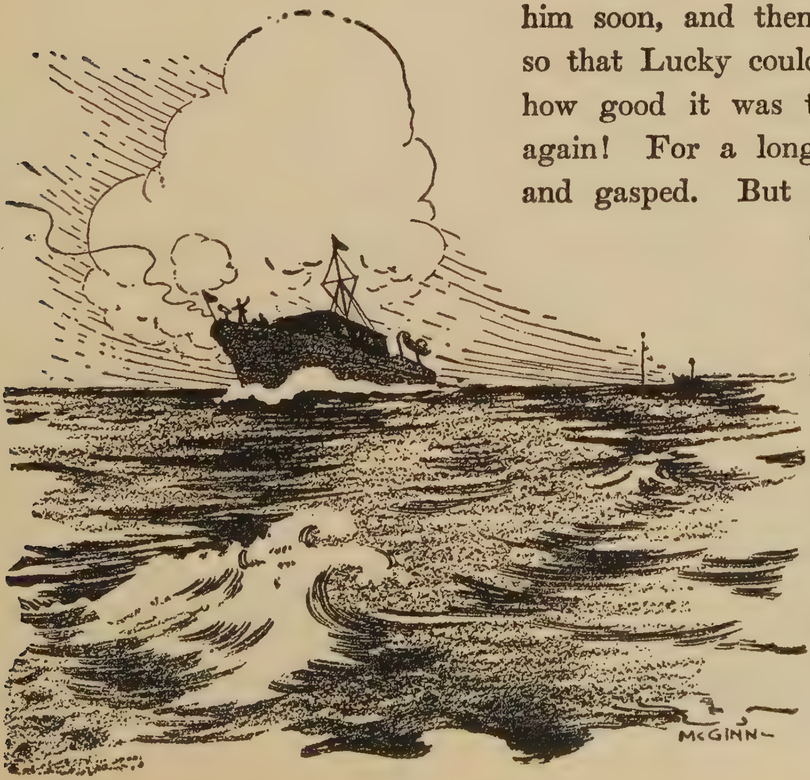


he went swimming with Auntie Walrus. Mother Sea-bear wanted him to hurry and grow strong and fast, so that they could start off in August on their winter cruise to the south.

At last she told him that they were ready, and that all the other mothers and youngsters on the grounds were going, too. The father sea-bears were not going south this year. They would stay, as they usually did, in the northern waters, and there their families would join them in the spring.

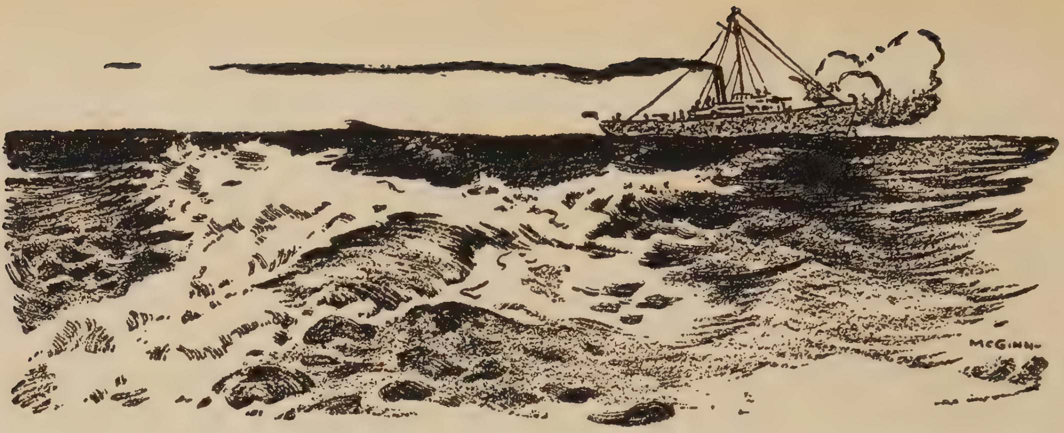
Lucky was such a good swimmer by this time that he and his mother started off well ahead of the other sea-bears. His mother knew where there was a fine school of fish and she wanted Lucky to catch some for himself. Weren't they good! He caught his fish and crunched them down just as Mother Sea-bear did. He was so busy that he hardly heard her when she told him to hurry. But when she spoke the second time, he followed her quickly toward the herd, who were splashing away to the south.

Mother Sea-bear's flippers fairly threshed through the water, and although Lucky paddled fast, his short flippers were no match for hers.



"Climb on my back," she told him soon, and then she dived down so that Lucky could climb up. My, how good it was to get his breath again! For a long time he gasped and gasped. But after a while he could breathe easily. Then his sharp little ears heard something.

Mother Sea-bear heard it, too. It was coming nearer and nearer—chug! chug! chug! Baby Lucky felt afraid. He didn't know



what is was, but he understood as well as his mother did that they were in danger.

Something sharp flew through the air and plowed through Mother Sea-bear's coarse outer hair, through her fine brown fur undercoat, and pricked into her hide. She didn't stop swimming, but soon Baby Lucky saw that they were not getting ahead. Mother Sea-bear seemed to be tied up! He knew something terrible was happening.

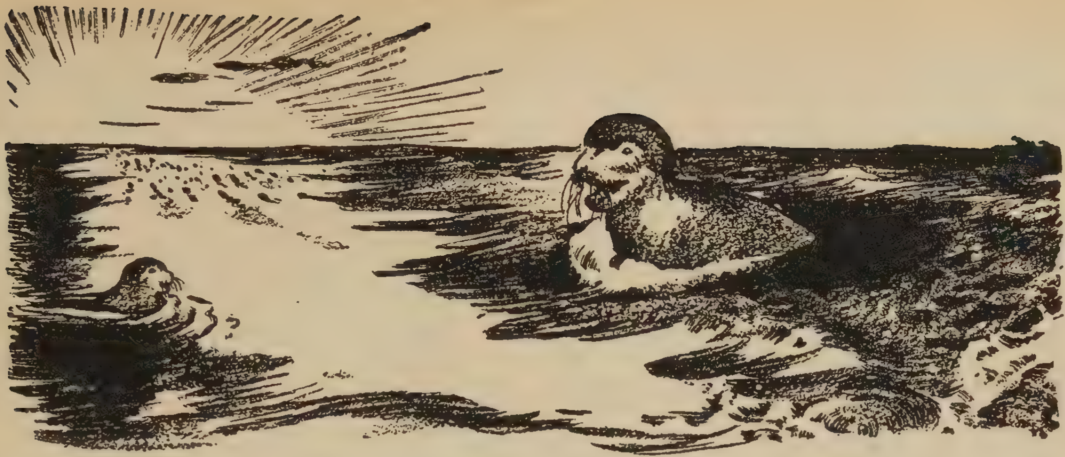
"Get down off my back," his mother barked.

Lucky slid off.

"Leave me. Swim after the others," she commanded.

Lucky didn't want to go, but he minded, as he had been trained to do. He paddled as fast as ever he could, but once in a while he looked back to see what his mother was doing. He couldn't understand why she seemed to be swimming backward toward a strange long, low, black thing lying off on the waves. It chugged and chugged like a whole herd of old Father Sea-bears bellowing.

Before long he grew so tired he couldn't swim any more. He had to float on the water. Once or twice he cried for his mother to come to help him, even though he knew she couldn't come. Now he could just see her head bobbing a little, and the black thing was coming closer to her.



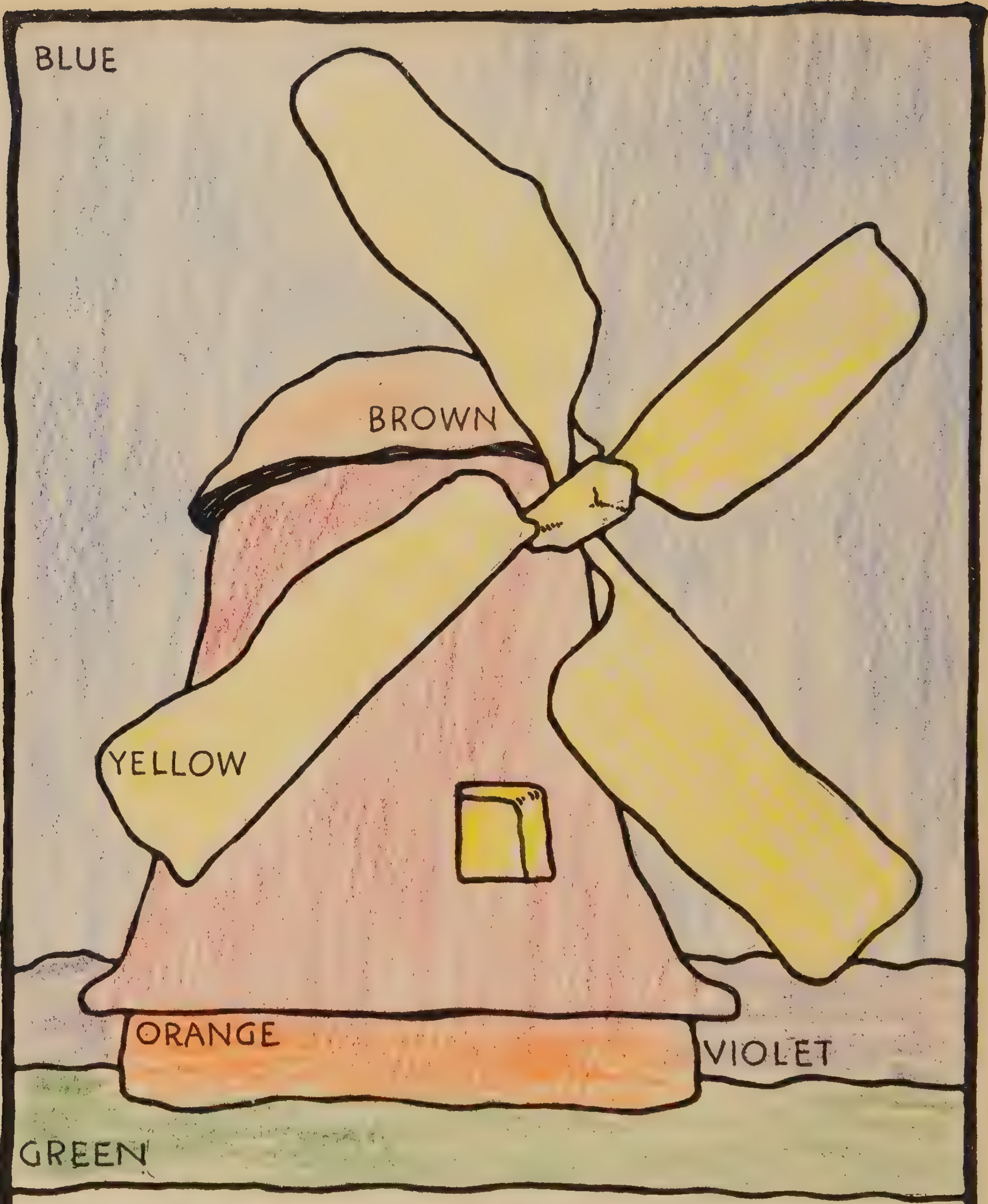
Suddenly something still more terrible happened. There was a roar like a thunder storm. The water splashed and churned. Baby Lucky was so frightened that he dived right down into the deep, green, cold water, and stayed there until he had to come up for air.

When he reached the surface, what do you suppose he saw?

Mother Sea-bear was swimming toward him as fast as she could. The black thing was out of sight, and away at the south was another low-lying thing, all grey, that moved through the water. There was smoke going up from it. Lucky wasn't frightened any more, for wasn't Mother coming for him?

He started swimming toward her. When they met, she cried and mooed and petted him. Lucky kissed her, too. Then he saw that there was blood on her shoulder, and tried to wash it off with his little tongue. After that they swam on to join the herd. The danger was all over. Lucky didn't understand it, and neither did Mother Sea-bear, for that matter.

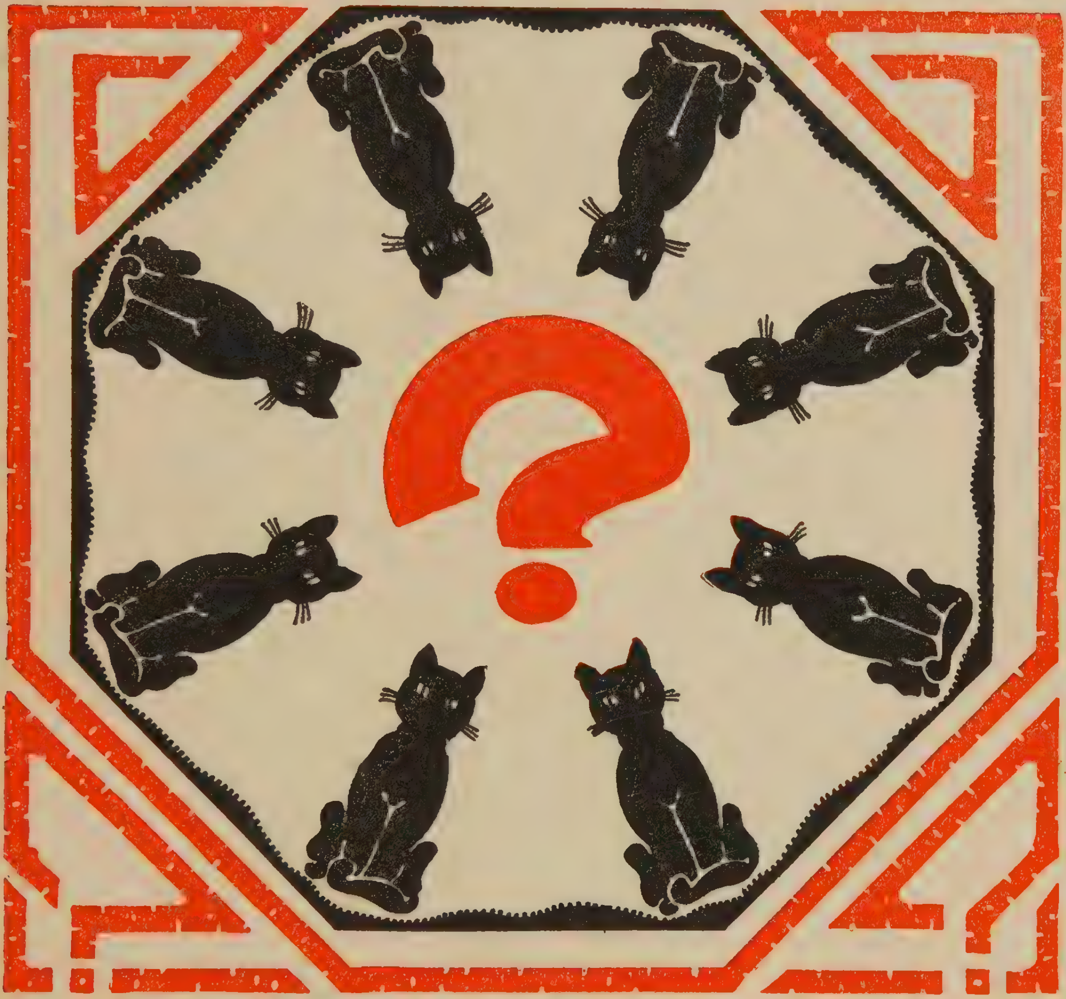
They never knew that if the United States guard boat hadn't come along as it did, and if it hadn't fired on the tramp boat that was stealing fur seal just at the moment it did, Mother Sea-bear would have lost her life, and Baby Lucky would have lost his mother—all because cruel men wanted her beautiful soft brown undercoat of fur. GERTRUDE ROBINSON


BLUE
BROWN
YELLOW
ORANGE
VIOLET
GREEN

WHAT COLOR WAS THE OLD RED MILL?

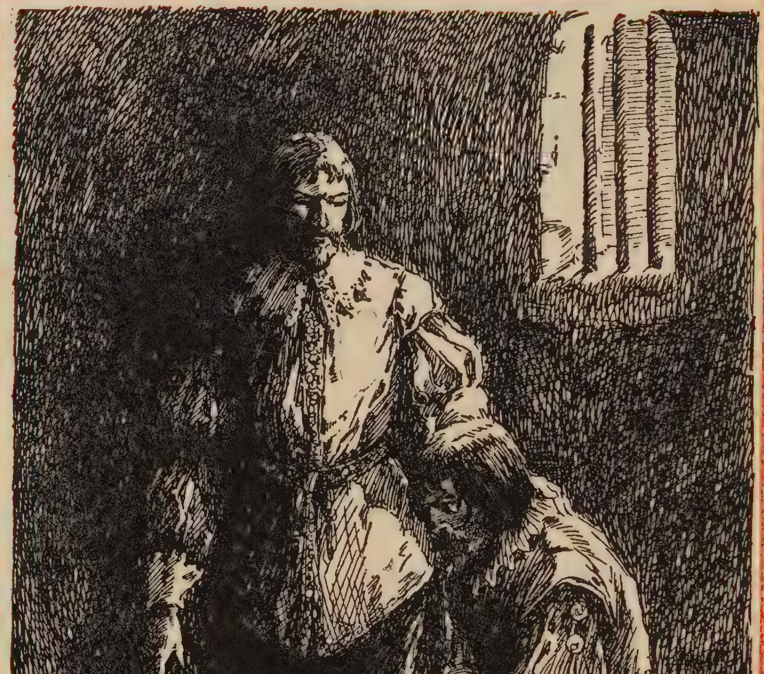
Jo mcmahon

A RIDDLE



IF a room with *eight* corners-heigho,
Had a cat in each corner, you know,
And *seven* black cats before every cat,
And a cat *on each tail*-think of that!
This is a cat(ch) riddle, you see,
How many in all would there be?

EIGHT CATS


Henry Pitz

The Gauntlets of Friendship

THE end of Puritanism in England and the first years after the Commonwealth tried sorely the upright and liberty-loving men of the kingdom. One of the most famous and fearless of them all was William Lord Cavendish, first Duke of Devonshire. He was not a soldier; he did not fight battles in the field; but he stood for what he believed to be right before a hostile King, which perhaps took more courage.

Brave he was, talented and learned, but he is best known for the loyalty of his friendships. One of his closest friends was Lord Russell. Together they had been leaders of a patriotic party. They were knit together by common opinions and common sufferings,

The heat of party quarrels caused Lord Russell to be accused of treachery. At a time when a suspected sympathy was sometimes enough to endanger one's life, Lord Cavendish came out openly and defended his friend before the Court, saying it was an honor to be acquainted with him.

Finally, although he had no part in it, Lord Russell was convicted of sharing in a plot against the King. Cavendish and other important men made every possible effort to gain a pardon, but without success. Then Cavendish went to the prison and offered to change clothes with the condemned man, who might then make his escape. But Lord Russell, equal in gallantry, refused to accept his friend's sacrifice. As a last act of loyalty, Cavendish attended Lord Russell to the scaffold.

In later years, although the stain remained on the Russell name, he was glad to have his eldest son marry one of his friend's daughters. And on the day that he was made Duke of Devonshire by William and Mary, he had the satisfaction of seeing Lord Russell's son created Duke of Bedford, by which act all taint of dishonor was removed from the memory of his liberty-loving friend.

H. W.

Friendship

TRUE friendship warms but never burns;
  Its criticism is not blame.
It ever teaches, always learns,
  Enduring long in its own name.

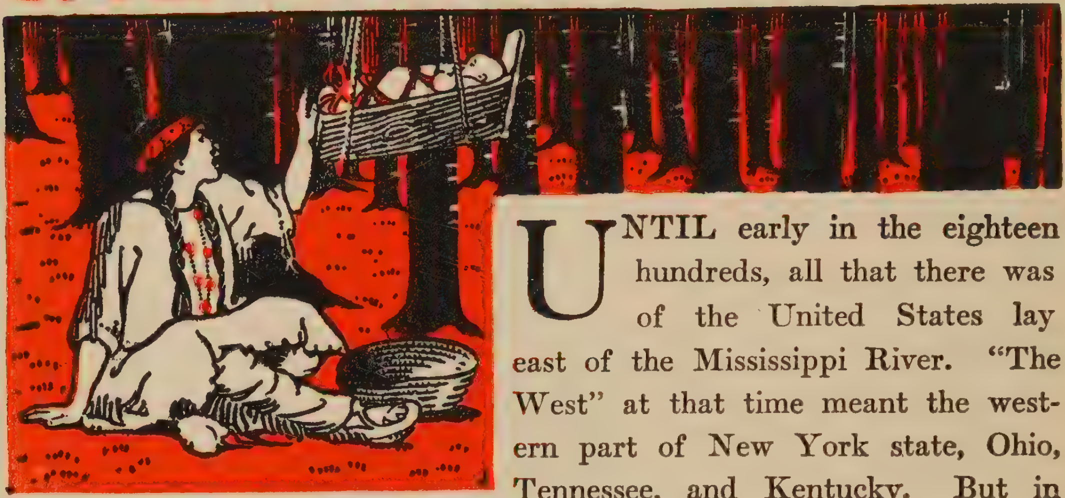
No thought of payment friendship asks;
  No obligation will it take;
But oh, the happiness of tasks
  And burdens borne for friendship's sake.

True friendship, like the stalwart tree,
  Spreads its strong roots and branches far;
Its splendid fruit is loyalty
  Which neither time nor stress can mar.

When passing time brings us the hour
  That shows the nobler place or end,
We turn for doubled joy and power
  Stored in the heart of our true Friend.

J. M.

SACAJAWEA — THE WHITE MAN'S FRIEND



UNTIL early in the eighteen hundreds, all that there was of the United States lay east of the Mississippi River. "The West" at that time meant the western part of New York state, Ohio, Tennessee, and Kentucky. But in 1803 the great district beyond the Mississippi called Louisiana was purchased from Napoleon. President Jefferson thought the government should know something about the land it had bought and what lay beyond it. And so Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark were appointed by Congress to undertake the hazardous task of finding out what they could.

Accordingly, they set out late in the year, eager to head the first expedition into the great unexplored Northwest. Their plan was to ascend the Missouri River to its source, hoping to find in that vicinity a westward flowing river on which they could make their way to the Pacific Coast. The oncoming winter found them at the mouth of Big River—the Missouri—not far from St. Louis.

During the spring and summer of 1804, Lewis and Clark—Long Knife and Red Hair we shall call them hereafter—made their slow and difficult way up Big River, and the second winter found them in the country now known as North Dakota. There they built themselves a fort (Fort Mandan) and there it was, too, that they came to know Charboneau, a white man of the plains who, long before, in an Indian game of hide-the-bone, had won for his wife a Snake Indian girl, Sacajawea. Charboneau and Sacajawea spent part of the winter in the fort with the explorers, and there it was that Sacajawea's little brown baby was born. When it came time for the white men to move onward from Fort Mandan they wanted Charboneau to guide them to the Snake tribe of Indians, from whom they might buy horses to carry them on their way, should they have to leave their boats at the head of Big River. Much as Charboneau wanted to earn money as guide, he did not know the way; but Sacajawea knew the way very well, because she belonged to the Snakes, though she had not seen her own people since she was captured, a young girl, by the Minnatarees. So it was that Long Knife and Red Hair asked her and her tiny brown papoose to go on the expedition. Counting the baby, there were thirty-three persons in six small and two large boats when the party left winter quarters and headed up the river.

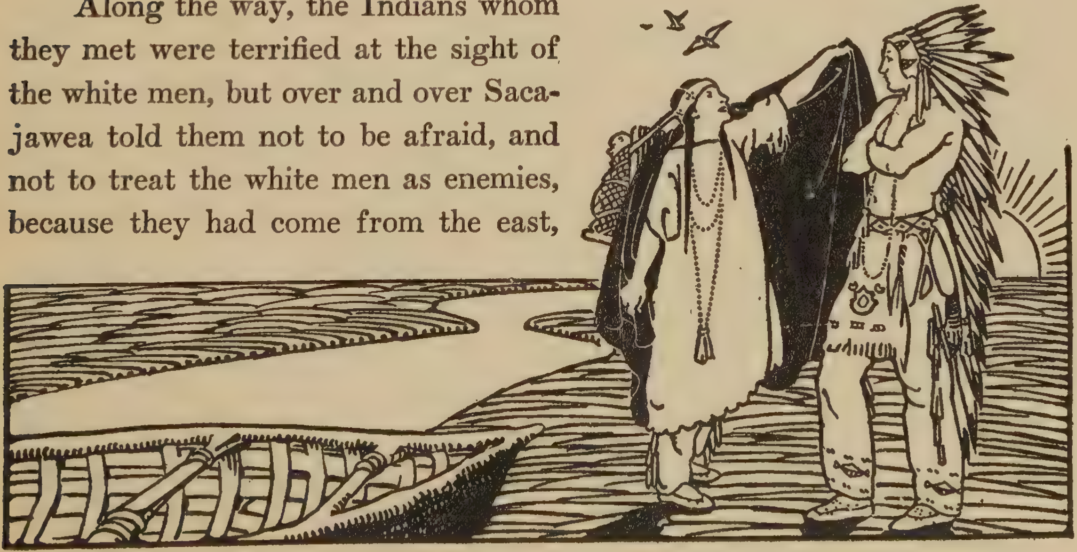
This is the Indian chant which Sacajawea sang when she found she was going to see her people once more, after many years:

"Now I shall go home again,—home to my mountains,
Home to the plains of the fair Sego lily,
Home to the forests and tepees of childhood,
Home to the hills and cliff graves of my fathers.

"The years have been bleak in the cold prairie country,
My heart has grown restless, my feet have grown weary;
As birds fain would fly from the southland in springtime,
I've yearned for my home when the soft Chinook called me.

"Across the great Tetons and Wild River Ranges,
Through canyons and passes, these brave men will travel,
Till I lead them at last to the warm sheltered valleys
Where dwell the Soshone, loved by the Great Spirit."

Along the way, the Indians whom they met were terrified at the sight of the white men, but over and over Sacajawea told them not to be afraid, and not to treat the white men as enemies, because they had come from the east,



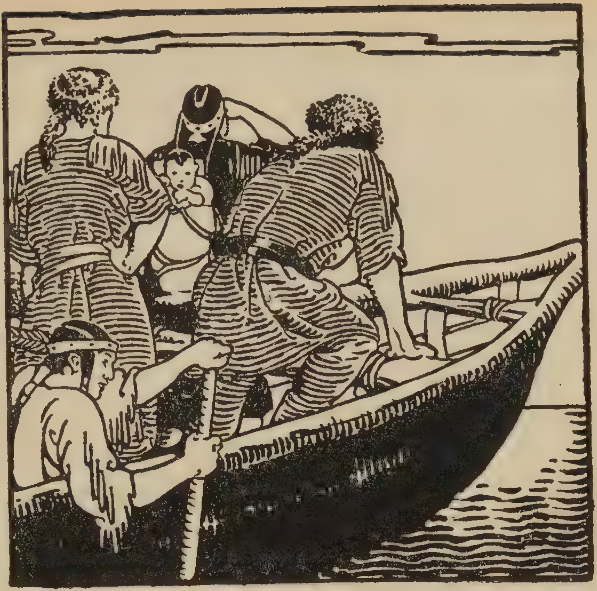
sent by their great white chief, to find a trail over the prairies to the Everywhere-Salt-Water. They came, she told them, not only to make peace with all tribes along the way, but to induce all the warring tribes to make peace one with another.

One day, during a sudden cloudburst, Red Hair saved Sacajawea, her baby, and her husband from death, and from that moment the Indian woman was absolutely devoted to his interests.

Under her guidance they found the Snakes, and Sacajawea learned that her brother, Black Bow, was now head of the tribe. Much moved, she "threw her blanket over him" and burst into tears. Black Bow confided to Sacajawea that he must kill Long Knife and Red Hair and the other white men in the party in order to get their guns and ammunition, with which the Snakes might either shoot buffalo for much-needed meat or make war on their enemy tribes. But Sacajawea, loyal to her employers even in the face of her own tribe, persuaded her brother and the other chiefs in his council that they would be very silly to kill Long Knife and Red Hair for their guns and ammunition. What would they gain, she asked them, when the black powder was gone, without the secret of making more? Better far to trust them, she argued, and to believe that they spoke truly when they said they were but the first of many white men who would come and supply the friendly Indians not only with guns but with whatever else they might need. So, unknown to them, Sacajawea saved Red Hair and Long Knife, and with them pushed onward toward the west.

For a little way, Black Bow and a few other Snakes accompanied them. When they parted company, Black Bow tried to persuade Sacajawea and her husband to abandon the expedition and return to the Snake tribe. Sacajawea indignantly refused and loyally braved the perils which lay between them and the white chiefs' goal, the Everywhere-Salt-Water.

The party suffered from cold, wet, and hunger till they reached the country of the Nez Percés, in what is now Idaho, where they found horses and food and materials for boats. Although they all fell sick at this time, they nevertheless began pluckily to make boats, Sacajawea helping always, not only with the actual work but with the even greater task of promoting good fellowship between the whites and the suspicious Indians. When the boats were finished, the party left their horses with the Nez Percés and went on their way, guided a few days by Diving-Eagle, an Indian familiar



with that country. However, very soon a warning dream so terrified Diving-Eagle that he fled hastily back to his people. Through all misfortunes, Sacajawea remained unshaken in her faith in the white chiefs.

Down the Big-River-of-the-West (the Columbia) they made their way, until it became so wide that even on the clearest day one could not see a man on the other side. Then it was that something very strange indeed happened. Twice between sunrise and sunset, the current of the great river turned and ran backward and the newly rising water had a taste of salt. Why should the Great Salt Water suddenly want to fight the river water? Sacajawea could not understand it at all.

The morning came—in November, 1805, it was—when Long Knife and Red Hair stood up in the boat and cried joyfully, "There it is, the Everywhere-Salt-Water!" Sacajawea stood up, too, and shaded her eyes to look, but though she heard a loud and unfamiliar roaring, she saw nothing but a great widening of the river.

In good pine woods, some distance back from the mouth of the Big-River of the West, the men made a fort, in which the party wintered. Soon word was brought by visiting Indians that a big fish, a very big fish, lay on the beach, and Sacajawea begged to go with the men and bring back some of the fat. On the beach she was overwhelmed at the size of the Everywhere-Salt-Water which she was sure had no farther shore but went on and on to the edge of the world. Of the "big fish" (of course it was a whale) she was so afraid, on account of its unbelievable size, that she could not bring herself to eat any of it.

All that winter it rained and rained; at last, hunger drove the party to seek the back trail. They were troubled all along the way by tribes as hungry as themselves. When they reached the Nez Percés and regained their horses, Sacajawea fell sick, and the little brown baby fell sick, too. After two moons, they started again on their way, crossing the Bitter Root mountains (Idaho). Once more in the Snake country, they paddled up the river which, on their westward journey, they had named for Red Hair.

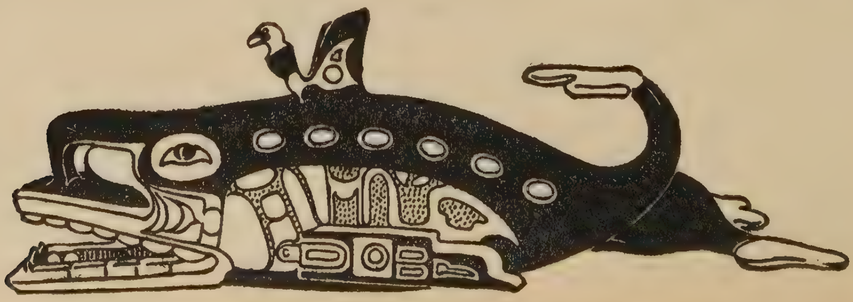
In August, 1806, they found themselves again at Fort Mandan; and there, where Sacajawea first came to them, Long Knife and Red Hair begged the loyal Indian woman and her husband to go to the end of their journey with them. Sacajawea, entirely devoted to their interests, was anxious to go, but Charboneau decided they must stay on the plains with which they were familiar. On the day of their departure, Sacajawea watched Red Hair and Long Knife till their boats disappeared around a bend of the river, and then went off with her baby into the woods and cried long and bitterly.

So this is the story of Sacajawea. Will you always remember that the most dangerous and romantic expedition on the western continent was guided by a patient, loyal Indian woman? Sometimes she walked; sometimes she rode on horseback or in a boat; always she carried her little baby on her back; always she was loyal to the white chiefs and made their interests hers. Once she gave Red Hair her bead belt to barter for an otter robe he wanted. Once, when he was sick, she gave him a little piece of dry bread—the greatest delicacy—which she had long saved for her little son. Who knows how the expedition might have ended without Sacajawea always on guard?

Sacajawea has many other names. Most often she is called the Bird Woman; sometimes the Gentle Woman; sometimes the Grass Woman; each name a picture, after the Indian fashion.

When the ice in the rivers melts and when the birds fly north, think of that spring over a hundred years ago when a dauntless Indian woman headed a party and guided them unerringly through many perils to their goal, the Everywhere-Salt-Water.

Rose Brooks



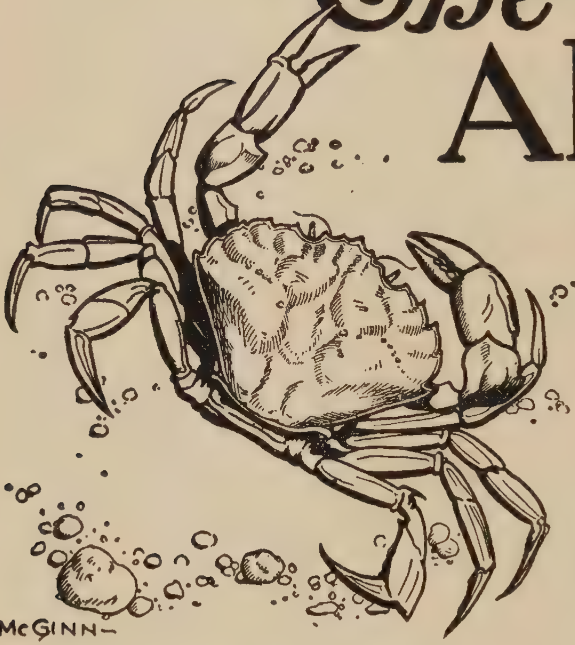
LITTLE Indians stalk the forest,
Watching every leaf and shadow,
Peering through the trees and grasses
Of the hillside and the meadow.
Little Indians out a-hunting,
Scouting well and hunting gravely.
Never fearful, never cruel,
Meeting all things very bravely.

Now they see the saucy squirrel;
Now they hear the happy thrush's
Signal song, as timid rabbit
Dodges underneath the brushes.
Many are the great adventures,
Many are the plans for other
Deeds of daring, but our supper
Waits for us—*and so does Mother.*

CORNELIA MORGAN.

GOOD INDIANS

The CRAB AND HIS SHELL

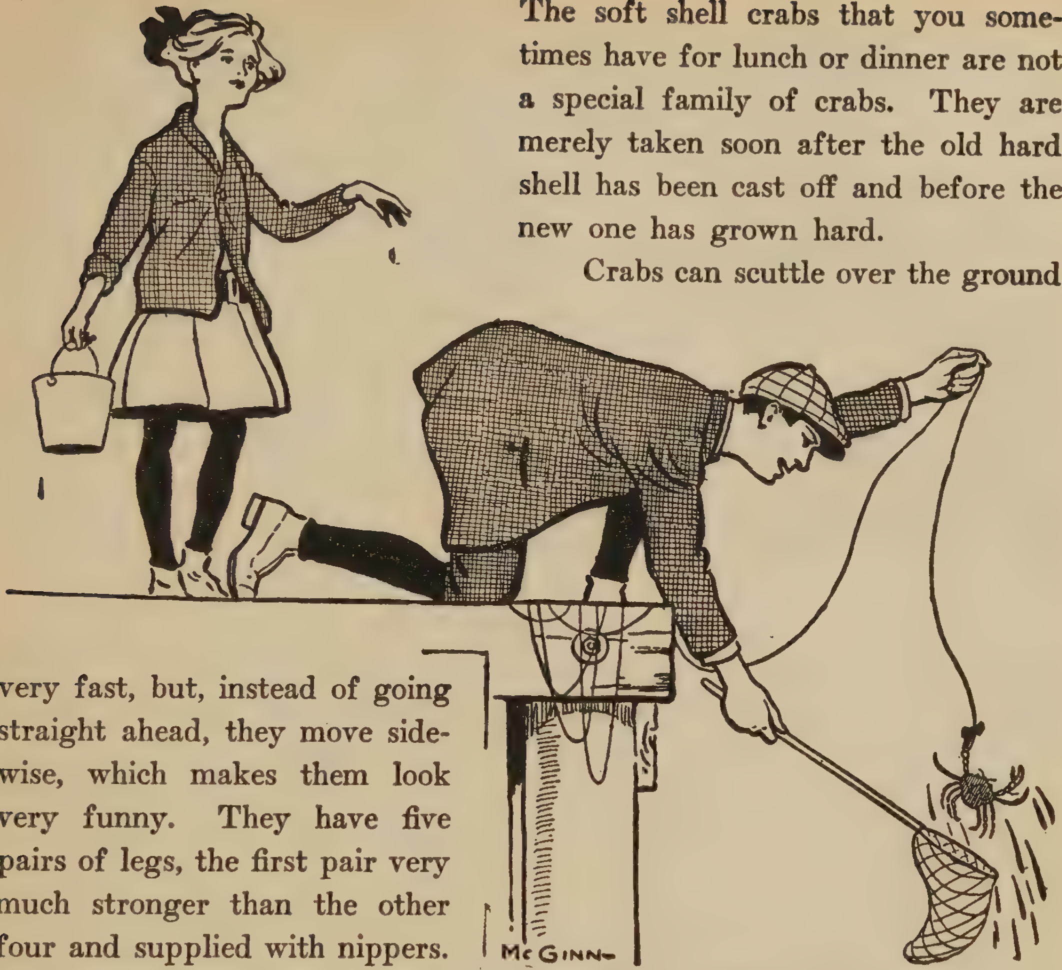


HAVE you ever seen a live crab? A crab is a shell-fish that lives in or near the water. He is not beautiful to look at, but you will learn many interesting things if you watch him.

On each side of his head is a stalk, somewhat like that on a snail, and at the very end of each stalk is a black spot. This spot is made of tiny, wee eyes. Unlike the eyes of animals, these eyes are stationary and stare in one direction all the time. But what they lack in power to move they make up in numbers, for there are hundreds, sometimes thousands of these, placed so that some look up, some down, some backward, and some forward. The crab can pull these eye-stalks into sockets in its body, just as a submarine takes in its periscope.

Another strange thing about a crab is that it leaves its shell once a year and grows a new one. As the shell does not stretch at all, the only way Mr. Crab can grow is to throw away his old shell, grow awhile, and then make himself a new one. When he is about to do this, he hides among the rocks, then loosens the old covering by turning and twisting until there is a slit across the back to allow him to jump out.

The soft shell crabs that you sometimes have for lunch or dinner are not a special family of crabs. They are merely taken soon after the old hard shell has been cast off and before the new one has grown hard.

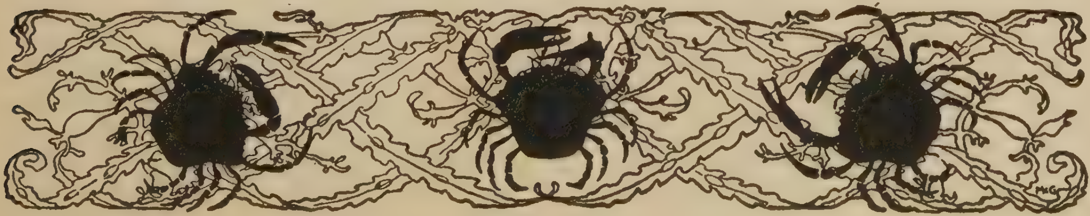


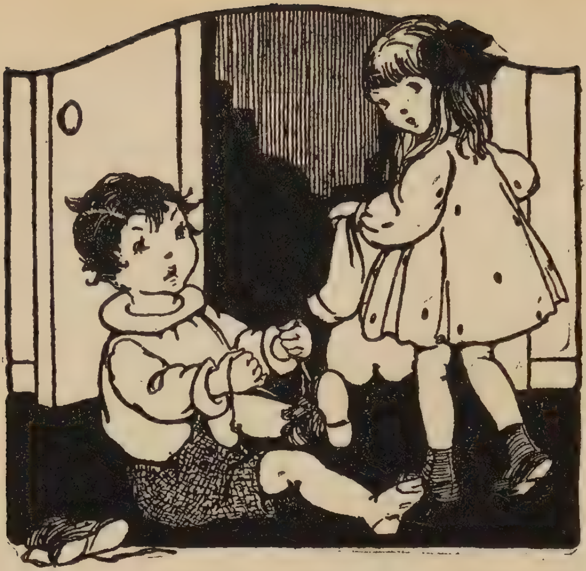
Crabs can scuttle over the ground very fast, but, instead of going straight ahead, they move sidewise, which makes them look very funny. They have five pairs of legs, the first pair very much stronger than the other four and supplied with nippers. It is a safe plan to keep away from this end of Mr. Crab.

To catch a crab, tie a piece of meat to a string and let it down into the water. The crab seizes the meat with its pincers and holds on until drawn to the surface. You had better land him with a net unless you are sure you can keep away from his nippers.

There are many different colored crabs found in the ocean—blue, red, green and purple. Some of them are phosphorescent—that is, they shine in the dark.

Elizabeth Browne DeBridge





The MAGIC PASSWORD

IT WAS a bright, sunshiny, morning. Kittikin, as usual, was dressed before Peterkin.

"Kittikin," he begged, "help me lace my shoes."

"Why, Peterkin! The password!" she exclaimed, much surprised.

You and I know this password. Mother King and Father King and Kitty King all knew this password. Peter King knew it, too. But *this* morning he couldn't think of it. Therefore Kittikin went downstairs to breakfast, and Peterkin had to lace his shoes himself.

By and by the shoes were laced and Peter went down the stairs to breakfast. He was looking just a wee bit cross as he said good morning to Dearie.

He sat down at the table and ate the piece of warm toast on his plate. Then he wanted another piece.

"I want some toast," he said crossly. No one seemed to have heard.

"I want some TOAST," he said in a louder voice. He actually *whined.*

"Peter!" said Dearie. "The password!"

But Peter couldn't think of the password that minute and as he was too cross to *try* to think of it, he had to do without the toast.

When Dearie kissed him good-bye at school time, Peterkin said, "Dearie, I want two pennies to buy an apple at recess."

"Peter!" exclaimed Dearie, and Peterkin knew he should say the password, but he was so cross that he scowled. When one scowls, it is not easy for one to remember a pleasing password. This was why Peterkin went to school *without* two pennies.

On the way to school lived an old kettle-mender. The kettle-mender owned a parrot. The boys and girls often stopped on their way to and from school to see the bird and hear her talk. Peter stopped at the shop this very morning.

"Let me see your bird," asked Peter of the kettle-mender.

"What a cross looking, impolite boy!" thought the kettle-mender. "He might hurt my Polly." Then he said aloud, "Better hurry off to school," and Peter hurried away. I think there were tears in his eyes. If he could only think of the password!

"I want to pass the pencils," said Peter to Miss Bessie, his teacher, just before drawing period. But Miss Bessie just looked at him as if to say, "Peter! The password!" Peter did not pass the pencils.

At recess Peter went off by himself and sulked. By and by Donald passed him. Donald had a bag of pop-corn in his hand. Elizabeth Brown passed, too. Peterkin could smell the good pop-corn.

"Will you have some pop-corn?" said Donald, offering the bag to Elizabeth.

"Yes, if you please," said Elizabeth.

"That is it," thought Peterkin. "The password is PLEASE."

Then Donald saw Peterkin.

"Will you have some pop-corn?" he asked of Peterkin.

"Yes, please," said Peterkin. He said "Thank you," after he had taken some.

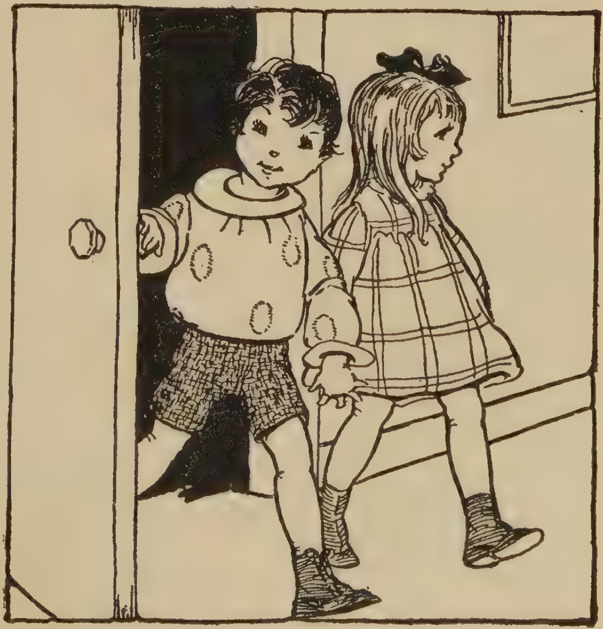
The next morning Kittikin was dressed before Peterkin was.

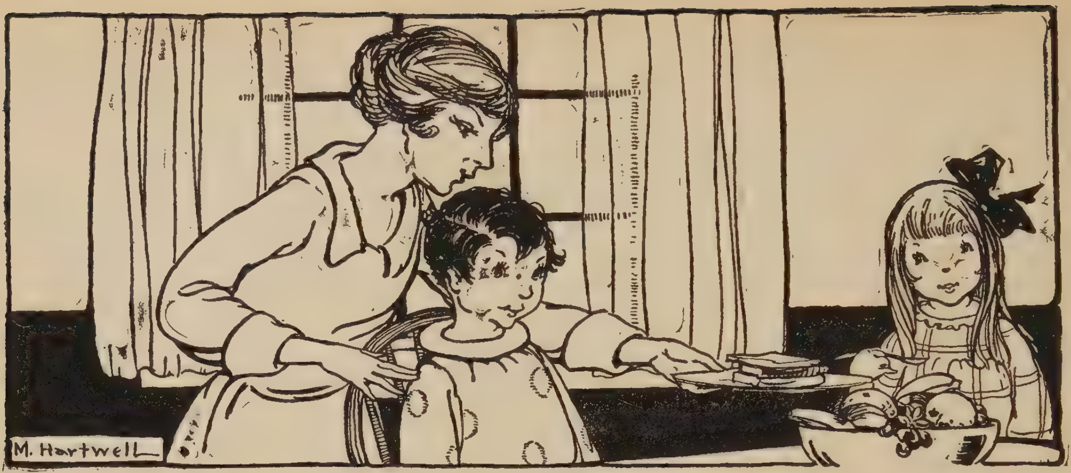
"Please, Kittikin," he begged, "help me lace my shoes."

Kittikin helped him, smiling. They went together to breakfast.

"Good morning," smiled Peter. Every one else said, "Good morning, Peter," and smiled, too.

By and by Peter wanted another piece of toast.





"May I have a piece of toast, please?" he asked Dearie.

When Dearie gave him the toast she had to kiss him, he looked so cheerful.

"May I have two pennies, please, to buy an apple to eat at recess?" he asked at school time.

"Indeed you may," said Dearie, and gave him *four* pennies.

By and by Peter arrived at the kettle-mender's shop.

"Good morning," said Peterkin to the kettle-mender. "May I please see pretty Polly?"

"He's a pleasant, polite boy after all," thought the kettle-mender to himself. Then he said aloud, "Walk right in and see her." Peter talked to the bird until he had to run off to school.

You may be sure that when Peterkin asked, "Please, Miss Bessie, may I pass the pencils?" she smiled "Yes." She let Peter collect them at the end of the period, too.

At recess, Peter bought two apples with the four pennies. He gave a whole one to Elizabeth Brown, and one-half of the other to Donald.

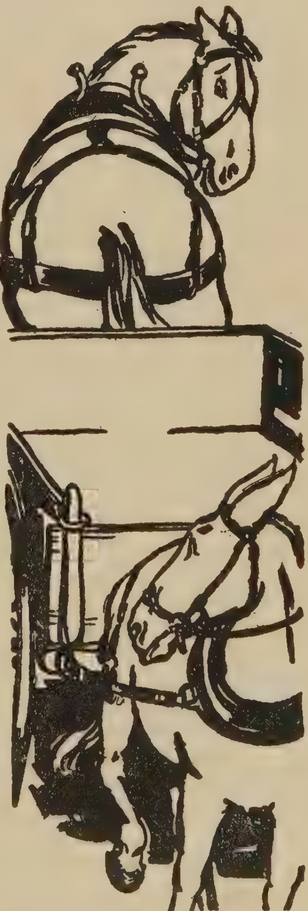
"It's a good password," he said as he took up his half. Then he told Donald and Elizabeth what a good password he had found PLEASE to be.

MARTHA BARNHART HARPER

PULLING TWO WAYS

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had a cart which he wished to drive over the hill. Now he had two animals, a mule and a horse, either one of which would have drawn the cart over the hill for him. But, instead of choosing the one which he wanted to use, he hitched one to each end of his cart. The horse pulled one way, the mule pulled the other way, and the cart stood still.

He was a very stupid man, but—

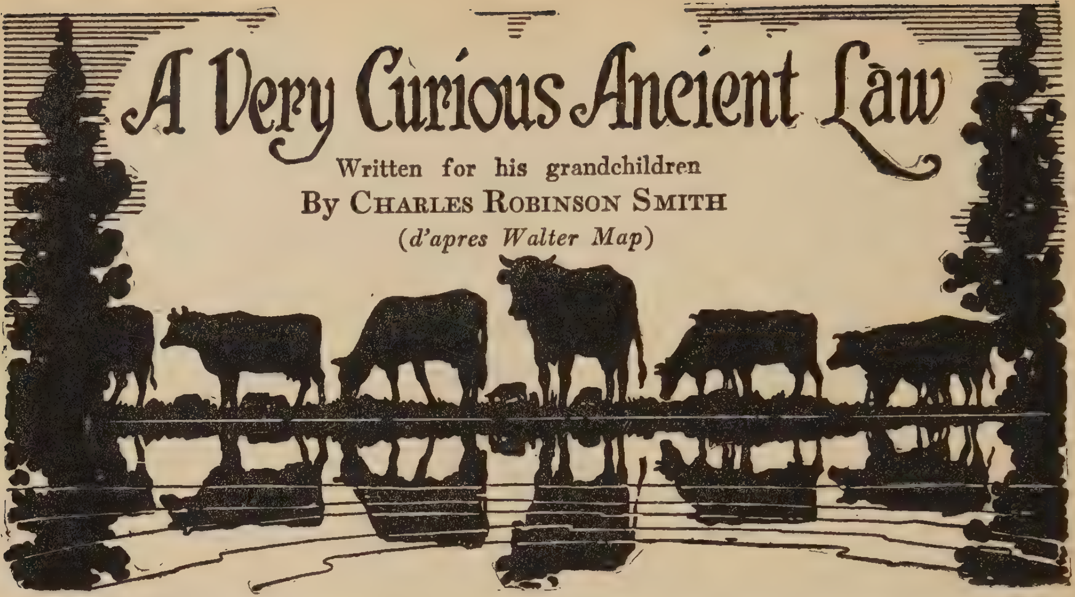


Once upon a time there was a boy who had a sentence. The sentence said that he had had his dinner. But this was not true; as just the opposite was true, he wanted to make the sentence go the other way. Now he had two words, either one of which would have taken his sentence where he wanted it to go. The words were *not* and *no*. He could have said: "I have not had dinner," or "I have had no dinner." But, instead of choosing the one he wanted to use, he hitched them both to his sentence and said: "I haven't had no dinner." The *not* (n't) pulled one way and the *no* pulled the other way, and the sentence stood still.

Now the people who heard him said: " 'I haven't had no dinner' means just the same as 'I have had dinner,' and so he can't be hungry." And they did not give him anything to eat, although he was very hungry, indeed.

Wasn't he a stupid boy?

MARGARET GETCHELL PARSONS



A Very Curious Ancient Law

Written for his grandchildren

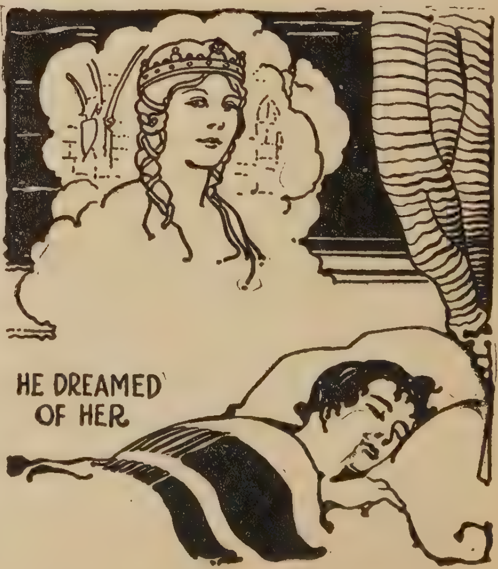
By Charles Robinson Smith

(d'apres Walter Map)

THERE was once a King over Wales who was named Llewelyn—one particular king I mean—because Wales had several Kings Llewelyn.

Wales, you must know, is a small country that now forms a part of England. But what I am going to tell happened in the long ago before Wales had become English.

This King Llewelyn had a very beautiful wife, who was, therefore, the Queen over Wales. Of his queen he was most fond and proud.



Now, in all kingdoms, big or little, the people were required to treat their kings and queens with great respect. It was a crime to be rude to the King or Queen or to do them injury. That crime was called *Treason*—even *High Treason*—and it was severely punished.

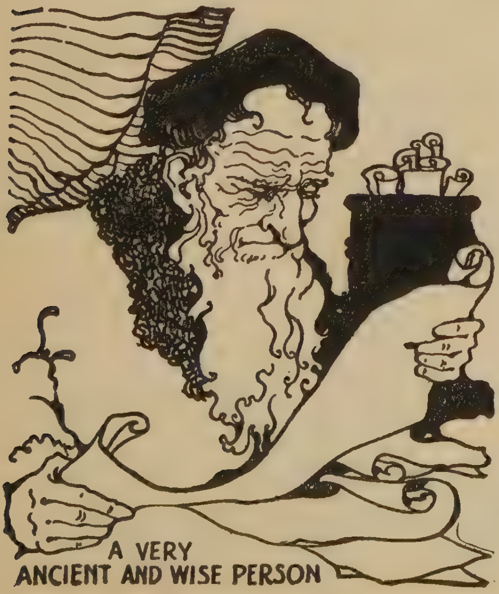
At this time there lived also in that Kingdom of Wales a young man of noble birth who was himself very handsome to look upon. This young man used often to see the beautiful Queen, and one night he dreamed of her. In his dream he met the Queen in the halls of the palace and there he stopped her and kissed her. This was of course most rude in the young man. The Queen kissed him in return—or at least he dreamed that she did.

But this handsome and noble young man was a bit foolish, for what is a dream after all? He talked of his dream to his friends about the palace and the story of his gossiping came to the ears of the King. King Llewelyn was furious. That any subject of his should even so much as dream of kissing his Queen was an unheard of outrage. The King straightway sent officers to arrest the young man, and bring him before the judges.

After hearing the facts, the judges declared the young man guilty, and were about to condemn him to die. But the young man's family, who were powerful people in the Kingdom, used all their power and influence to delay the sentence. They asked the judges to wait until some of the oldest wise men of the Kingdom could be consulted.

Among the elders of the kingdom who were appealed to was a very ancient and wise person—the oldest and the wisest of all wise men. He knew all the ancient laws and rules of the country. And this one said:

"Indeed, this noble young man is guilty. It has always been considered a crime for any man to be rude to the wife of our King, and to kiss her is to be rude to her. It is the crime of treason. The punishment for it, however, has never been death. The guilty person has ever been condemned to give one thousand cows to the King as a punishment. Now in this case the young man did not really kiss the Queen; he only *dreamed* that he had done so. So this is what the ancient law would require: Let the guilty man bring one thousand cows to the shore of the lake and range them high up on the bank where their shadows will be seen reflected in the water. And then the *shadows* of these cows shall be given to the King, and the cows themselves will go back to their owner; because, as you see, a dream is not a real thing, but only the shadow of it."


A VERY ANCIENT AND WISE PERSON

CARROT

THERE was a little girl who did not like carrots. Her mother said, “Carrots are good for little girls and boys, and you must learn to like them.”

She cooked some tiny new carrots whole and put butter and salt on them. She dressed them up in a little green dish. But the little girl would not eat them. She drank her milk and ate her mashed potato, but she would not taste the carrots. This made the carrots feel very badly. There was a baked apple for dessert, but her mother said, “You cannot have your dessert until you eat the carrots.”

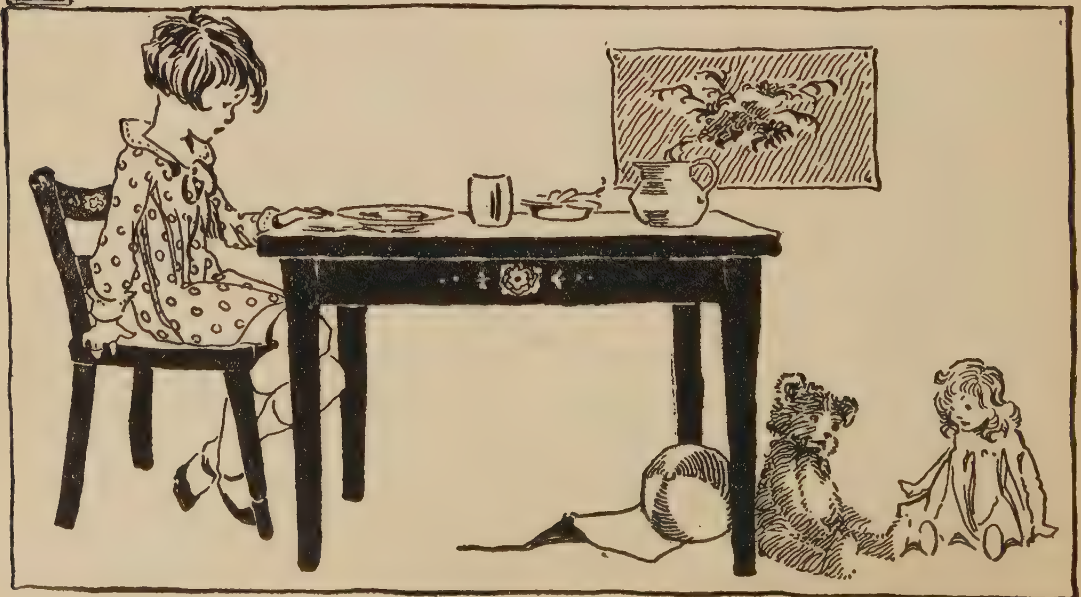
Little Girl sat in her chair a long time. After a while the carrots said, “What can we do to get Little Girl to eat us?”

“I do not know,” said the knife.

“Neither do I,” said the fork.

“Nor I,” said the spoon.

“Where is the meat-fork policeman?” asked the carrots. “He will tell us what to do.”



"Here I am," said the meat-fork policeman. "You can play that you are delicious sticks of candy."

"We aren't the shape of stick candy," said the carrots.

"That does not matter," said the big policeman. "Candy can be any shape."

"I am a stick of peppermint candy," said the biggest carrot. "I will jump into Little Girl's mouth, and she will like me."

"I am a gum drop," said another carrot.

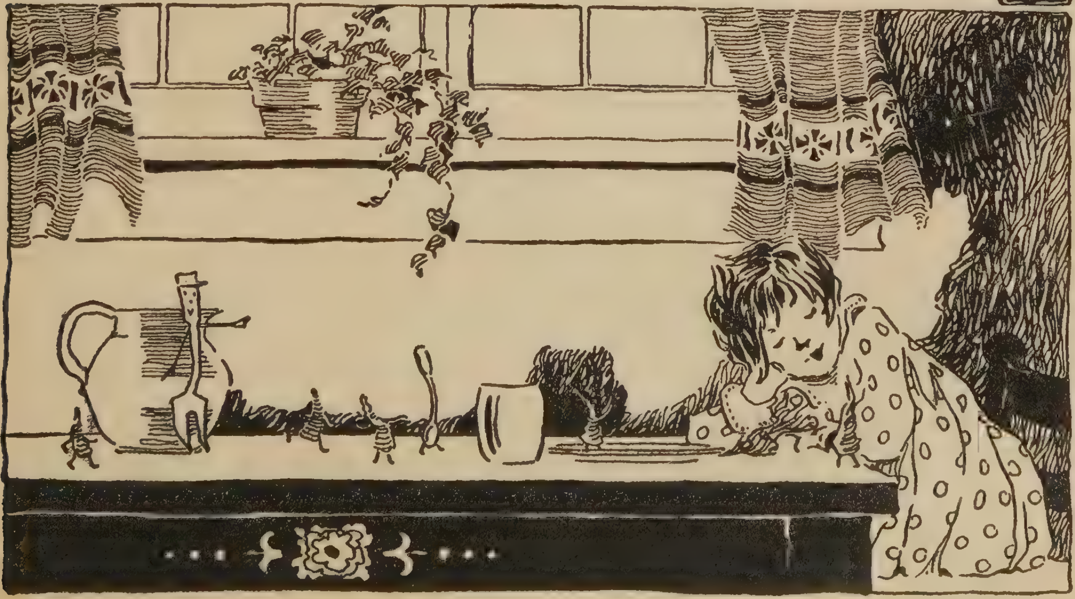
"I am a jelly bean," said the tiniest carrot of all.

Little Girl was very sleepy, but she heard what the carrots said, and she ate them every one.

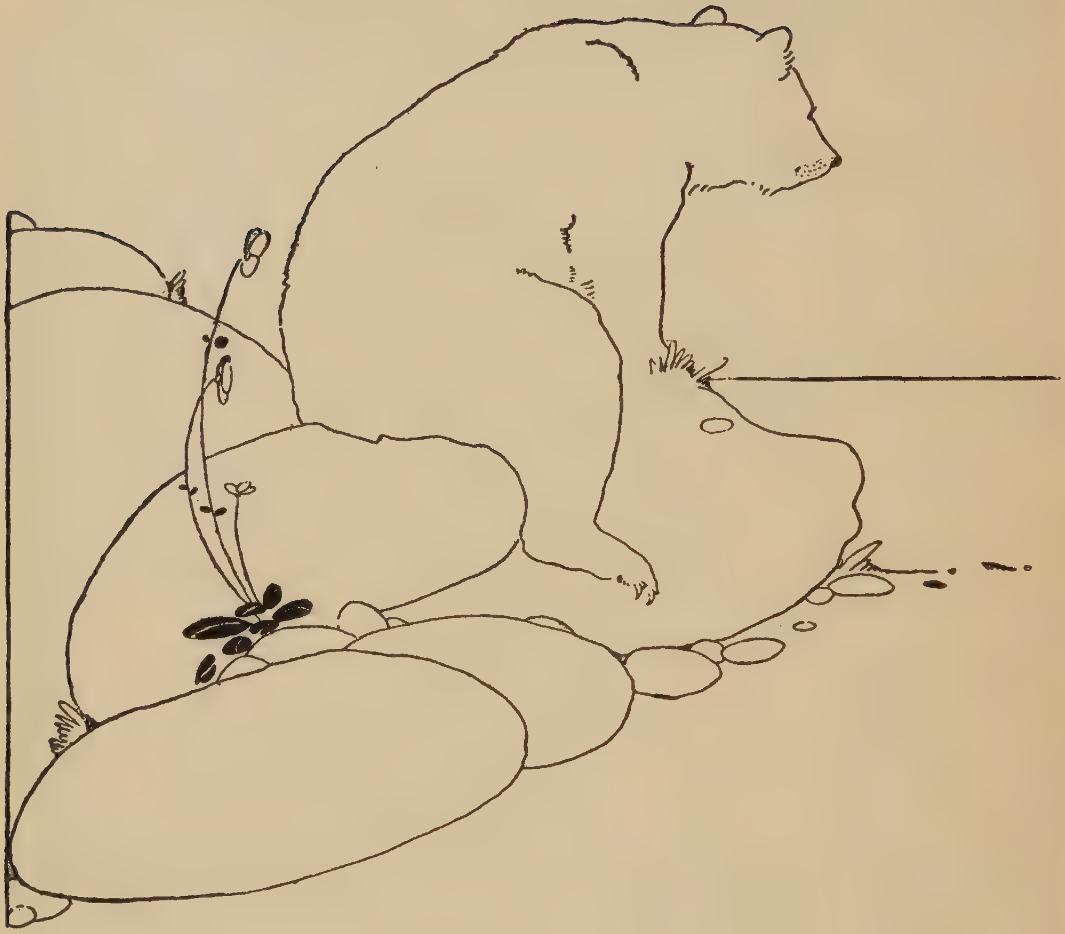
Her Mother said, "My little girl nearly went to sleep eating her carrots. Weren't they good?"

"We played that they were pieces of candy," said Little Girl. "I like carrots now."

Then the meat-fork policeman crossed his legs and laughed and nodded at Little Girl. HAZEL HARPER HARRIS



A COOLING WISH



I WISH I were a polar bear
  Beside the Arctic Sea.
I'd let the water roll around
  And splash all over me.
When it was hot as anything
  And when I had the notion,
I'd swim, and dive, and splash around
  The nice cool Arctic Ocean.

Rob Rush

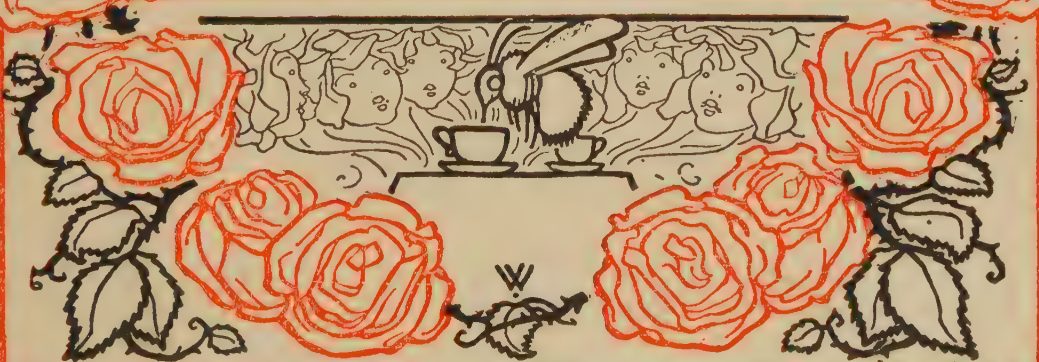
A Tea·Rose Party

OH, SEE what I found!
A gold table round
And five little maidens at tea.
They are dressed all in pink,
And now, don't you think
They are graceful and sweet as can be!

Of things good to eat
The meal was replete,
The five little maids were content.
They sipped honey dew
That the moon fairies brew,
For a tip all they had was a (s) cent.

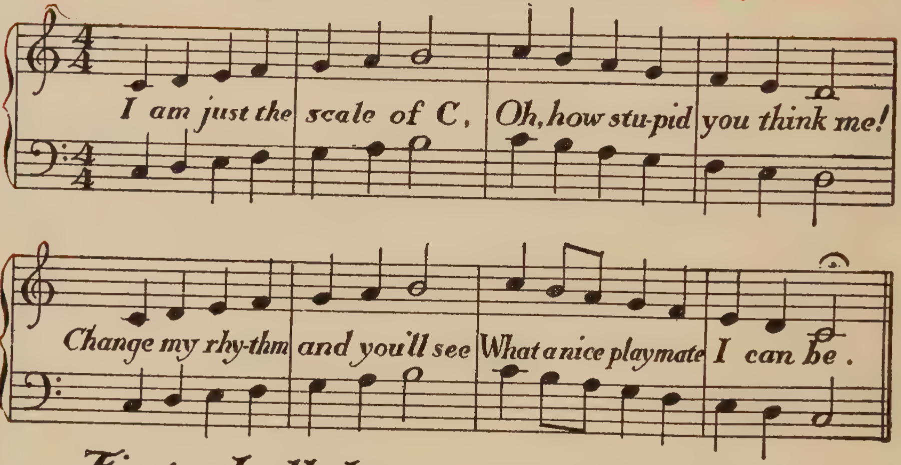
Now the waiter, dear me!
Was a fat, greedy bee,
The scent made him cross, yes, 'tis true.
He jumped on the table
In coat, gold and sable,
And drank up the maids' honey dew.

Maude Alice Newcomb

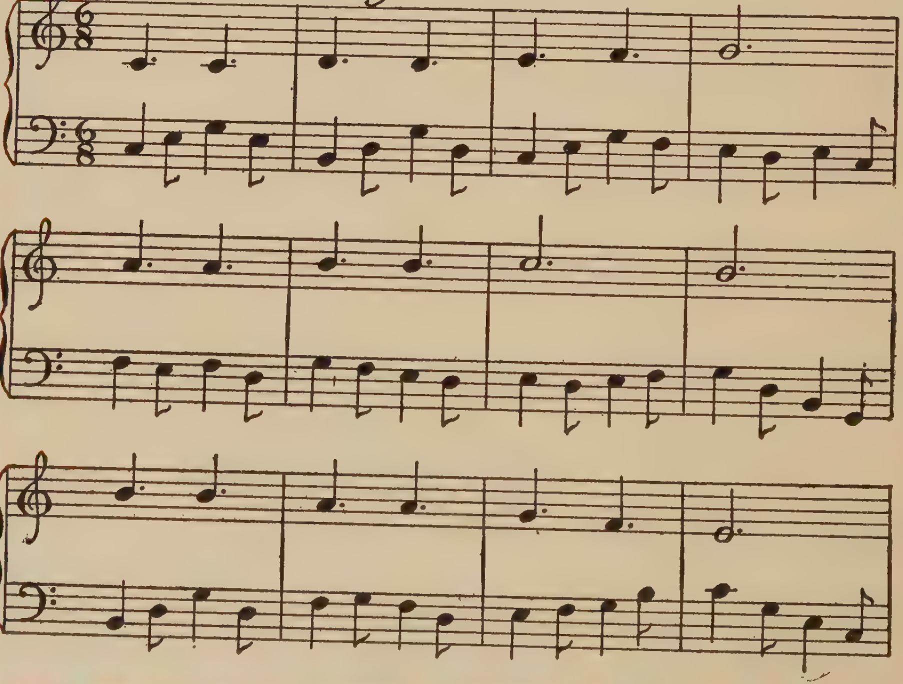


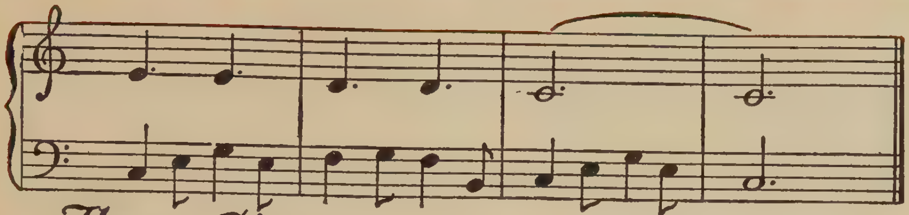
A GAME WITH A SCALE

by Sara A. Arnold

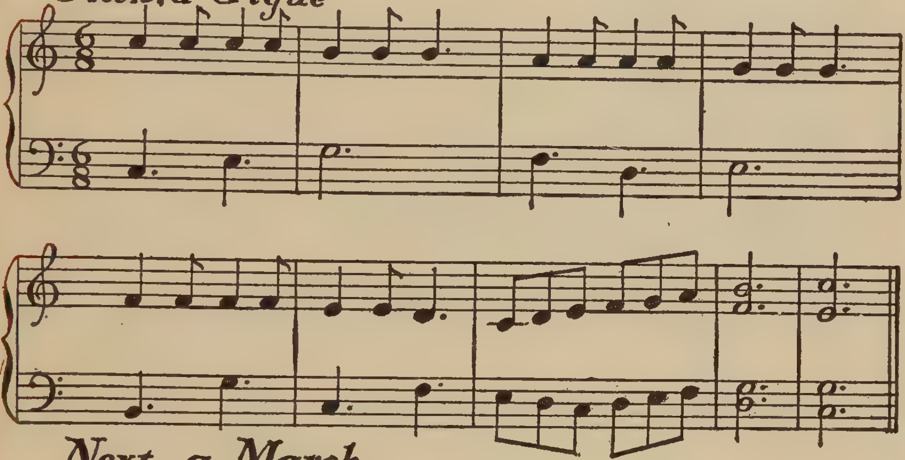

I am just the scale of C.
Oh, how stu-pid you think me!
Change my rhy-thm and you'll see
What a nice playmate I can be.

First a Lullaby

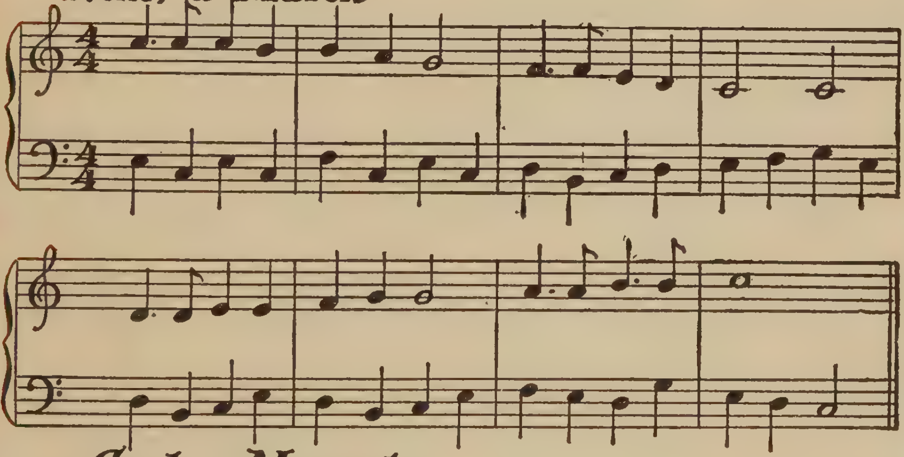




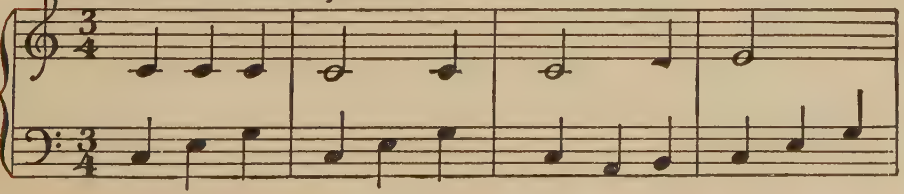
Then, a Gigue

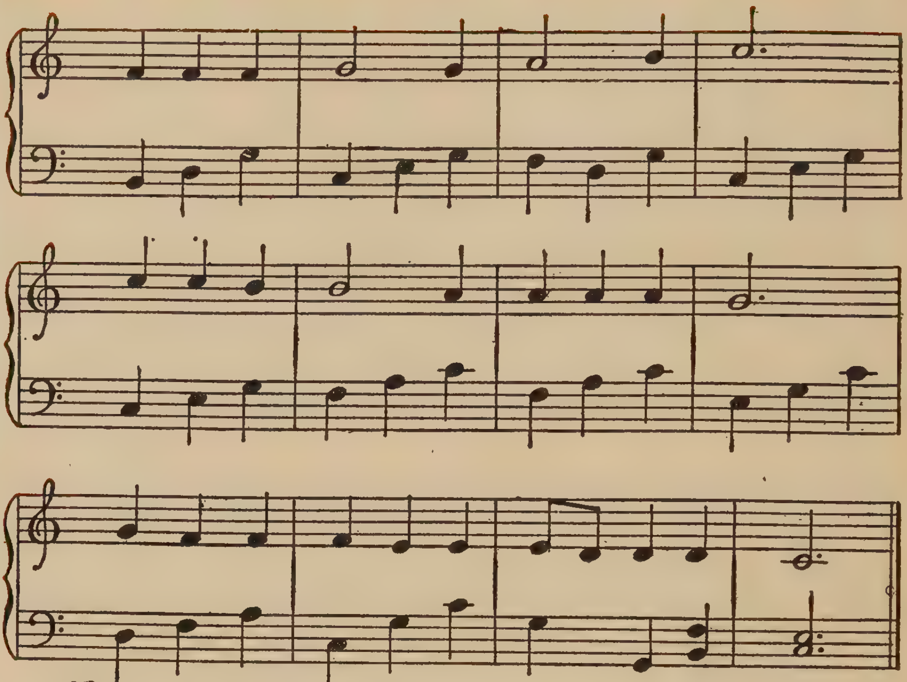


Next, a March

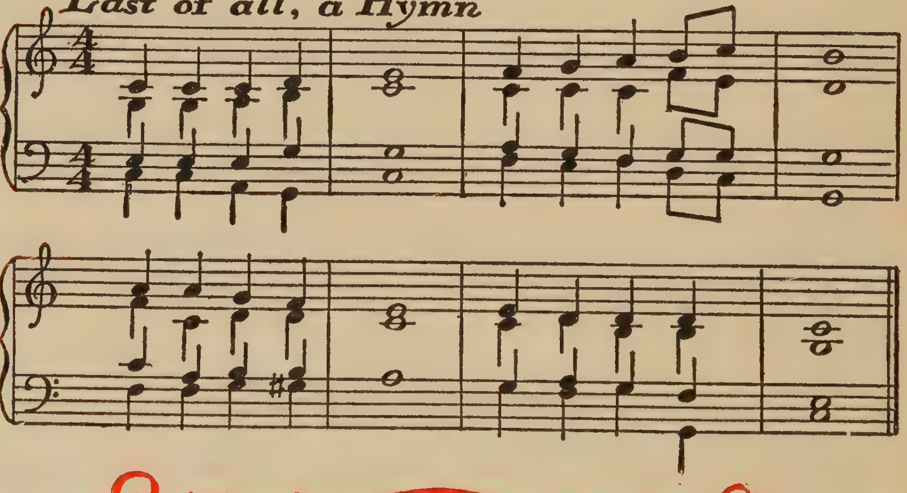


And a Mazurka





Last of all, a Hymn



THE PRINCESS WHO GOT HER WISH

THERE was once, on the other side of the seven times seven countries, a poplar tree. The poplar tree had seventy-seven branches, and on every branch were seventy-seven crows—and the ravens will peck at those who don't listen or who don't believe my beautiful story.

A king lived there, and he had three daughters. One day the King was starting off to market, and he said to his daughters:

"What shall I bring you from the market, my children?"

The first said, "I want a golden dress."

The second said, "I want a silver dress."

The third said, "I want pleasant speaking grapes, a smiling apple, and apricots that tinkle like silver."

The King bought the dresses for his daughters in the market, and he tried his best to find the speaking grapes, smiling apples, and tinkling apricots, but he could not.

The youngest daughter was his pet child, and he was sad and disappointed that he should go back to her empty-handed, but he could not do otherwise.

On his way home the King's carriage stuck fast in the mud. It stuck so fast that the horses worked in vain to pull it out. Six extra horses were harnessed to the carriage, and pulled and pulled, but they could not move it, no, not one inch.

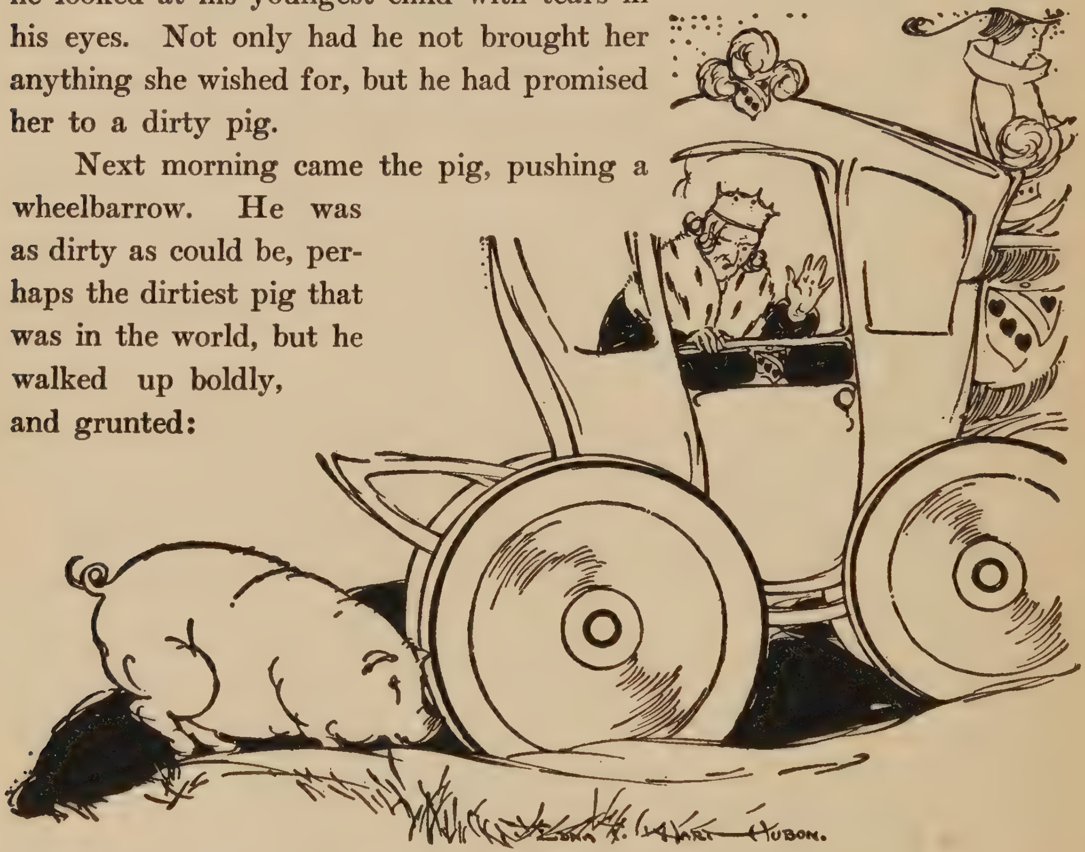
The King sat there wondering what to do, when a dirty pig came by. The pig looked at the horses (there were now twelve traces), the golden carriage, the garnet-dressed King inside, and he grunted:

"King, give me your youngest child, and I will pull you out of the mud."

The King nodded his head, and only when the pig had lifted the carriage out of the mud with one push of his nose did he think what he had done.

Arriving home, the King gave his two elder daughters the dresses, but he looked at his youngest child with tears in his eyes. Not only had he not brought her anything she wished for, but he had promised her to a dirty pig.

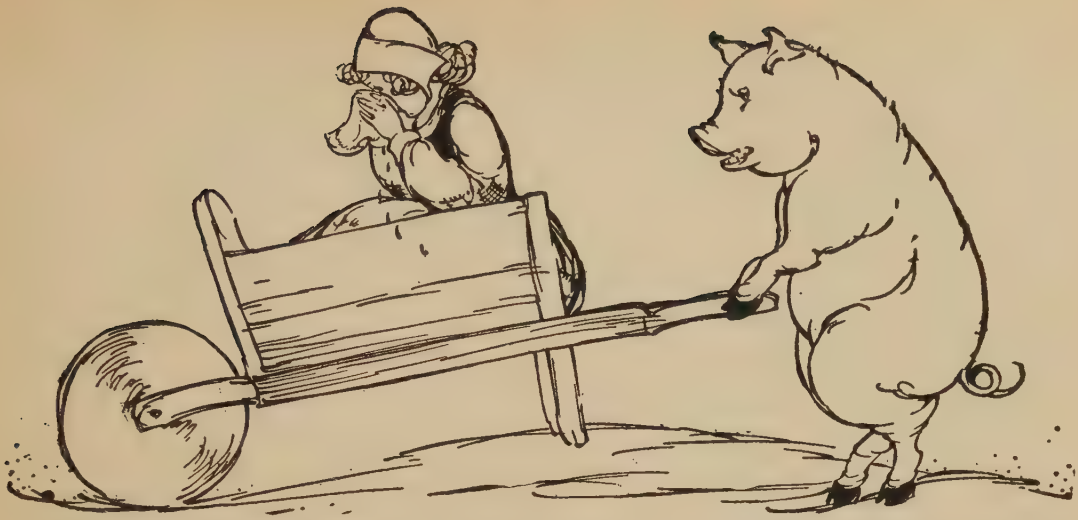
Next morning came the pig, pushing a wheelbarrow. He was as dirty as could be, perhaps the dirtiest pig that was in the world, but he walked up boldly, and grunted:


Edna F. Hart Hubon.

"King, I have come for your daughter."

The King would gladly have laid down his life for promising his dearest child to that terrible animal, and thinking to deceive the beast, he dressed up a peasant girl in silks and ornamented her with jewels and sent her out. But the pig said:

"This is not your daughter. I came to get a princess."



Then the King dressed up his daughter in rags and smeared her face with soot, to show the pig how ugly the princess was, but the pig put the crying girl in the wheelbarrow, grunting joyfully as he wheeled her away.

Poor little princess! The tears ran down her cheeks like water in the brook, and she nearly fainted when the pig stopped before a filthy pigsty and told her to go inside.

The princess went into the pigsty, lay down in the corner on a heap of straw, and would not taste the ground maize offered her by the pig. She sobbed until late that night, when from exhaustion she fell asleep.

But next morning where do you think she awakened? In a beautiful castle! Her bed was made out of gold, and a golden lace canopy hung over her head. She awakened with the sunshine laughing in upon her face, and while she was rubbing her eyes, thinking that she must be still asleep, a very handsome young man approached and said to her:

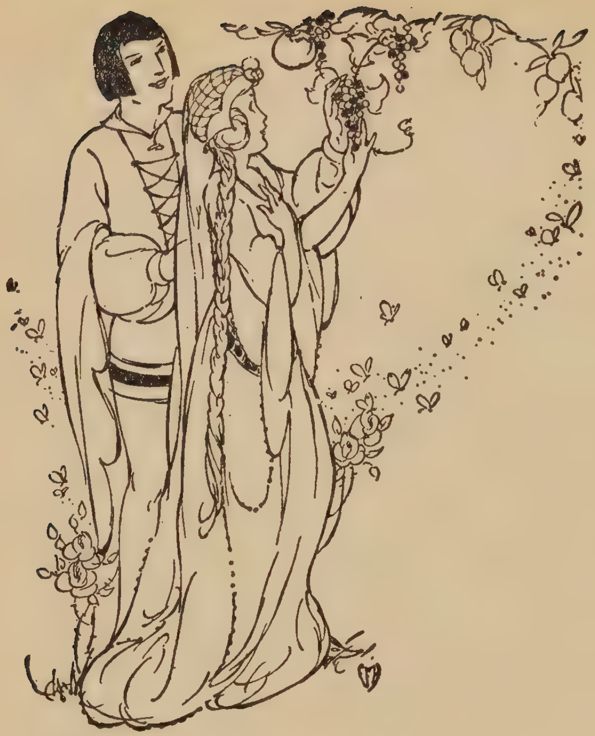
"Good morning, princess. Did you have a nice dream?"

The princess pinched her arm, and when she felt it hurt she knew she was not dreaming, and she asked, in an astonished voice:

"Who are you?"

"I am your future husband, if you will take me," the young man answered. "By an old witch I was cursed to turn into a pig, because I did not marry her daughter, and I was saved by you. This is my Kingdom, and I will take you about if you are ready to come with me."

Then the princess went out and sought her maid, who bathed her in fragrant oils and dressed her in a beautiful garment.



The prince came back and led her to his garden. I wish you could have seen it. The grapes spoke to the princess from the hedges. They said, "Beautiful princess, come and pick us; we have a sweet taste." And the red-cheeked apples smiled at her among the foliage, and apricots made sounds like beautiful silver bells, and birds sang and butterflies chased each other from flower to flower. It was the most beautiful garden in the world.

"This is my garden," said the prince. "If you want me only to rake and hoe, I will be your servant and you shall be my princess, and the big church bell shall bless us."

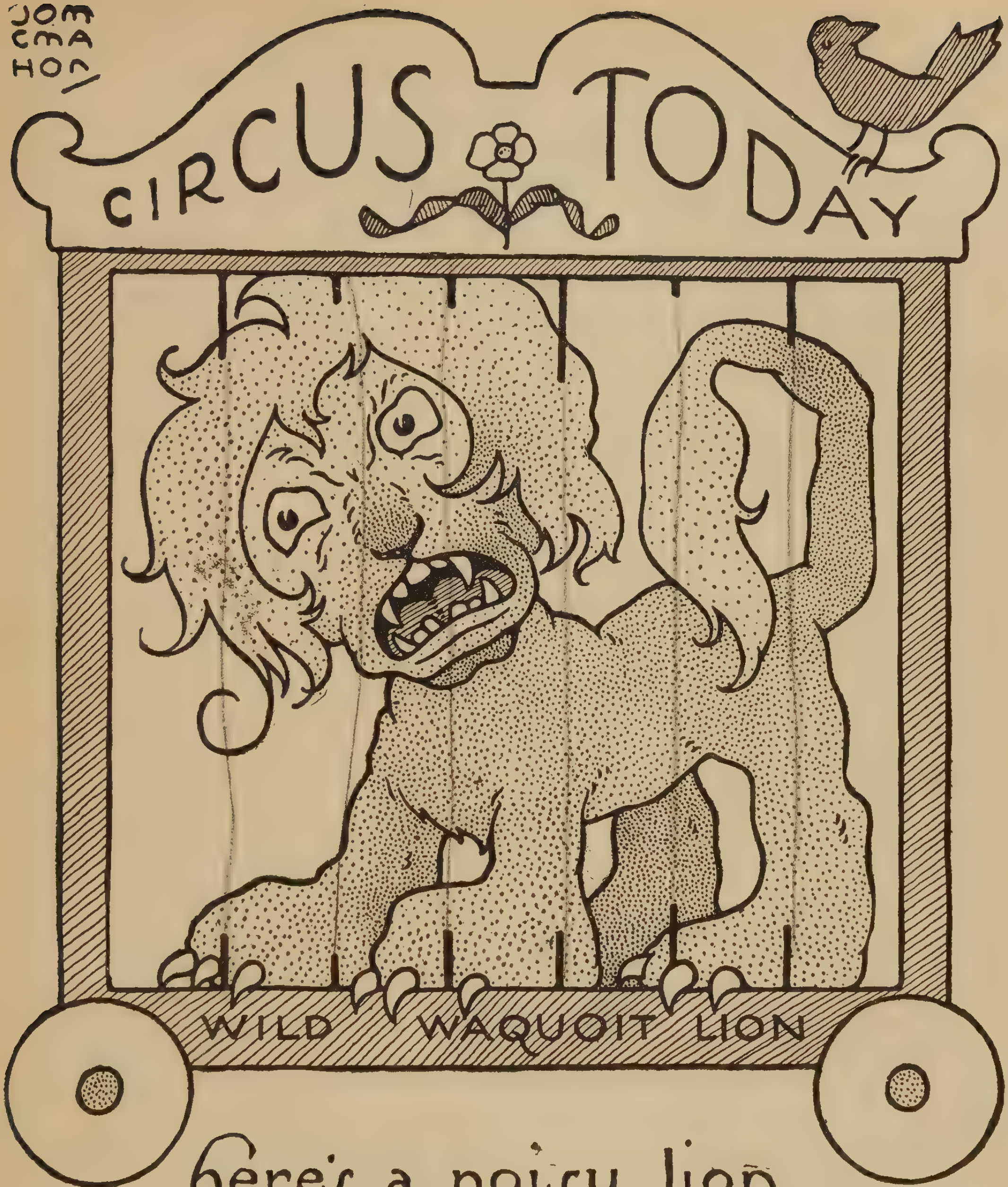
The princess blushed shyly, and said to the prince that he might send word to her father.

A white dove carried the letter to the King, who came very soon with his two other daughters in his golden carriage.

There was a wedding that was so great that seventy-seven gipsy bands played the czardas,* seven hundred and seventy-seven old women cut the wedding cakes, and seven hundred and seventy-seven butlers carried the wine from the cellar. The wine ran all over the ground, and a white mouse swam across the wine flood and told me all about it.

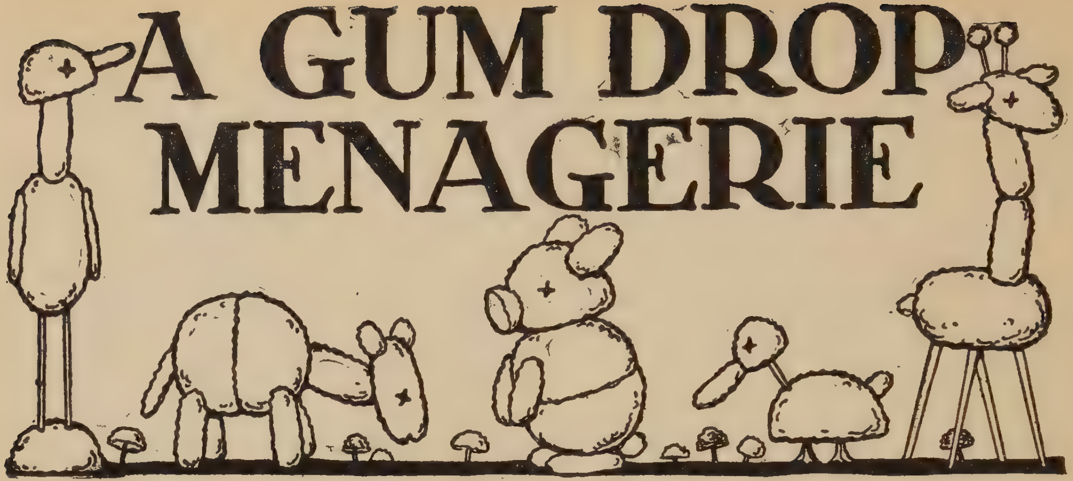
JANE KENDE

**A national dance of the Magyars.*


JOM
CMA
HON
CIRCUS TODAY
WILD WAQUOIT LION

here's a noisy lion
in such a noisy rage
that you had better draw the bars
to
KEEP HIM IN HIS CAGE!

A GUM DROP MENAGERIE



ROSEMARY REED received many lovely gifts for her birthday. There was a pretty new barrette for her hair; some books, a pink handkerchief, and a blue cup and saucer. But what do you think she liked best of all? A big bag of gum drops that Cook gave her!

There were red, green, and lemon-colored ones. Some were big and round, and others were long, like little loaves of bread. And some there were like wee marbles or shaped like little mushroom buttons.

“They are too pretty to eat all up,” said Rosemary, putting the colors all in a row. “They look like great big beads or a flower garden!”

“What are you going to do with them, if you don’t eat them?” asked Aunt Janet.

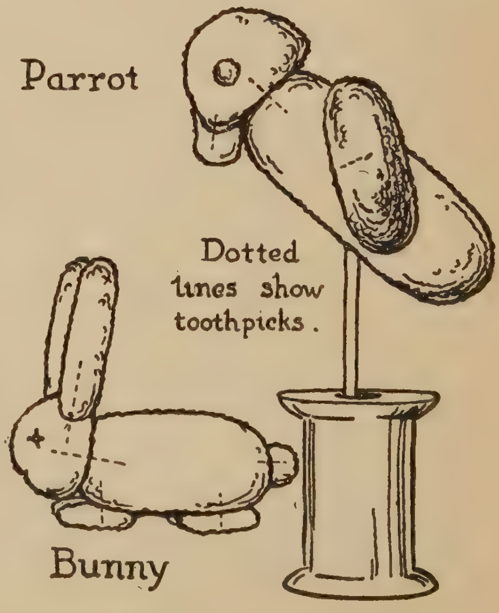
“I’m going to count them all and eat only half.”

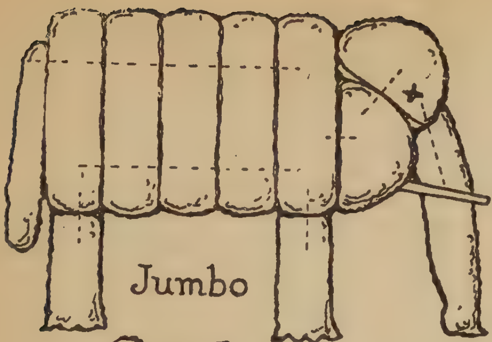
“Have you seen the jolly parrots in Smith’s Candy Store?” asked Aunt Janet. “Now that I think of it, they were made of gum drops!”

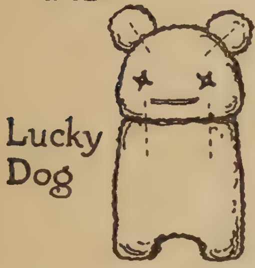
“How? asked Rosemary.

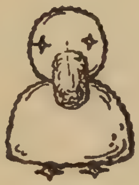
“Get a spool, some toothpicks, and a sharp knife,” answered Aunt Janet, “and we’ll make a gum-drop menagerie.”

“Oh, could we make a cunning little bunny?” asked Rosemary.









"This teeny weeny gum drop would make his funny little cotton tail!"

"So it would!" But first, Aunt Janet chose a long, green gum drop for the parrot, and then with a knife she cut a red one in two lengthwise. She stuck a toothpick through the middle of the green gum drop, and broke it off on each end a little bit. Then she fastened the pieces of red gum drop on for wings.

"One of these round gum drops will make Polly Parrot's head," said Rosemary, and she stuck half a toothpick in the front end of the green gum drop, and then put a lemon gum drop on.

"I will cut two holes for her eyes," said Aunt Janet, "and then slit this tiny green gum drop so that you can stick it on for her bill."

When Rosemary put Polly on her toothpick perch and stuck it into a spool, she looked so cunning that Rosemary cried, "Polly wants a cracker?"

"You may make the bunny all yourself," said Aunt Janet, "and I'll make a lucky dog out of four gum drops." Aunt Janet set a long gum drop on end and cut out a little piece at the bottom to look like puppy paws. She cut a slit for the mouth and then stuck in two cloves for lucky dog's eyes.

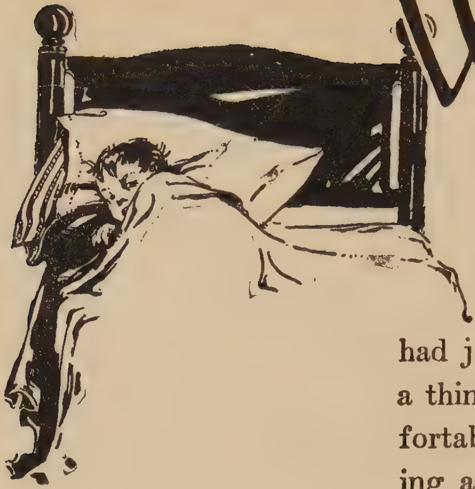
Rosemary did the same way for her bunny.

The elephant they made together, and it took the most gum drops of all! They used five for the body, which made a thin, flat Jumbo. Two round gum drops made the head and one long one was divided for the tail and the trunk. Aunt Janet trimmed the end of Jumbo's trunk and his feet with a sharp knife to look like a real elephant's. Toothpicks were used to join all the gum drops.

But best of all, every one of Rosemary's menagerie would stand up, so that all together they looked like a circus parade!

MARION BROWNFIELD

WHITE



CHUNKY BARNES turned in bed and drew the blanket closer about him. The October morning had just enough tang in it to make a blanket a thing of luxury, and Chunky had the comfortable feeling that it was Saturday morning and he didn't have to go to school.

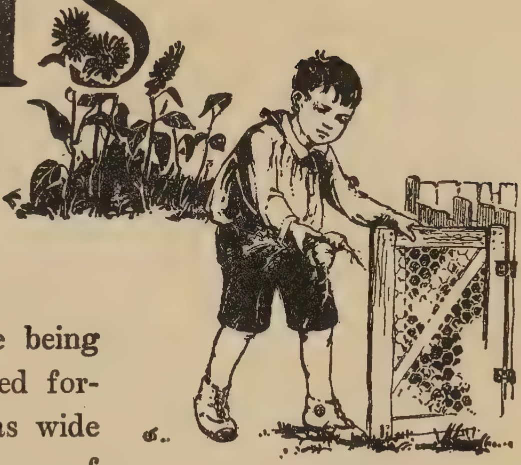
Suddenly an annoying sound drifted up from the back yard, disturbing his comfort. He pushed the cover from around his ears and listened. Yes, someone was hammering on the boards of his rabbit hutch. Why did things have to happen to keep a fellow from sleeping on Saturday? Hadn't he earned the right to sleep in peace one morning out of the week?

The rapping on the fence continued steadily, and at last Chunky crept down to the foot of the bed and peered out of the window. It was Mr. Davis nailing up the planks where they had ripped loose between the hutch and his garden. Chunky's prize white rabbits had broken into his neighbor's garden several times. Each time the boy had patched up the fence a little, not taking time to do the work thoroughly.

"I thought that old fence would surely hold till I could get the rabbits out to the fair to-day," mused Chunky, as he ducked back under the cover. He was a great believer in the saving of energy and had seen no necessity in fixing the fence when he intended carrying the rabbits out to the fair grounds that very morning.

However, the joy of his nap had been spoiled. For a time he lay there staring at the ceiling, having made up his mind to stay in bed late even if he couldn't sleep. He must have his rabbits ready, though, to take out to the fair grounds by eleven o'clock. Uncle Ned was to have some poultry on show, and was coming in his car to carry Chunky and his rabbits out. He had planned to spend the rest of the day in the

RABBITS



delightful occupation of watching the carnival shows unload and put up their tents. The privilege of getting into the fair grounds when preparations were being made was one to which he had looked forward for several weeks. Chunky was wide awake now, his mind busy with dreams of what he should do with the prize money his rabbits would win for him.

The hammering had ceased. From the kitchen drifted the fragrance of frying bacon. He was out of bed at a bound. If there was anything he loved better on a chill morning than a cozy bed, it was a hearty breakfast. After he had dressed and satisfied his appetite, he made sure that his neighbor had gone to work before he ventured out to the rabbit hutch.

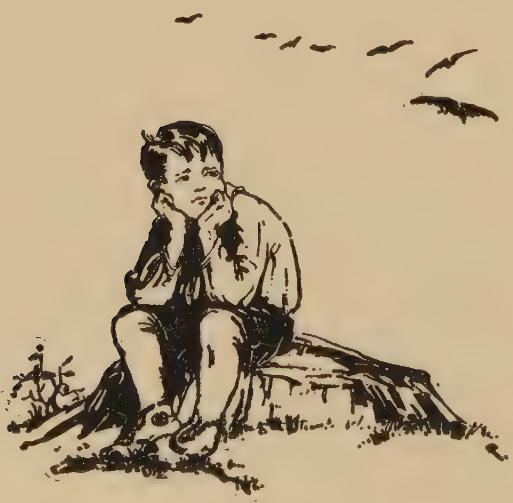
As he went down through the back yard his heart gave a queer thump, for there was no eager squealing from the rabbits to greet his approach. Evidently Mr. Davis had frightened them so that they were hiding. Chunky had saved a fine bunch of turnips for their last meal before going to the fair. He had an uneasy feeling that they did not always get enough to eat out there, and he could not bear the thought of anything going hungry.

Opening the wire gate he thrust in his turnips, but there came no answering squeal of joy. The rabbits did not come out. Suddenly Chunky saw a loose plank at the back of the hutch. The fence on Mr. Davis' side had been neatly patched, but a plank was loose between the hutch and the vacant lot behind. Frantically Chunky squeezed through the gate. One glance through the door of the little house showed him that it was empty. Quickly he tore away the loose plank and struggled through to the vacant lot.

The nibbled tops of grass showed that his rabbits had been there, but they were now nowhere in sight. He had never realized till that morning how many different ways there were to get out of a vacant lot. After ten minutes of tiresome searching for tracks, he sat down dejectedly in the jimson-weed near the back road. How many steps had he taken to feed those rabbits? Now they had played him a trick like this at the last minute! He had always pulled against work and argued that it did not pay, and now he knew it! He propped his elbows on his knees and cupped his chin in his hands, gazing with discouragement before him. Then he started suddenly, for his glance had fallen on a rabbit track right in the sand of the road.

There had been a heavy rain the night before. Chunky had no trouble now in following the tracks down the road. Only one wagon had passed through there that morning so the tracks were very plain till the rabbits had turned off into Mr. Howell's field. He was out of breath again by the time he lost the trail on the edge of the field. It was no easy task for one whose belt measured forty inches to bend over a trail for a quarter of a mile.

Sitting down again he gloomily watched some crows stealing the farmer's corn. He didn't even bother to frighten them away. The old farmer ought to have gathered his corn if he didn't want it all eaten! Then suddenly Chunky had a thought that gave him an uncomfortable pang. What was the difference in his neglecting his fence so that the rabbits escaped, and the farmer leaving his corn there for the crows to eat? For the first time he began to see that the rabbits were not to blame for their escape, but that it was all his own fault. Wouldn't he have tried to get out, too, if he had been shut up like that?



Slowly Chunky saw things from the rabbit's point of view.

Then he became still more thoughtful; if he had escaped where would he want to go? Standing up he studied the surroundings of the field. Back of him was the town; in front and to the right of him was Mr. Howell's farm, and to the left the woods and creek. It was then that he remembered that he had not given the rabbits any fresh water the day before. They would be thirsty and go towards the creek.

Hurrying down the rows of rustling, brown corn to the creek he searched in the soft mud for tracks. At last he found some tiny prints in the soft earth. The trail led for some distance down the creek, then back across the field towards the farmer's garden. Chunky did not stop to look at tracks now, but hurried on towards the garden. One glance within showed him the rabbits, feasting on Mr. Howell's fall lettuce.

At last he found the hole through which they had entered, and stopped it up before he tried to catch them. He had just seized one by its big, floppy ear when suddenly a loud, angry voice hailed him from the garden gate.

"Hey, what you doing there, you young upstart?" yelled Farmer Howell, brandishing a hoe threateningly at the boy.

In his sudden fright Chunky let the rabbit escape.

"Catch— catching my rabbits! They got out!"

The farmer peered over the gate, hunting out the destruction the rabbits had done before he replied. "Well, you needn't bother to catch 'em," he said, coming into the garden. "I'll catch 'em and eat 'em to pay for ruining my lettuce."

Chunky turned suddenly sick at heart. Would the farmer be so mean as to take his prize rabbits to pay for the old lettuce? Was all his labor over them to be in vain? Stunned, he stood on the edge of the lettuce row while with loud yells and a waving hoe Mr. Howell frightened the rabbits to a far corner of the garden.

"Mr— Mr. Howell, don't take my rabbits," pleaded Chunky when the old man came grumbling back to look at the destruction. "I was going to put them in the fair—I'm sure they'd get a prize. They slipped out through a loose plank at the back of the hutch."

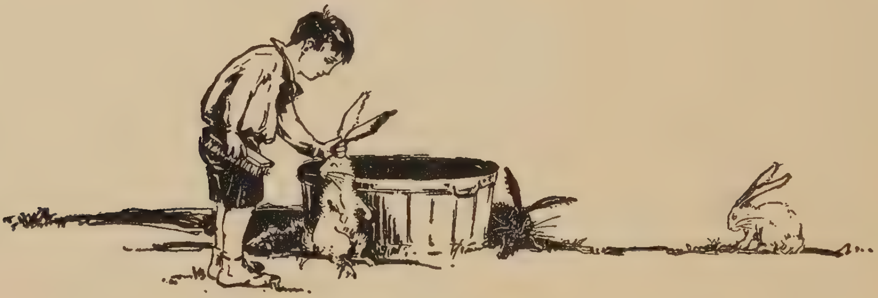
"But where do I come in?" growled the farmer, his voice a little moderated, however. "My lettuce is ruined, and I was going to take it to market next week."

"But I couldn't help—I mean-er,' floundered Chunky, as he suddenly remembered that he could have helped it if he had fixed the fence.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," bargained the farmer. "I'll let you keep your rabbits if you'll replant that row they ruined. It's too late for new lettuce now, but you can put in turnips."

Glad of anything that would save his rabbits, Chunky said, "All right, sir—it's a bargain!"

"You catch the rabbits and put 'em in that box outside the gate while I go get the seed and the tools," directed Mr. Howell.



Chunky had just placed a board over the top of the box of rabbits, when on the still air he heard the striking of the court house clock in town. It was eleven and he suddenly remembered that his uncle was to come for him at that hour. There would be no jolly times for him that day at the fair. He had no idea how he would get the rabbits there. Even after he had finished this job he had to do, he would have to scrub the creek mud off the white rabbits. How much extra work that broken fence was causing him! If only he had fixed it the day before, he might at that minute be riding towards the fair grounds with his uncle.

He had just piled the spoiled lettuce at the end of the row when on the road at the foot of the hill he heard the heavy rumble of a wagon, and the tramp of many horses. It must be the carnival shows, cutting across from the railroad yards to the fair grounds. How he longed to go down and see them! But if he expected to get through with the work and get his rabbits there before the entries were closed, he could not stop work a minute.

During the two hours that Chunky worked on the turnip patch, he endured torments of longing. From the road at the foot of the hill came the constant sound of men calling to their horses and the rumble of wagons. With much determination he stuck to his task. He had just spread the last bit of earth over the seed when the farmer's voice hailed him lustily from the house.

"Come on and eat a snack of dinner," he called hospitably. "You can finish up afterwards, if you aren't through."

"I haven't time," replied Chunky gloomily, as he leaned the hoe and rake against a tree. "I want to get my rabbits out to the fair. I'll have to go home and wash 'em up and try to get some one to take me out to the grounds."

"Come along with me," invited the farmer. "I'm putting in two hogs and there'll be room in the wagon for you and your rabbits. I'm expecting to go as soon as I eat my dinner."

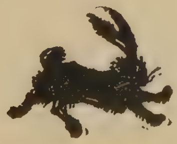
"Would you really let me go with you!" exclaimed Chunky joyfully. "And could I wash up the rabbits out there at the well?"

"Of course. A fellow that can work as hard as you did this morning to save his rabbits ought to be allowed to get 'em in the fair."

Chunky had telephoned his mother before he began work on the turnips. He called again to tell her he was going out to the fair with the farmer. As he stood at the telephone, the delicious scent of the country dinner made him realize how hungry he was. When they had finished eating, the farmer pushed back his chair and said, "Well, son, I think we'll hitch up and get on out to the grounds. A fellow who could work while the show was passing at the foot of the hill deserves to see some of the fun this afternoon. Seems to me that a chap who can stick on a job like that ought to have sense enough to keep his fences repaired."

"I won't be caught this way another time," said Chunky sheepishly. "The work I've done this morning would have built a whole new rabbit hutch."

RUBY RADFORD



Peter's Birthday Present

PETERBOY'S real name was Peter Lewis Mattison. He was named for his Grandpa, Peter Lewis, who, with Grandma Lewis, lived in Peterboy's home.

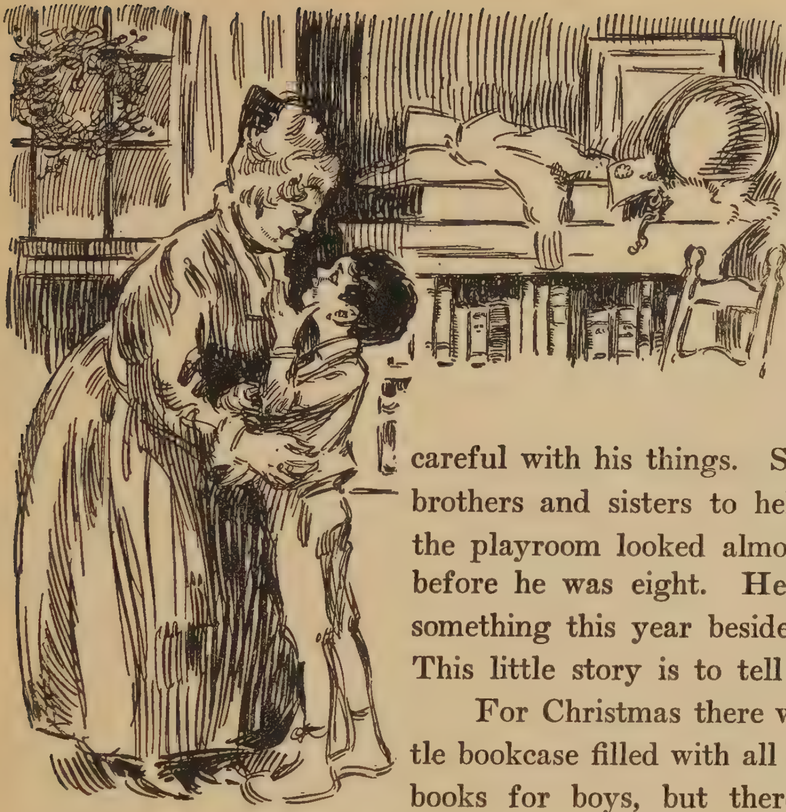
It would never do for two people with the same name to live in the same house, even if one were a man and one a small boy. That was why from the very first day—and it was the very first day in several ways, for Peterboy's birthday was January first—the grandson was "Peterboy" to his family.

When he started school, his mother thought it might be best to ask the teacher to call him Lewis, because the children might cry "Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater!" after him. But Grandma hated to have him give up the name they all loved so well, and Peterboy himself said bravely that he "wouldn't mind such a little thing as that." When he was eight he was still Peterboy.

He could remember three birthdays then, his fifth, sixth, and seventh, because something special had happened each year. The day after the fifth he started kindergarten. On the sixth he had his curls cut off. Last year, the seventh, his father, good John Mattison, told him that a boy was a little boy until he was seven, a big boy from seven to fourteen, a young man from fourteen to twenty-one, and after that a full-grown man. This meant that Peter must not cry any more for little things, and must go to sleep without a light, must dress himself, and must help other people instead of asking them to help him.

All this year he had tried to be "big," for he wanted a bicycle and a violin, and he planned soon to be a newsboy and earn money to buy out a street-car line.

Mother and Father and Grandma knew of his great ambitions, although he had confided them only to Grandma. Grandma sympathized with him, but said that a boy only begins to be a big boy at seven and must not expect to run a street-car until he is a young man, at least fifteen years old. It seemed a long time to wait, and he hoped something



unexpected might happen.

Christmas came a week before his birthday, and, being an only child, he received many gifts both then and on New Year's. He was careful with his things. Since there were no brothers and sisters to help wear them out, the playroom looked almost like a toy store before he was eight. He really wished for something this year besides toys and games. This little story is to tell you what he got.

For Christmas there was the dearest little bookcase filled with all sorts of wonderful books for boys, but there was no bicycle. There were things to wear, too, and some handkerchiefs as large as Father's, and candy, of course, and a balloon, but no violin.

Peterboy was really a very good boy, and he tried not to seem disappointed, though he confided to Grandma that the bicycle might come on New Year's.

The household seemed much busier this vacation week than usual. Nobody said a word about the birthday, not even on the very last night of the old year, when Peterboy was hurried off to bed a little earlier than last year. Mother gave him an extra kiss and hug before he went upstairs, however, and Father smiled on him very specially as he wished him good night. His dreams were pleasant, and before he knew it, the birthday dawned.

Peterboy sat up in bed when he found it was really morning. Grandma was not in her bed. The window, which was usually open when he awoke, was closed, and the room was warm. Was it very late?

He sat a moment, listening and looking around, and then a peculiar sound came drifting up the staircase, a sound unlike any Peterboy had ever heard in his home. Could it be some one trying to play on a violin, some one who didn't know how?

A great hope suddenly thrilled in his heart.

He hurried with his dressing, putting on the Sunday clothes he found on the chair by his bed. As he opened the door into the hall, his face turned almost white, and the door slipped from his hand and slammed.

Then some one came hastily up the stairs. It was Father, and he was smiling all over his face.

"What is the trouble, Peterboy?" he cried. "Happy New Year to you, and Happy Birthday! Did you hear Junior John calling? He is your own dear little brother, a birthday present from God, with the same birthday as you, too!"

Could it be? How Peterboy had longed, and even prayed for this, though he had not told a single person.

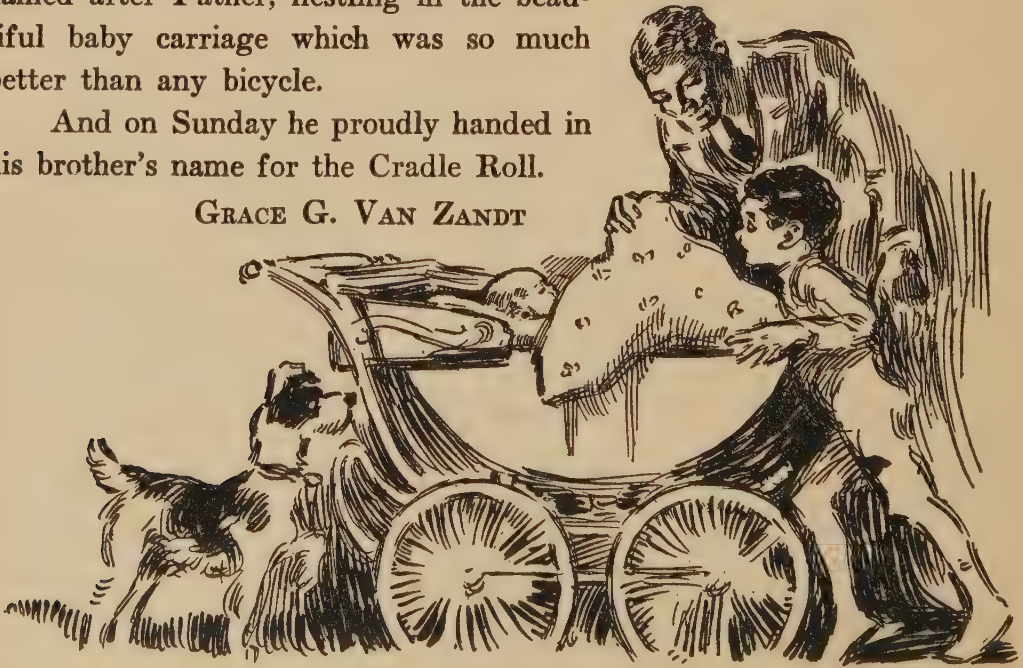
The color came back into his face.

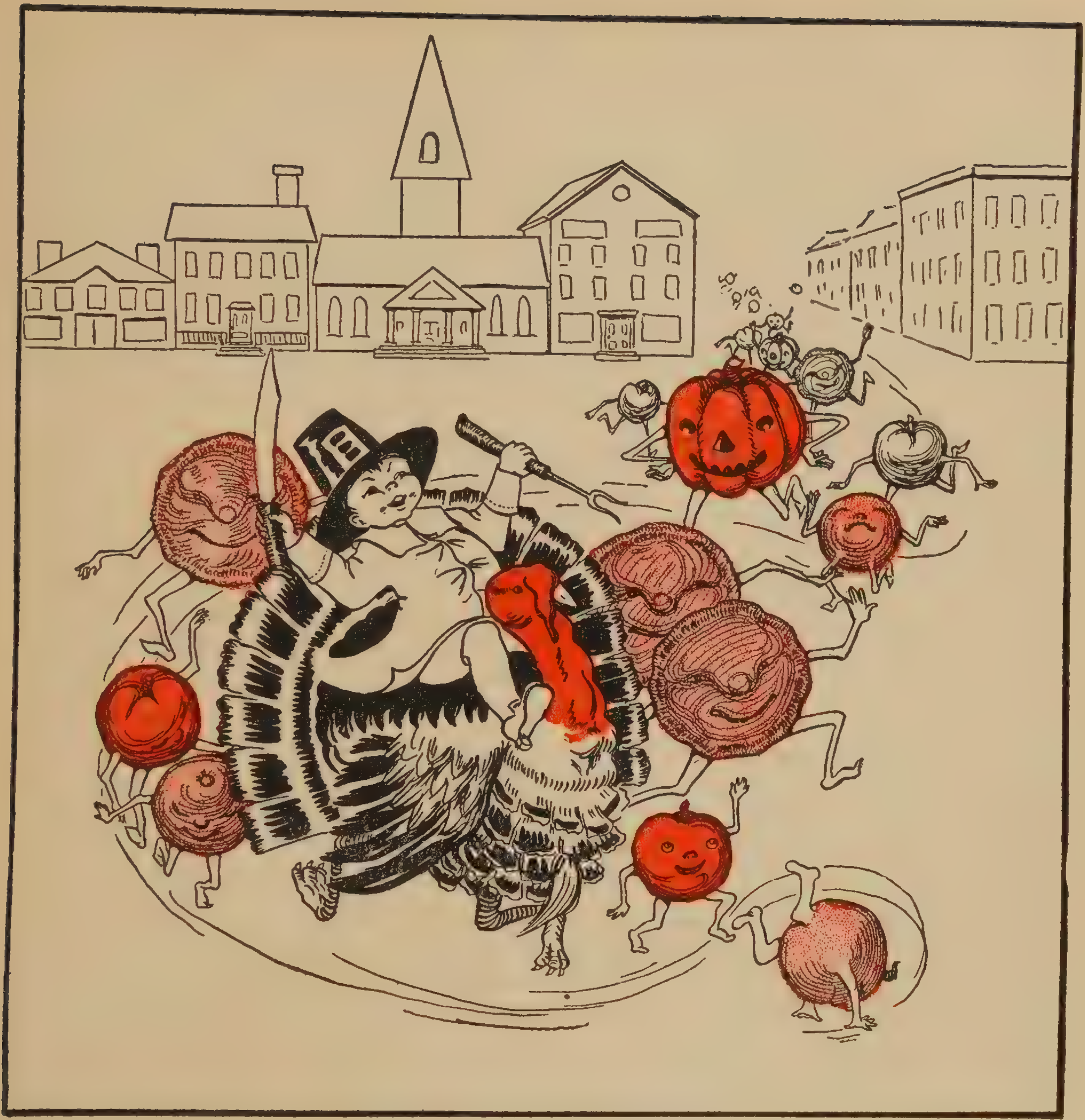
"Every birthday is better than the last, isn't it, Father?" he said, joyfully.

Then he ran down to see Junior John, named after Father, nestling in the beautiful baby carriage which was so much better than any bicycle.

And on Sunday he proudly handed in his brother's name for the Cradle Roll.

GRACE G. VAN ZANDT





THANKSGIVING DAY

RIDE a Turkey Gobbler
All around the Town,
When the days are frosty
And the leaves are brown.

Apple Pie and Pumpkin,
Cranberry and, *O!*
Mince Pies in the pantry
In a smiling row.

Pantry's *full* of good things,
Safely stowed away
For a certain *Thursday*,
Called *Thanksgiving Day.*

Everybody's waiting
Man and Bird and Beast,
Everybody's waiting for
A great *Thanksgiving Feast.*

E. W. PECKHAM.

The THREE MAGICIANS

DID you ever stop to think that all the hundreds of lovely colors and shades that we see are made by just three great magicians? Yes, working alone or helping each other, Red, Blue, and Yellow make every tint and hue in all the world. How can this be? I'll tell you.

When Master Red tires of working all by himself and asks Master Blue to join forces with him, what happens? Purple, the color of kings, comes to life. But, if Red should choose Yellow for a partner, Orange would appear, right before your eyes as if a magician's wand had been passed over it. While Blue and Yellow, hand in hand, clothe our hills and valleys in lovely, soothing Green.

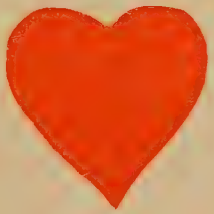
Now gather together all these six colors—Red, Purple, Orange, Blue, Yellow and Green. What have we? Why, a rainbow, of course. Let us go a step further and we discover that these six colors like to go in pairs, and then we call them c-o-m-p-l-e-m-e-n-t-a-r-y. Imagine a party where the guests come in two by two: Red will come on the arm of Green, Purple will lead in Yellow, and Blue and Orange will sweep in together. The word *complementary*, means completing. One *completes* the other.

When these colors of the long name share the work equally, something truly surprising happens: We get the quiet peaceful color of the dove's wing, Gray. And all the way stations between the complementary colors make up the countless shades we see daily.

On the opposite page you can make an experiment yourself and discover the Complementary color of Red. After following the suggestion at the bottom of that page, make diagrams yourself with other colors and discover what the completing color is. Kindergarten papers are good to use. Make spots of each rainbow color and follow the same directions. Be sure to use simple bright samples, not softened shades like Alice blue or Reseda green. Then you can prove for yourself what complementary colors are. You needn't take any one's word for it.

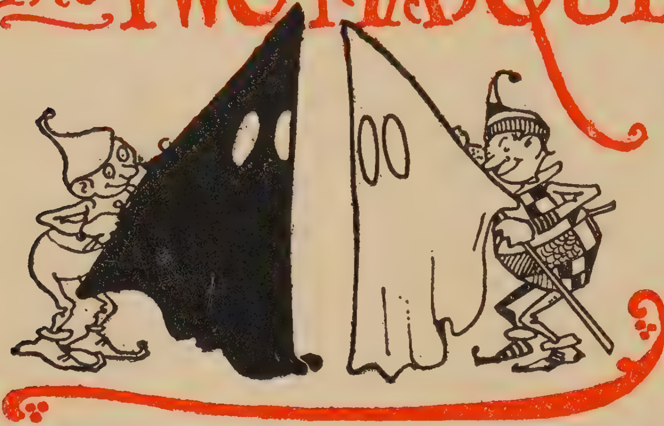
EDA BOWERS ROBINSON

CAN YOU FIND THE MATE TO THIS HEART?



Hold this page in a good light and look steadily at the red heart for a whole minute. Then quickly, without raising the eyes from the page, look at the period at the right of the red heart You may be surprised at what you see.

The TWO MASQUERADERS



NOW I just know that some bright child, who reads about the three magicians Red, Blue and Yellow—is going to say, "Oh! But think! Our friend who wrote about all the colors in the wide, wide, world forgot *two!* She didn't say a word about that inky color, Black, and she didn't even mention that *clean* color, White!" So you see there is nothing for me to do but defend myself. You wonder, "Can she do it?" Well, let's try.

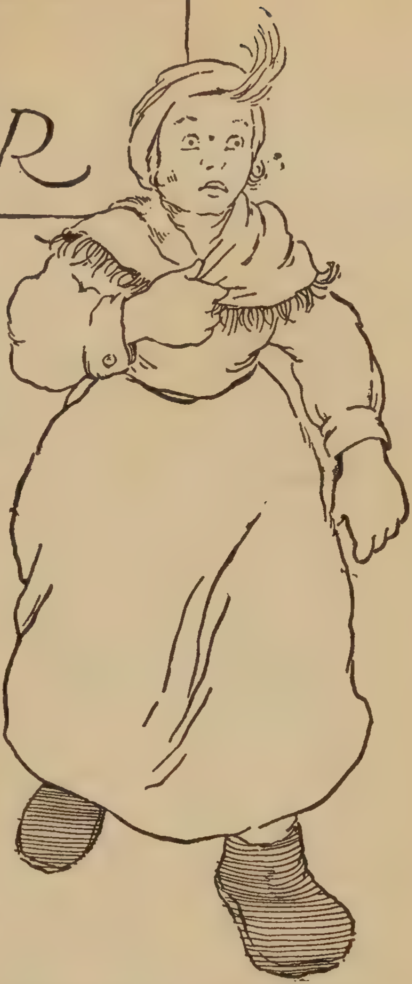
First I shall tell you something that many grown-up people do not know. Black and White are *masqueraders!* You know what masquerading is. Of course you have been to Make-believe Land, all dressed up as Little Red Riding Hood, or perhaps the Snow Princess. Now we *call* Black a color, but it is really the *absence* of all color. Black absorbs—that means swallows up—all color. So, you see why I call the dark imp a masquerader. He isn't really a color at all!

But what about White? If we take off his spotless disguise, what do we find? Something still more marvelous! White is not one color but *all* color! When our old friends those three magicians Red, Blue and Yellow start to work all together, with equal energy, they make White.

If you should try to mix colors to prove this true, you would fail, for paints are made of something called pigment, which is only partially transparent, and the less transparent, the more muddy the result. But you can see through a ray of light, and it is only by means of colored lights that we can discover the real soul of White. So just remember this—Black is the *absence* of all color, and white is the *presence* of all color.

Eda Bowers Robinson

GOIN' FOR THE DOCTOR



JESSIE PENNIMAN WHITE

"WHAT'S ailin' ye, Johnny?" says Kitty McNudd.

"I'm sick a-bed an' out of me head," says Johnny McNudd. "Go fetch me the doctor, Kitty," says he, "an' make haste, or I'll be gettin' better."

"I will, Johnny," says Kitty.

So she claps on her shawl, and away she goes down the lane, a-goin' for the doctor.

The doctor's wife, Ann, was sweepin' the doorstone.

"Is the doctor within?" says Kitty McNudd.

"He is not," says the doctor's wife, Ann. "He *was* here, but now he is gone down the road to Wullie O'Neil's. Poor Wully stubbed his toe something awful, an' the doctor is gone to do what he can."

"I'll go to Wully O'Neil's," says Kitty McNudd.

"Who's ailin'?" says the doctor's wife, Ann.

"Johnny McNudd is sick a-bed and out of his head," says Kitty McNudd, "an' I must make haste, or he'll be gettin' better."

"I'll go with you," says the doctor's wife, Ann.

So she ties on her bonnet, an' away goes the doctor's wife, Ann, an' Kitty McNudd, a-goin' for the doctor.

Wully O'Neil was settin' by the winder, moanin' and groanin', "My toe! Oh, my toe!"

"Is the doctor within?" says the doctor's wife, Ann.

"He is not," says Wully O'Neil, "He was here, an' he did what he could, but now he is gone to Conny Daley's house, beyent the bridge.

Conny Daley's got the mumps something awful, an' the doctor is gone to do what he can."

"We will go to Conny Daley's," says Kitty McNudd.

"Who's ailin'?" says Wully O'Neil.

"Johnny McNudd is sick a-bed, an' out of his head," says the doctor's wife, Ann, "an' we must make haste, or he'll be gettin' better."

"I'll go with you," says Wully O'Neil.

So he pulls on his shoes, an' away goes Wully O'Neil, the doctor's wife, Ann, and Kitty McNudd a-goin' for the doctor.

Conny Daley was settin' by the fire, lookin' most sorrowful.

"Is the doctor within?" says Wully O'Neil.

"He is not," says Conny Daley, holdin' hard to his jaw. "He *was* here, an' he did what he could, but now he is gone to Widow O'Dowd's. Poor soul! She was butted by the goat something awful, an' the doctor is gone to do what he can."

"We will go to Widow O'Dowd's," says Kitty McNudd.

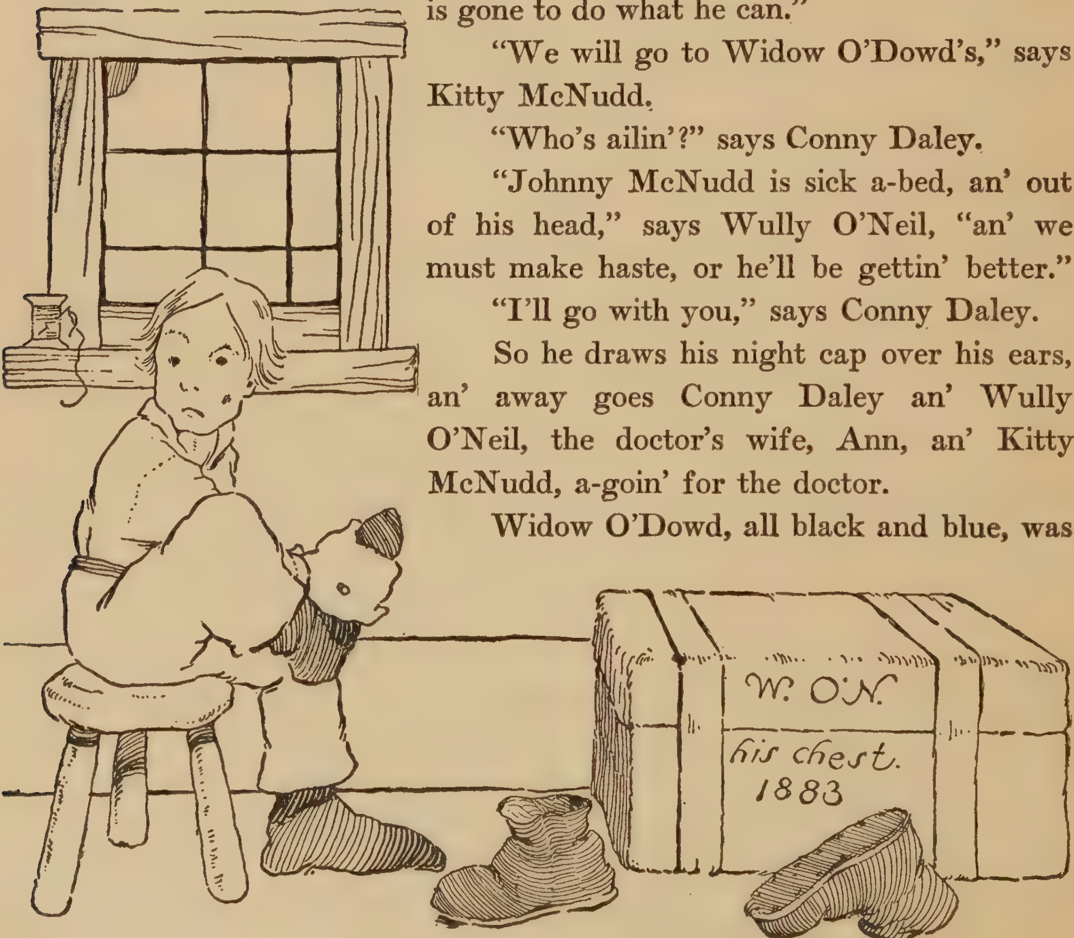
"Who's ailin'?" says Conny Daley.

"Johnny McNudd is sick a-bed, an' out of his head," says Wully O'Neil, "an' we must make haste, or he'll be gettin' better."

"I'll go with you," says Conny Daley.

So he draws his night cap over his ears, an' away goes Conny Daley an' Wully O'Neil, the doctor's wife, Ann, an' Kitty McNudd, a-goin' for the doctor.

Widow O'Dowd, all black and blue, was


W. O'N.
his chest.
1883

rubbin' her knees, an' speakin' harsh to the goat.

"Is the doctor within?" says Conny Daley.

"He is not," says Widow O'Dowd. "He *was* here, an' he did what he could, but now he is gone to the parson's. For the parson's got the headache something awful, an' the doctor is gone to do what he can."

"We will go to the parson's," says Kitty McNudd.

"Who's ailin'?" says Widow O'Dowd.

"Johnny McNudd is sick a-bed an' out of his head," says Wully O'Neil, "an' we must make haste, or he'll be gettin' better."

"I'll go with you," says Widow O'Dowd.

So she pulls up her stockings, an' away goes Widow O'Dowd, Conny Daley an' Wully O'Neil, the doctor's wife, Ann, an' Kitty McNudd, a-goin' for the doctor.

Soon they was come to the parson's, and there was the parson, lyin' on the bed, with hot vinegar on his head.

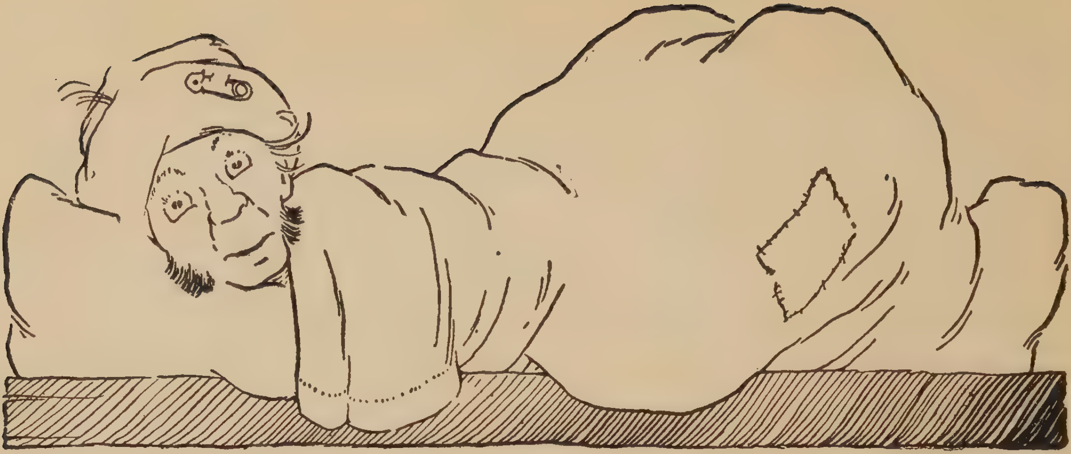
"Is the doctor within?" says Widow O'Dowd.

The parson opened one eye. "He is not," says he. "He *was* here, an' did what he could, but now he is gone through the wood to Jerry the cobbler's. Poor man! he ate green pears something awful, an' the doctor is gone to do what he can."

"We'll go to Jerry the cobbler's," says Kitty McNudd.

"Who's ailin'?" says the parson.

"Johnny McNudd is sick a-bed, an' out of his head," says Widow O'Dowd, "an' we must make haste or he'll be gettin' better."



The parson opened the other eye.

"I'll go with you," says he.

So he picks up his gold-headed cane, an' away goes the parson, Widow O'Dowd an' Conny Daley, Wully O'Neil, the doctor's wife, Ann, an' Kitty McNudd, a-goin' for the doctor.

When they came through the wood to Jerry the cobbler's, *there was the doctor.*

"Who's ailin'?" says he.

"Johnny McNudd is sick a-bed an' out of his head," says the parson.

"Let's make haste," says the doctor, "or he'll be gettin' better."

"I'll go with you," says Jerry the cobbler.

So he snatches a bottle of bad tastin' medicine, an' away goes Jerry the cobbler, the parson an' Widow O'Dowd, Conny Daley an' Wully O'Neil, the doctor's wife Ann, Kitty McNudd an' the doctor to Johnny McNudd's.

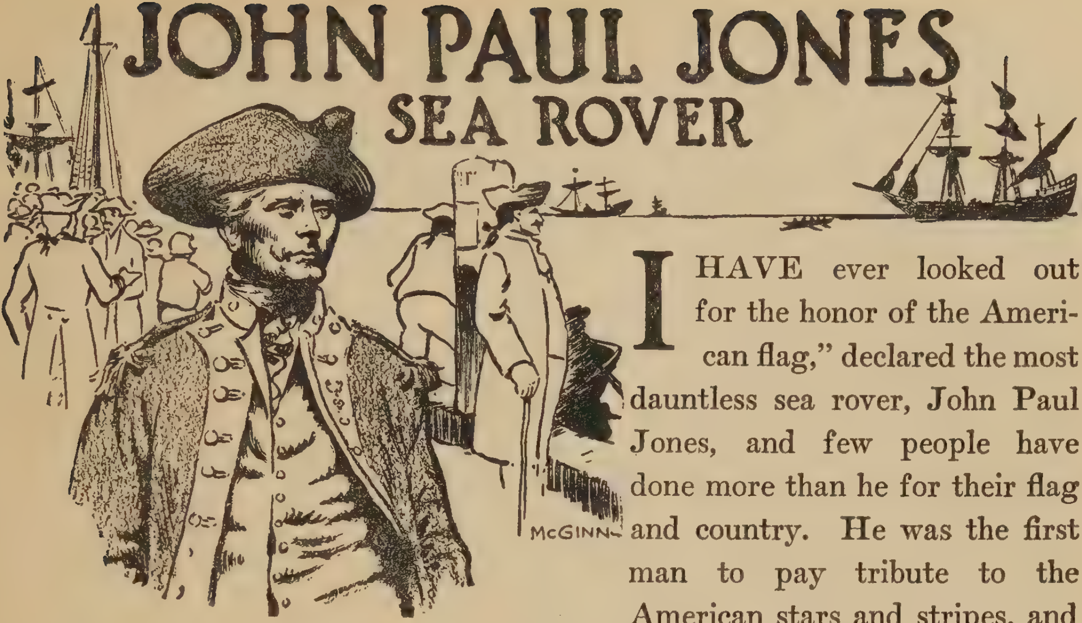
An' not a soul was to home, save only the cat.

But there was a letter tied to the bedpost:

Kitty love,- It is weariful
waitin'. I waited for the doctor
so long that I got better.

JOHN PAUL JONES

SEA ROVER



I HAVE ever looked out for the honor of the American flag," declared the most dauntless sea rover, John Paul Jones, and few people have done more than he for their flag and country. He was the first man to pay tribute to the American stars and stripes, and because of his courageous patriotism, he is the hero of every boy's heart. He fought twenty-three naval battles, made seven attacks on enemy ports and coasts, captured four great warships, larger than his own, and took many valuable prizes.

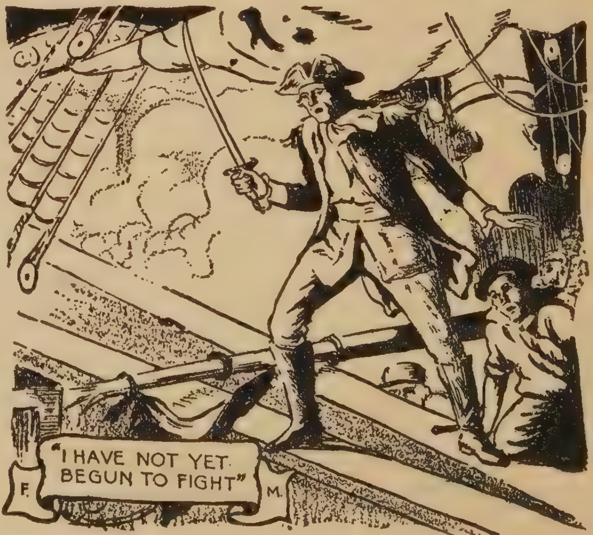
John Paul Jones, whose real name was John Paul, was born in the year 1747, in Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland. Thus he was ten years old when Lafayette and Alexander Hamilton were born. His father was a poor gardener, working in the beautiful gardens of a rich man, which lay near the sea. Even when John was still a baby he eagerly watched the waves chasing each other, and the ships sailing past. As he grew older the little boy seemed to grow even fonder of the sea, and his thoughts were filled with strange visions of foreign lands and daring adventures.

When John was twelve years old, his parents left the gardens. Because they were so very poor, and there were other children to support, the small lad was sent to Whitehaven, a little village, to work in a shop. Whitehaven was a quaint Scottish seaport town, and the boy spent his spare moments in chatting with the sailors and watching the ships as they came to the docks. John's bright eyes glowed as the old men told of their adventures, and he determined to go to sea as soon as possible.

John Paul had little education, but he studied all about ships and how to sail them, and listened closely to the instructions the old sailors gave him. When he was thirteen years old, he had a chance to go as a sailor-boy on the *Friendship*, a vessel going to Virginia for a cargo of tobacco. The boy was delighted with the long, dangerous voyage, and liked the new country. He began to hope then that some day he might live in America.

At length the *Friendship* returned to England, and when it reached the British shores, John Paul went back to work in the shop at Whitehaven. Compared with the life at sea, his days seemed more prosaic than ever, and the lad's heart was always roving away over the water. And when, not long after, the merchant failed and John lost his place, not having any other work to do he became a real sailor, and followed a sailor's fortune for thirteen years.

He was a good and faithful sailor, and was made a captain before he was twenty years old. It came about this way: On one voyage the captain of the ship on which he was sailing took fever and died in mid-ocean; the mate, who would otherwise have taken his place, also took the disease and died. There was no one aboard who knew how to guide the big ship except John Paul, who took command and brought it safely into port. The owners were so glad and grateful that they gave him and the crew ten per cent of the cargo and made John Paul a captain. Ever afterward that was his title.


"I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO FIGHT"
F.
M.

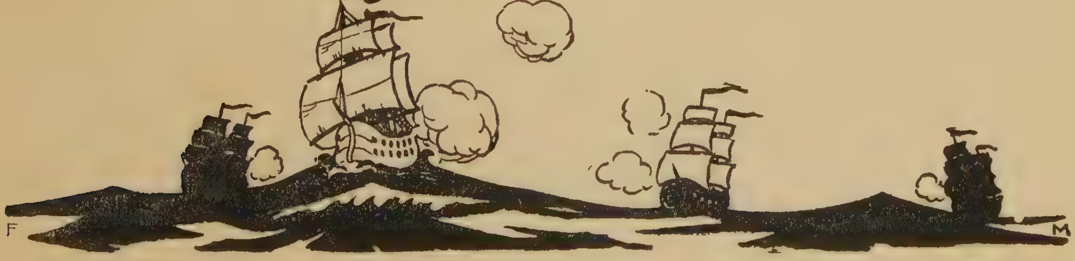
Meanwhile, one of John Paul's brothers had come to America, and was living on a farm along the banks of the Rappahannock River. John visited him several times on his various voyages to Virginia, and when his brother died, he decided to give up the life of a sailor and live on this farm. Out of gratitude to Willie Jones of North Carolina, who had been very kind to him, John Paul added the name of his friend to his own name and became John Paul Jones.

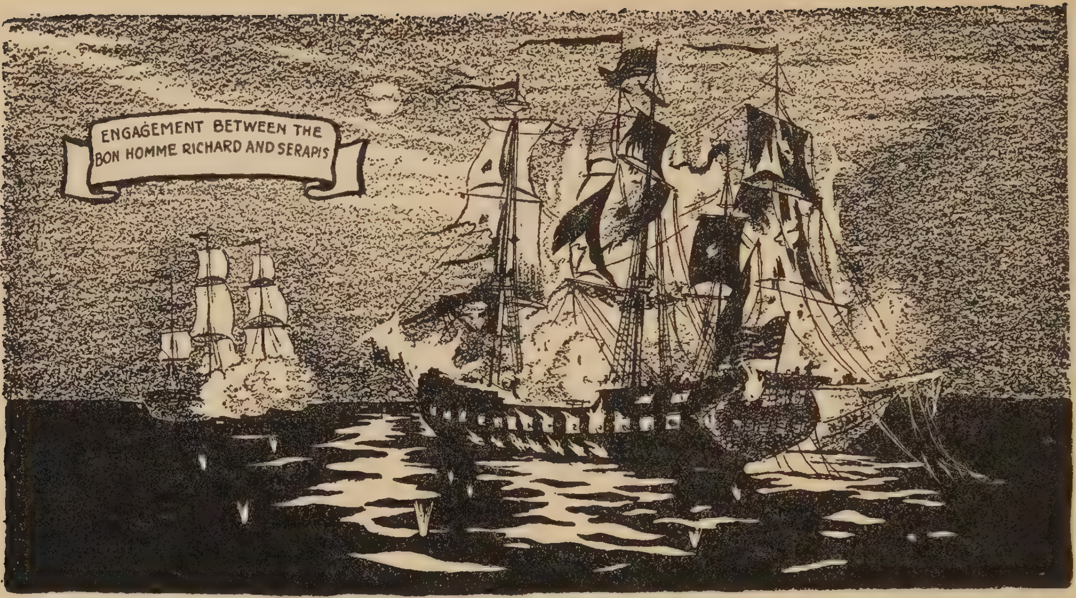
Not long afterward, the Revolutionary War broke out and Captain Jones offered his services to the United States, saying that he would like to fight the British on the water. In 1775 he was made first lieutenant of the flagship *Alfred,* and he at once hoisted an American flag on his vessel. This was the first time the American flag had ever been raised on a ship-of-war.

A few months later Captain Jones was given command of the *Providence,* a little war sloop. He was made a captain by Congress, and he was the first man to whom this title was given. In the *Providence* he sailed up and down the eastern coast, hunting for British vessels and ships. On one cruise of six weeks he captured sixteen vessels and destroyed several others. Among the captured vessels was one found to be loaded with warm clothing intended for the British army. This was a great help to the American soldiers.

The next year, 1777, Captain Jones was given command of the *Ranger,* a fine new ship, and sailed for France. There he met and talked with Benjamin Franklin. On his way home he took advantage of his knowledge of British waters and entered Solway Firth. He even landed and attempted to burn Whitehaven, which afterward made the English brand him with such names as pirate, rebel and sea rover.

Soon after his return to America, Captain Jones was made commander of a squadron of five small ships. One of these ships he named the *Bon Homme Richard,* after Benjamin Franklin. It was old and rotten, but it carried forty guns and three hundred sailors. For a time the squadron cruised up and down the English coasts, and on the twenty-third of September, near Flamborough Head, Captain Jones sighted an English fleet. It consisted of forty vessels and two warships, the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scaraborough.*




ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE
BON HOMME RICHARD AND SERAPIS

Although it was half past seven in the evening, Captain Jones commanded his squadron to sail along the fleet, and the *Bon Homme Richard* attacked the *Serapis.* A desperate struggle followed; the railings of the ships got entangled, and for a while they were lashed together while the men fought hand to hand. After they had been fighting over an hour, the *Serapis* asked the men on board the *Bon Homme Richard* whether they had "struck their colors."

"I have not yet begun to fight," retorted Captain Jones, even while the water poured into the holes of his ship. Three different times both vessels took fire, but the fire was put out. Finally the *Serapis* surrendered, and Captain Jones quickly transferred his men to the frigate and sailed for Holland, leaving the *"Bon Homme Richard"* to sink. The *Pallas,* one of the American ships, captured the *Countess of Scaraborough* during the fight.

King Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette of France and all the nobility honored Captain Jones, and later the King sent him a great reward of merit, "the Cross of Honor," and also made him a Chevalier of France. On his return to America Captain Jones was greeted with applause, and Congress gave him a gold medal and voted him the nation's thanks. He was also appointed commander of the *America,* then being built; but by the time this fine new ship was finished, the war was over, and it was presented to France.

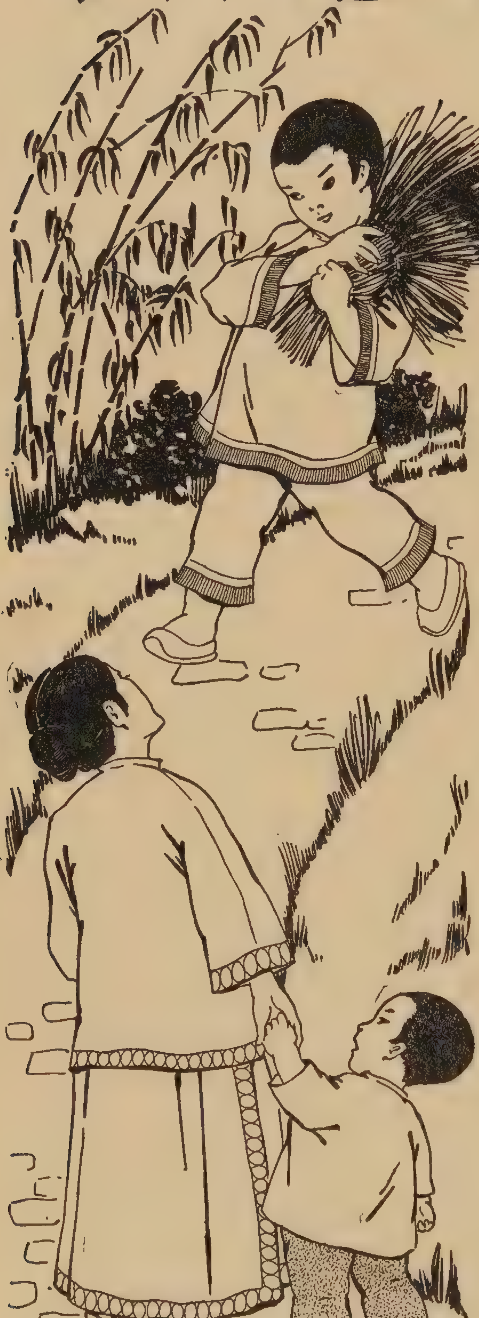
In 1787 the Russians asked Captain Jones to enter the service of their Queen Catherine and help them fight the Turks. This was not an unusual request in those days, and the Captain promised to help them if his adopted country was willing, for, he declared, "I can never renounce the glorious title of citizen of the United States." He was made rear-admiral in the Russian navy, and later vice-admiral. After a courageous victory over the Turks, he was knighted; but some jealous British officers, who were also helping Russia, refused to fight under Captain Jones. They called him a pirate, a rebel and a traitor. This was very unpleasant to Captain Jones, and after trying, without success, to overcome their jealousy, he resigned from the navy and went to France.

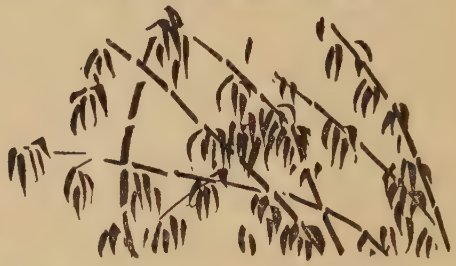
A short time after reaching Paris he was taken violently ill. Queen Marie Antoinette sent her own physician to take care of him, but the sailor's life could not be saved. He died on the eighteenth of July, 1792, before the message reached him that he had been appointed United States Consul to Algiers. He was buried with great honor in Paris.

Great changes came to France. Gradually, the grave of the American sea captain became neglected and unknown. The Empire fell and at length a republic was established like that in John Paul Jones' beloved America. Finally, one hundred and thirteen years after his death, in 1905, his leaden coffin was discovered beneath a four-story building in Paris. With the consent of France, the body was brought to the United States with great pomp and ceremony, by a squadron of battleships, and buried at Annapolis. There it lies, while near by in the great naval school American boys learn the secrets of seamanship and go out to serve the American navy which John Paul Jones in the early days of the republic helped to build.

LENA C. AHLERS

FIRE GRASS

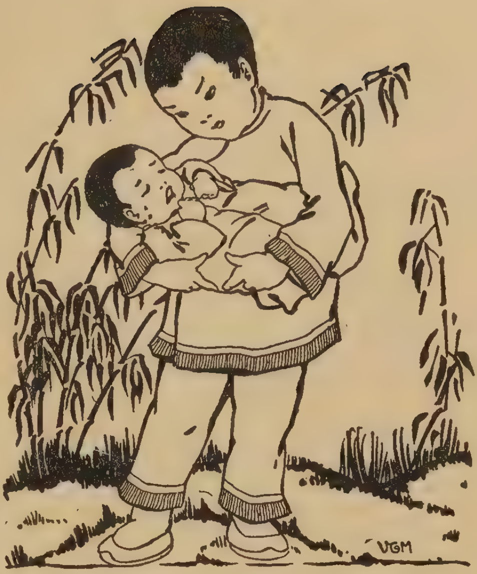




"HI AH HO, hi ah ho," sings Way Ping at evening time, carrying his bundle of fire grass on his back and going slowly home.

"Hi ah ho," he sings, and it is a glad song; a tired song, too, for his day has been long and busy and he is hungry. But it is a happy song because he is going home, and he remembers how the grass will burn in a big fire in his little house and make him warm. He knows that red lights from the burning grass will make color and shadows like pictures on his wall. Mother will meet him and undo the big bundle from his back. She will pick the bits of grass from his blue coat and tell him to rest a little, while she gets supper.

It will be dark in the little house, for there is no window and only one door for the light to come through. It will be cold, too, for the floor is of mud and no carpet is there to keep his feet warm. The roof of Way



Ping's house is made of thick, dry grass. It smells sweet and is of a soft color. Way Ping can see his house when he is still far away. It is built of mud and grass and is close to the big, gray wall of the city. In America we have no walls like the walls of a Chinese city. They are built all around it and they are as high as a house. There are eight gates in this wall, with large iron doors that swing shut at night to keep the people safe. Way Ping does not live in the city. He lives outside it, and his house leans close to the wall, as a little child leans against its mother for protection.

Three years ago, in the city where Way Ping lived, there was not enough food for all the people. Even with money, there was no food to be bought, and Way Ping was hungry all the time. His Mother was hungry and his father grew thin with hunger. Small Brother was a wee baby then, and he cried all night for food. One day Way Ping's father said: "We cannot stay here and die for lack of food. Let us go away to another place." So they put on all the clothes they had, wrapt their few little things—three rice bowls, a china spoon, three pairs of chop sticks, a little bottle of sour pickles and Mother's comb—in a blue cloth. Way Ping carried this bundle, and father carried a roll of bed clothes, heavy quilts in an oil-cloth sheet, on his back. Way Ping liked to travel. He was very hungry, but Mother said they were going where there would be hot noodles and round biscuits with sweet seeds on them to eat. He wanted to run but Mother could not run. She carried Small Brother in her arms. He cried a great deal. When he was cold Mother would open her outer coat and tuck him in against her body to keep warm. But he would not stop crying.

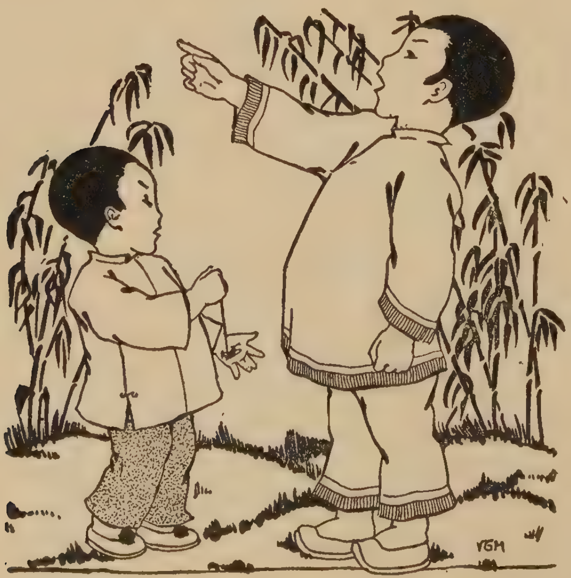
They walked a long way. Once, in an open field, they found a little corn and ate it. Sometimes when they passed through a town, father would ask a rich man to give him a little rice for Small Brother.

But never once was Way Ping quite, quite full "up to the neck," as American children say. Never once was he "bao," as Way Ping would say in Chinese.

One day, at last, they came to a city where there was food enough for every one who had pennies to buy it. Father had ninety pennies in a purse under his belt and the first thing he did was to buy hot noodle soup for Mother and Brother and Way Ping and himself. After soup was finished he gave Way Ping a round fat biscuit with sweet seeds on top.

This city had food enough, and so father decided to live here. Inside the city, there was no place for them to live; no house at all for them. So father said they would build their home outside the city against the high, kind wall.

Way Ping helped all he could to make mud into bricks, and to stamp on the mud floor and make it hard, to hand armfuls of grass to Father when he was on top of the wall making the roof. Because he had helped to build the house, it was the dearest place in the world to Way Ping. He loved to look out the doorway to the east and see the wide, blue water of the canal before him. He liked the plains that were flat and wide towards the mountains in the north. He tried sometimes to make Small Brother see the square, red building that was the grave of a great king named Ming who had died many years ago, but Small Brother did not see it. He was too busy playing with a black cricket that jumped when he touched it. Mother had tied the cricket to a long blue string and let Small Brother hold the string.



They were a very happy family, but the pennies in Father's belt were getting fewer and fewer, and Father had no work. He had been a farmer at home, and he was a good farmer, but in this place there were plenty of farmers and no work for Father. One day he went to a high, white house in the east to ask for work. This place was the farm of an American man who loved China very much. He had started a queer kind of farm—not to grow wheat or corn or oats, but trees, a tree farm. He grew big trees and little trees, oak trees and maple trees, and all of the trees were to be planted in China.

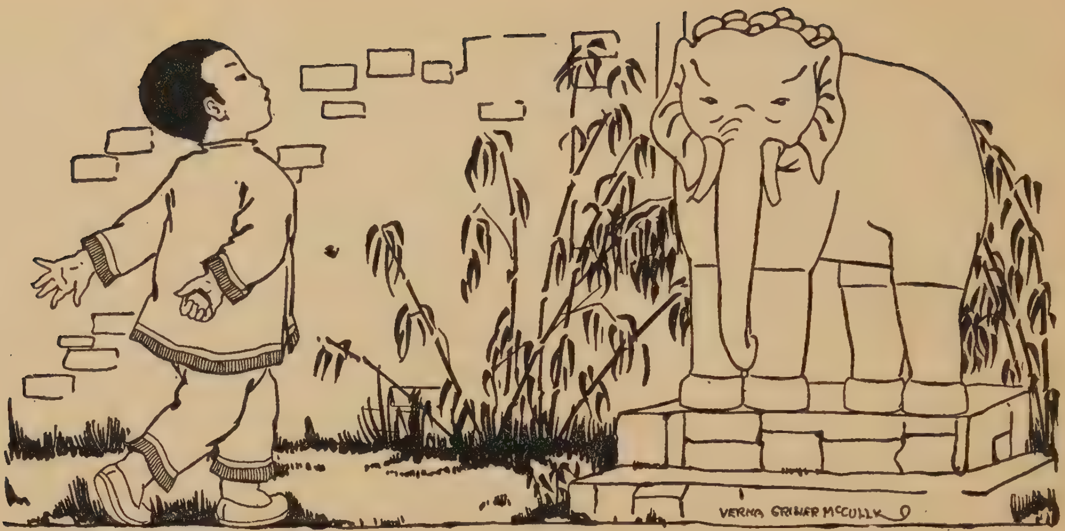
The American man said to Father, "Are you a good farmer?"

"Oh, yes, I am," said Father. "Let me work among your trees, and I will make the earth soft for their roots and put water on them every morning and evening." So the kind man let Father work for him, and every night he gave Father fifteen cents. This was not very much money but enough to buy rice and new vegetables, and a little fish sometimes, for Mother and Way Ping to eat.

Early every morning Father left home. It was so early that the sun was not up. It was cold, too. He went quickly up the dark road to the house of the American man. All the other workers were there, and the American man gave them their breakfast before they began to work. What do you think they had for breakfast? Rice like cereal, and a little pickled beet with it. Strange breakfast, but they liked it as much as you like oatmeal and oranges and warm milk.

Not quite so early each morning, Mother gave Way Ping his breakfast and sent him out to gather grass. When we need to be warmed, we use coal and wood or have a radiator. But in Way Ping's country coal costs too much money, and there is no wood to buy, and no radiator at all. Way Ping wouldn't know what a radiator was. He might even be afraid of it. In his house, when you were cold, you put more clothes on and more clothes on top of those until you were so fat that you would not be hurt no matter how hard you sat down. When we are cold we say, "My! Mother, it's freezing cold to-day." But Way Ping would say, "Oi, Mother, it's ten coat cold to-day." So he would go out to find grass to make a fire in his house at night when father came home to supper. Way Ping took a long rope with him to tie up his bundle of grass and a long rake to gather the grass into piles.

This day he had gone to the hill behind the red grave of the king. It was a long walk, but he liked to see the big stone elephants and stone horses and stone men standing along the sides of the road to keep com-



pany with the dead king. There was one stone elephant along that road that had a pile of little stones on his head. Can you ever guess why? Because it was a wishing elephant. It was said that any little boy or girl who threw a stone up high so it would lie on the elephant's head and not bounce off could have any wish he liked. So, every time Way Ping came by, he tried to toss a stone that would stay on the elephant's head. Once he had done it, and he had shut his eyes and wished that when he got home there would be a flower on the lily plant in the pond near his house. Way Ping had been watching that plant for many days, and, sure enough, that night when he got home there was a flower! So Way Ping believed about throwing stones, and this day he tried and tried. But not one would stay, and Way Ping had to run fast because he had spent so much time there.

He ran up the hill behind the grave. This was one place where trees grew, and nobody was allowed to cut them down. The sunlight came through the trees and made pictures on the dry grass. For a long time Way Ping raked the grass into little piles and carried them to one place to make a big load to take home. Other little boys had been there, too, and most of the grass was cut and raked. It took Way Ping a long while to get his bundle ready. He tied it on his back and started home. He was tired and very hungry, but he sang his song, "Hi ah ho, hi ah ho," and when he came to the gate of the graveyard, there was Small Brother come to meet him.

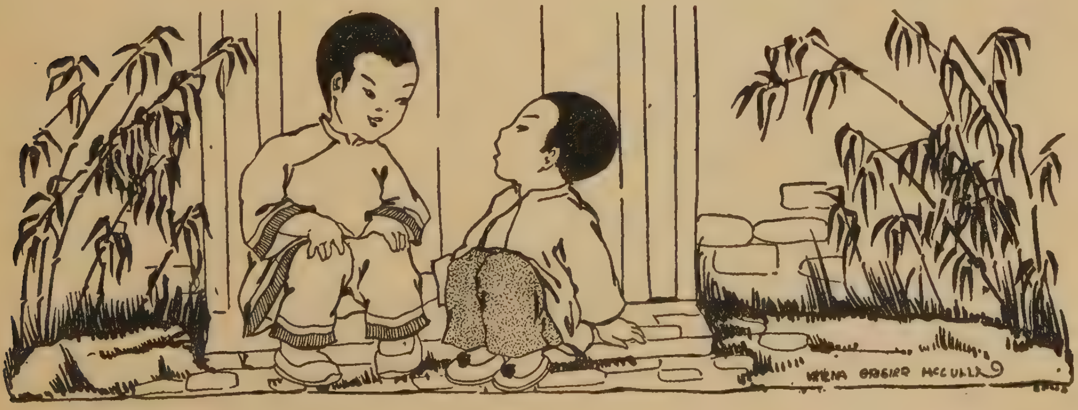
"What a big bundle of grass you got to-day, Way Ping," said Small Brother.

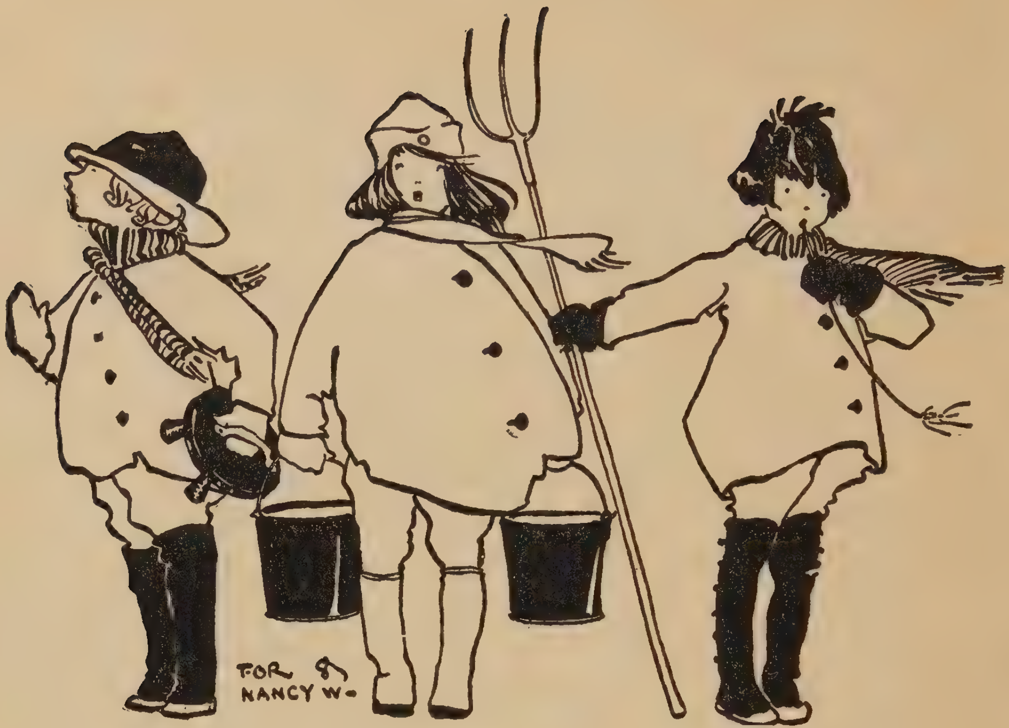
"O, no, not so big," said Way Ping, but in his heart he was glad Small Brother thought he was strong. "Tell me, Small One, what did you do to-day?" asked Way Ping. "Did you just play all day?"

"No, I helped Mother wash the cabbage for supper. See, my coat is all wet in front. And I chased the white goose off the edge of the pond till he fell in the water and was very angry and made a loud noise. But after a while I was hungry, and I thought I would come to meet you. Were you surprised, Way Ping?"

So they talked till they were home. Then Mother undid the bundle of grass from Way Ping's back and told him to rest while she got supper. Way Ping sat on his doorstep. It was nearly dark now, and the birds had gone to their homes for the night. There was just a bit of pink in the sky from the sunset, and a wee bit of pink in the water from the sky. Far off, over the valley, the sound of other boys going home and singing their song was heard. Some mother was calling her little boy to come home. She called, "Li-lo, li-lo," and the little boy answered her "Li-la, li-la." From each little house smoke from the evening fires wafted up into the sky. A beautiful world with soft smoke and pink clouds and evening noises. Then, from inside, Mother's voice called, "Come in, Way Ping; the rice is cooked." The little boy got up and went inside to supper. The red of the fire grass burning made bright pictures on the mud walls. It shone on Mother's face, kind mother who said, "Eat full, Way Ping. Eat full, my oldest son."

RUTH ROWE

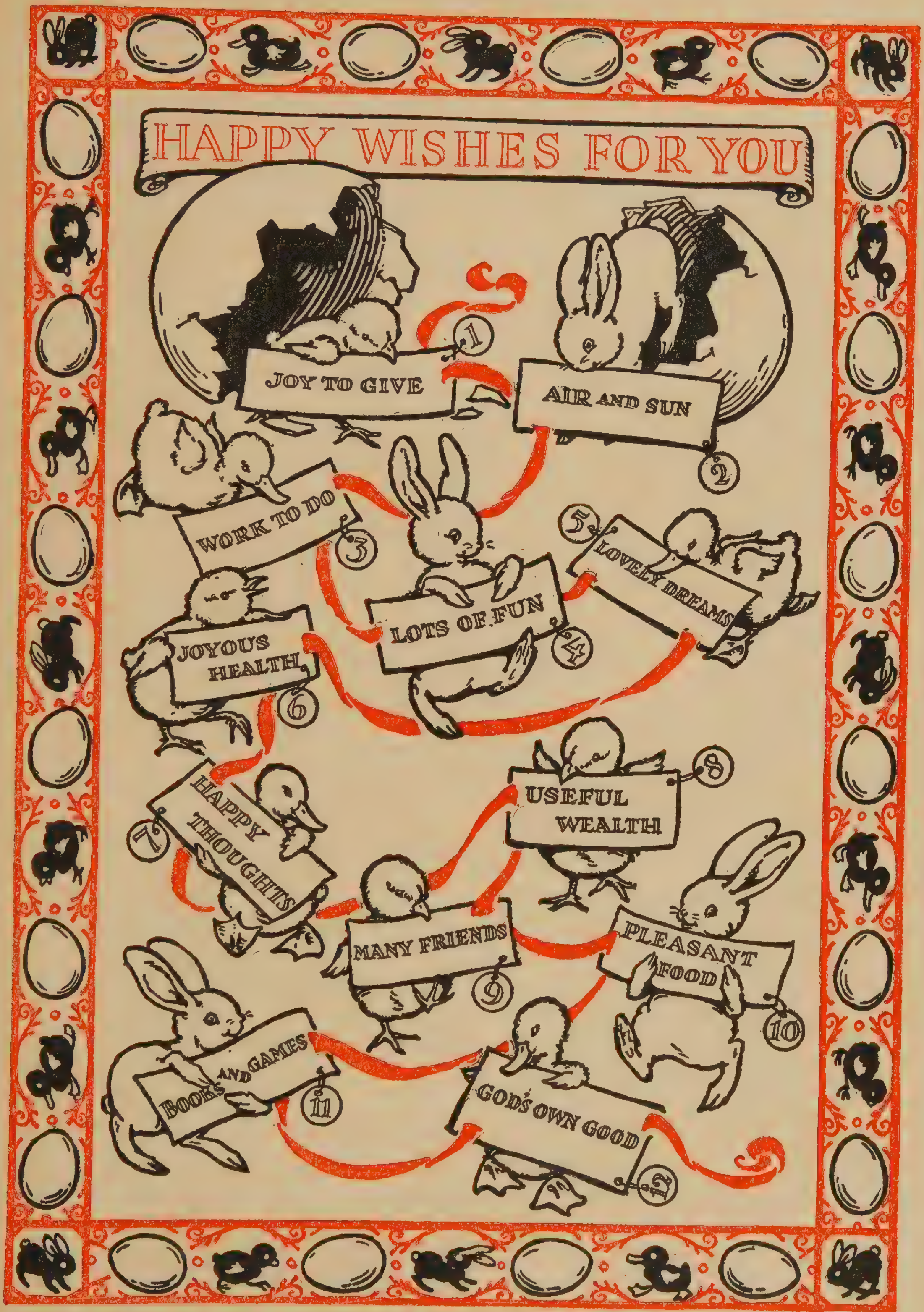




LITTLE HELPERS

YES, little helpers we will be
  And try in every happy way
To make the work of others just
  A little lighter every day.
It isn't always *lots* of help
  That makes the work of others lighter;
It is our thoughtfulness that makes
  The lives and hearts of others brighter.
Just here and there a willing hand
  In serving and in kindly giving
Makes burdens light and brings delight
  To other lives and all our living.

PETER DUDLEY


HAPPY WISHES FOR YOU
1
JOY TO GIVE
AIR AND SUN
2
WORK TO DO
3
5
LOVELY DREAMS
LOTS OF FUN
4
JOYOUS HEALTH
6
HAPPY THOUGHTS
7
8
USEFUL WEALTH
MANY FRIENDS
9
PLEASANT FOOD
10
BOOKS AND GAMES
11
GOD'S OWN GOOD
12